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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER

AND
GENERAL REVIEW.

VOL. XXVII.

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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

SEPTEMBER, 1839.

ART. I. — ON READING.

THE subject of this Essay is *Reading*. This is, to speak technically, the great school of modern manhood. It is the continuation of that school, in which it is the privilege of our children to be brought up. Of our own country, in particular, we may say, speaking for the mass of the people, that it is the great reading country of the world. It is high time that we should enter into some serious consideration of the means by which this reading privilege may be turned to the best account. It occupies too much time to be left out of the moral account of life. Great indeed is the privilege; and when we think of nations where few of the mass of the people can read; when we think of the ages, when almost none of any class could find anything on the pages of a book but hieroglyphics, dark as those of the Egyptian obelisks; when we think of the many heavy hours that must pass in houses where a book never enters; we cannot too highly prize our advantage. But that, which constitutes the signal advantage of modern times, is not an advantage only. It is an opportunity also; and an opportunity for what? This question I shall attempt in some measure to answer.

There are two kinds of reading, which need to be carefully distinguished, and each to have its proper place assigned to it. There is reading for improvement, and reading for entertainment; reading as a mental task, and reading as a mental recreation; reading with *thought*, and reading without thought. In the one case, a man takes a book to aid his inquiries or his

reasonings, to obtain information, or to assist his mind in coming to some conclusion. In the other, he resorts to a book only for amusement.

This distinction, I admit, is very general. But I think it will be found, without being very accurate, to answer the practical purpose which I have in view. Reading, doubtless, may combine both instruction and amusement, and the reader may seek both. In history, biography, and travels, he may often find both. But every one must be aware, that there is a great deal of reading among us, merely for entertainment. Novels are commonly read with no other view or thought. On the other hand, I wish it to be considered, that there is a kind of reading which is of a far higher character. A man may take a book with the express intent to think over it. His purpose is not passively to receive what the book communicates, but to think, to examine what the book says; to give his mind a task; to strengthen his powers. His mind is a crucible; and what he takes into it, is to be melted, and moulded into a form that makes it his own; makes it his own, not by reception, but by re-formation; not by simple transfusion, but by thorough transmutation. And no mind is worth much, without something, more or less, of this habit. This is the essential characteristic of an original mind. It is not, as many seem to suppose, that its thoughts are absolutely new; that no such thoughts ever entered the human mind before; but that it re-forms, re-arranges old thoughts, and presents them in new aspects and applications. I dwell upon this point a moment, for in this new country, where we are apt to suppose that many things are new, which are old enough, it is needful that this matter be understood. Sciolists, dreamers, fanciful and extravagant men, may have conceptions so strange, that it may seem to them and to others, that nobody ever thought the like before; and in some sense, it is very possible that nobody ever did; one may hope so, at least; but the truly comprehensive and original mind knows that it is working with materials as old as the creation; and that not its materials, but only its method of working, can be new, or peculiar to itself. All true progress is but the reproduction of the old, aye, and commonly of the well known and familiar, in new forms.

But let us proceed. I say, and I will dwell upon this general distinction a moment longer, that there is a reading for the sake of thinking; for the sake of independent analysis and in-

vestigation ; where the book is not leaned upon as a mere support, much less as a mere cushion for repose, but is handled as an instrument, used as a material ; where the book, in other words, is not master, but a mere servant. I must venture to express my apprehension, that this is but a rare kind of reading. We all, I suppose, read too much, and think too little. If, to the making of many books there is no end, — (and what would Solomon have thought of it in our days ?) — yet the multiplication of them threatens to bring one thing to an end, and that is, the very thing for which they ought to be made, to wit, *thinking*, earnest and strenuous thinking. I am certain that the library of fifty or a hundred volumes a century ago more favored thought. than the library of a thousand volumes now, to say nothing of the floating five thousand in public and circulating libraries, and the ocean of newspapers beside. Then, men studied their books perforce ; they were obliged to read them over and over again ; and their readings naturally fell into a kind of critical and thorough study. Then, too, from familiarity with the best models, they acquired a style of writing, not to say of thinking. But how a man is to acquire a style of any sort, who is reading something new every day, I see not. It is likely enough to make a very heterogeneous and incongruous style of a man. In short, the multiplication of books has its evils and dangers, as well as its advantages. Men little suspect, I believe, how dependent are their mental processes upon printed pages. Let a man lose the use of his eyes for two or three years, and attempt to pursue independent trains of reasoning or reflection, and he may find that it will take a year or two to learn to think.

But, while I speak thus, I do not intend to deprecate reading merely for amusement, in its place. There is a place for both kinds of reading ; and he who has never made this distinction in his mind or practice has scarcely, as I conceive, commenced in any proper manner the business of intellectual improvement. To be always reading for amusement, and for nothing else, is not to have begun yet to put the mind into any lofty training. Still, I repeat, reading for amusement has its place. Let us attempt to define it.

Its place, then, in general, is to minister recreation or relief to the mind, when its powers are exhausted by effort, or enfeebled by disease, and are not equal to the task of thought. Relief and recreation, I say, should mark the boundaries of what

is called light reading. When neither is wanted, as a general rule, — I aim at no particular rigor of statement, — when, I say, neither relief nor recreation is wanted, then, light reading, — stories, — milk for babes, should give place to strong meat, for men. And by recreation, now, I mean, of course, sedentary recreation ; *that* is, the recreation which the book supplies. But it is not the only recreation, nor always that which is most needed. Many persons, and especially women, and *men* of the studious classes, are lounging over useless books, in close and confined apartments, often in bed, too, who ought to be seeking recreation abroad in the fields and streets. But, when active exercise is not needed, and the mind, being weary, requires some quiescent and passive enjoyment, then and there the light book, — the story, the novel, — has its place. Such, at least in my view, is the strictness of discrimination and of principle, that is to be applied to our leisure reading.

But, I expect that this strictness will be controverted on various grounds. I hear one say, “*let the people read* ; there can be no great harm in reading. Let people read what, and when, and where they please. There is no danger that they will read too much, or know too much. The mass of mankind have for ages been buried in profound ignorance. At length, the great reading age of the world has come ; the best, the brightest, the most promising age, in its long and weary annals. Let it be welcomed without stint or fear. *Let the people read.*”

I must venture to reply, that the very strain of these remarks shows the importance and pertinency of the point I am discussing. It shows that we have arrived at that very period, when there is likely to be a want of due discrimination. Reading, for the mass of the people, is so new a pleasure and advantage, that, like food after a famine, it is liable, through eagerness and incaution, to do hurt as well as good. After the long famine of knowledge, we can scarcely suspect any harm, either in the abundance or variety of intellectual food, or in anything that has the appearance of such food. Reading, it is thought, must be good any how. Since the manuscript has got a free and glorious “*imprimatur*,” — let it be printed, — put upon it, we think that the book should have an equally free “*legatur*,” — let it be read, — put upon it. It is yet to be learnt, as it would seem, that we may eat and not be satisfied, and drink and not be refreshed ; that we may read much and be not a whit the wiser ; — nay, that the mind, like the body, may be

diseased by this promiscuous devouring of everything that comes in its way ; in fact, that the more we read, the less we may know, — yes, that the book itself, the very instrument of knowledge, — may actually stand in the way of knowledge. Are you not acquainted with persons, — perhaps they are not many, — but do you not know those, who, seeking nothing but amusement from reading, never gain anything else, and at length scarcely that ; who read year after year, read all their lives through, and to your surprise never grow any wiser ; never become any more intelligent ; never gain any principles of thought or action ; never know any more about the world they live in ; nay, rather, who know less and less about the actual world and real life, the more they read ? I think, this is no fiction.

There is also a way of looking at this reading privilege *for the masses*, which, for our individual advantage should be corrected. It seems such a great thing to get the people generally to read any way, that all consideration of particular tendencies is overlooked in the eagerness to compass that end. I observe something of this tone of thought among the English philanthropists. “Let the people be entertained at any rate ; get them to read any how.” This way of considering the whole public is very natural, and in certain cases, — that is, where both ignorance and indisposition are very great, — it may be very just and judicious. But, whatever may be proper for the public under peculiar circumstances ; yet, for our individual minds, a new kind of consideration is necessary. The question for us individually is, what is the true plan for training up our faculties to the highest culture, — to the highest accomplishment, vigor, beauty, and happiness ?

And even in this view, it may still be objected to the restrictions I propose to lay on reading for mere amusement, that they are likely to cramp, and dull, and disgust the mind. I hear it said, “do not fence round this most delightful privilege of reading with rules. Do not talk about duty in the matter, lest you make it all a drudgery. Let reading be a pleasure and a pastime. Has not Dr. Johnson himself said, ‘read in a book when and where you are interested, and what interests you, and not otherwise ?’” My answer is, that I do not contradict this rule, but propose a plan that fulfils it. I propose that the reader *shall* be interested, in a far higher degree, than he can be by mere books of amusement. I propose that amusing

books themselves shall be far more amusing to him than they can be, if he reads them alone. The jaded novel-reader, or the mere loungers over magazines and newspapers, like the jaded epicure, or the loungers over his viands, does by no means derive the highest enjoyment from those very objects to which he exclusively addicts himself. There is a vigor of mind, like that of the body, which, nourished on sustaining food, and often strung to high exertion, not only enjoys most in its strength, but most also in its lightest sportings.

I may find occasion incidentally to say something of this topic in another place ; and I return to my rule, that light and amusing reading should be generally limited to the purposes of relief and recreation.

In this, its proper place, I am by no means disposed to depreciate it. It is, of all recreations, the highest, the purest, the most accessible, constant, and independent. Of all reliefs to mental or bodily languor, it is the most kindly, beguiling, and unfailing. Let the overburthened mind of the toilsome student, let the weariness of labor, *when capable of no higher exertion*, resort to it and be refreshed. Recreation of some kind there must be. And an age of unusual and universal mental development must have mental recreation. More active, out-of-door amusements, too, are requisite to form healthful, vigorous, and cheerful communities. But many an hour is still left in the silent and quiet dwelling, for more tranquil and intellectual entertainment ; and he, who writes an amusing and harmless book to meet that want, is entitled to the public gratitude, and he, who reads it, justly avails himself of one of the great blessings of modern literature.

Nay more ; there are other states of our being, besides weariness and languor, that need the influence to be exerted by works of imagination and taste. There is the intentness of business, the plodding of care, the ennui that hangs over the familiar scene and the beaten track, the hard, mechanical, and worldly spirit of accumulation, that needs, from time to time, to be shaken from their fixtures, to be disenchanted from their spell. For this end, it is desirable that the mind should, from time to time, be carried beyond its ordinary track ; that the curtains of visible life should be lifted up and unveil the worlds of imagination. On this account, one of the purest writers of the day, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, has advocated the theatre ; he contends that it is good for a man, by scenic show and story, to

be disenthralled from the grasp of care and anxiety, and to be transported completely into a world of romance. And a *pure* theatre doubtless would well and wisely answer this purpose. But let me observe that *modern fiction* has spread such a theatre before the eyes of the whole reading world. It has made the earth itself a theatre. Before all habitations and hamlets, before all palace couches and cottage fire-sides, the curtain is lifted up; and amidst scenery richer than ever was painted on the canvass,—amidst the lights not of the stage, but of heaven-kindled imagination, the historic ages rise, and scenes of fair romance; the men of the old English time pass before us; the Roman and the Palmyrene act their parts; the Moor and the Spaniard fight again; and the Crusader wanders forth to the far East, to battle with useless but brilliant heroism for the holy sepulchre. Let the genius of fiction but lift the curtain from the familiar scene around us,—let it lift the heavy curtain of custom and use, and unveil the worlds of romance that lie deep and as yet hidden beneath the stern and cold aspects of real life,—like enchanted halls, like spar-lit caves, within the rock-bound mountains,—and a more difficult, but more useful and noble work would be done.

But still it must be remembered that fiction has done little more for the intellect of the world than to amuse it. I grant that it has done something for the heart, and may do much more. It has helped to refine the sentiments of mankind, and may go on to correct their practical errors. It may minister to the truest and deepest wisdom of life. But from the very nature of this species of composition, it is not likely ever to excite and brace the mind to thought. A people, that should read nothing but novels, could never become a strong-minded or highly intellectual people. And the same thing of course is true of the individual man. I only wish to know that a man or woman reads nothing but novels, to know that such man or woman possesses but little information, or cultivated vigor of mind. And of the common-place fictions, it is easy to see, that a man may read a thousand every year, and scarcely get one new idea. It is forever the same thing, over and over again. Two young persons become acquainted, who, the reader sees, are to be married. There is a wily rival, or a showy, heartless coquette in the way, or a haughty father, or an intriguing mother, or some musty document of a will, or some dark secret hanging like a cloud over the prospect; and there is some old

gipsy or superannuated nurse, who will unloose the knot, or some truculent robber who will cut it ; and by some unheard-of means all will come right. In short, "the course of *true love* running never smooth" (we are told) is the secret thread winding through the whole, which leads the reader on, and keeps up his interest. I do not object, let me observe in passing, that the passion of love should occupy a place in novels ; it is a part of life, and should be properly portrayed. But I cannot help adding here, that there are many other things in life, which are yet to be exhibited in their true light. Life is a mine, deep and inexhaustible, from which the novelist may draw ; and he seems as yet to have struck but one or two veins of it.

The historical novel, indeed, of which Scott has set the great example, may be thought to have some claim to be excepted from this account. It may be said that this really is a vehicle of information. But the facts are too much distorted in order to suit the purposes of the novelist, and a philosophical analysis of great historical relations is too little in his way to allow us to expect much wisdom or improvement from this kind of fiction. If the novel could be successfully composed upon the plan of unfolding to us the *dramatis personæ*, something of the plot at the beginning, a horror it would be to the story-loving novel reader ; but it is precisely that state of the case which makes the second perusal of such a work more useful than the first,—makes it an exercise of taste, judgment, and reflection ;—if, I say, the novel could be *so* written, upon this plan, as to keep up the necessary interest, it might become a teacher of higher wisdom than it is now ever likely to be. Upon this plan, it could pause, and give us reflection, philosophy, moral analysis, maxims of wisdom ; passages, like those of Shakspeare, worthy of being committed to memory. It has been justly remarked, how few passages there are of this character, even in Walter Scott. But so long as the novel confines us to the child's entertainment of pursuing a story, I see not how it is ever to minister much to intellectual strength or expansion.

And now let me return to the discrimination, which I am attempting to make, with regard to this kind of reading. I have been led in connexion with this object to speak of the novel. I have shown that from its very nature, it can scarcely be an instrument of mental, though it may be of moral, culture ; that while it addresses, and may most usefully address, the

affections, it makes, and must make, the mind passive rather than active, and therefore that its chief use to the mind, the reasoning faculty, must be to relieve and to recreate. Now I have said that reading for such purposes fairly has its place. This, I say, is the general principle, and it is not easy, perhaps, to bring it to any more definite application. If any one shall ask, what proportion of our reading hours this kind of reading may properly occupy; I can only answer, precisely those hours of *lawful* leisure which cannot be given to any higher task of the mind; just so much time, I say, and no more. I mean, however, that this shall apply not to the exact pages or hours of a man's reading, but to his general plan. But how, it may be asked again, is this proportion to be ascertained? I answer on this point, that every man's mind must be his judge. It is impossible to lay down any invariable rule. There is one rule for the studious man, and another for the man of business or toil. There is one rule for the invalid, and another for the man in health. There is one rule for one sort of mind, and another for another. Every man must judge for himself, whether at any time his mind is capable of something better than being amused. And if he will attend a little to the matter, he cannot fail, in the main, to judge rightly. If he will make it a point of conscience, it cannot be a point of any great difficulty. And I hold, in serious earnest, that it ought to be a point of conscience. I do not know what a man is thinking about, who never makes any distinction here, — who never conceives that he has anything to do with the wonderful faculty of thought but to amuse it. What should we say of the business man, who should recklessly give up a portion of the hours proper for business to recreation? But every man has an interest involved in the improvement of his mind, far greater than in the improvement of his estate. An industrious man feels obliged, in common decency, to proportion his recreation to his business. And *it is indecent* for an intellectual being to give up all his hours for mental culture to mere entertainment.

I must be allowed to contend that this is a subject worthy of the serious attention of every reflecting reader. It is really lamentable to consider how much reading there is to how little purpose; how many young men and young women there are, who spend some hours of almost every day in reading, and go on year after year, — ten, twenty years, — becoming scarcely more intelligent than they were, — thinking of no greater variety

of subjects,—bringing forward nothing new in conversation,—studying nothing attentively, and understanding nothing thoroughly. There is no state of mind more common among us, than the feeling of vagueness, uncertainty, imperfectness in our mental acquisitions; the consciousness of not knowing any thing in particular; the disheartening sense of wanting everything like thorough accomplishment; and this comes from our desultory, purposeless, useless reading. Professional men suffer less from this cause, since they are compelled to study and to know something more perfectly. And yet, how many professional men are cheated and beguiled by novels and magazines, from the high path of their destiny! Every person who reads much, I must be allowed to say, should undertake to know something thoroughly,—Chemistry, or Botany, or History; or the science of the fine arts; or the principle and philosophy of his own occupation. It is much more common in foreign society than in ours, for every person to be an adept in some one thing. Not every one sings, and plays upon an instrument, and draws and paints a little, and has a smattering of French and Italian, and twenty things more; but every one can do something well,—can draw well, or play well, or has a cabinet of minerals, or a collection of insects, and can talk well upon some branch of natural history, or can, at least, well recite or read from Shakspeare or Scott, and thus contribute something worth having to the pleasure and improvement of society. Here we are taught—and such is the course of our schools too—to know everything in general and nothing in particular—to know everything ill, and nothing well.

Our (social) vaulting ambition

“O'erleaps itself and falls on t' other side.”

And it falls into a sort of intellectual limbo; where all is vague and misty. Or it falls, if you please, into an ocean of books and a vortex of society, where we are whirled about,—now snatching at this and now darting at that,—and then driven another way,—and altogether making no progress in the great intellectual voyage, in which we are sent upon the sea of time to the ocean of eternity. Our modern world is so crowded and clamorous with objects, interests, and distracting devices, that it has become a matter of special importance to every mind's progress, that it should have an aim and course. We have to learn, at least many of us, what

calmness, fixedness of thought, concentrativeness of mind, mean ; and our modern habits of reading, and our modern literature indeed, — sacrificing almost everything to entertainment, — have very little tendency to teach us. It would be the best thing that could happen to most minds around us, to be rigidly shut up, for two or three months, to a single wise book, and thus to be obliged to study one thing.

But it is time that I should proceed to speak more particularly and more in detail of reading for improvement. In doing this I shall first propose some maxims and courses of reading, and then address myself to the question of their practicability.

In the first place, with regard to maxims and courses of reading, I would lay it down as a rule, that every person, desirous of strengthening his or her mind, should, from time to time, read some hard book ; some book, I mean, which will demand close attention, and fully exercise the reasoning faculty. Let it be, for instance — and I will not propose very hard books — let it be, for instance, such a book as Plato on the Immortality of the Soul, or Abercrombie's Treatise on Intellectual Philosophy, or Whately's Logic, or Bell on the Hand, or Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations. Some work, I say, or some chapters of a work of Mental, or Moral, or Political, or Scientific, or Philological analysis, let every reader peruse, from time to time, though it were only as an intellectual exercise. The task, indeed, should be adapted to the reader's age, and proportioned to his powers ; but it is better that he should try his mind upon anything of this sort, than upon nothing, — better that he should but half understand the book, than never try to understand anything difficult. He must read — to think ; he must read — pausing every now and then, looking back to gather up the argument ; and often closing the book — to think. No person, who has not tried it, can have any idea of the manner in which this exercise will sharpen and invigorate his faculties, and give a kind of dignity, manliness, and, I may say, a kind of lofty solemnity to his whole intellectual being.

In the next place, I would say, that every reader should undertake, from time to time, to become thoroughly acquainted with some particular subject ; now with Geology, for instance, and then, with some other branch of natural philosophy, with Heat or Electricity, or with the general anatomy of his own body ; and especially with History ; the history of his own country before all ; or the history of England, or France ; or

with some particular epoch, as the Times of Ferdinand and Isabella in Spain, so ably and beautifully illustrated by a historian of our own. For the best complete history of our own country, I suppose we are still obliged to point to the Italian Botta. But, I trust, we shall not always be under the necessity of making this reference. We have historians, to whom we are looking for works worthy to be read and studied.

I do not pretend to say how much any one can do of what is now proposed. But certainly every one, who has any considerable time, — an hour or two each day, — to devote to the improvement of his mind, can do better than waste all his reading upon barren generalities, upon vague acquisitions, upon knowledge so distressingly unsatisfactory as that which is generally found among us. Reading may be something else than just to throw ourselves upon a stream that bears us whither it will ; it may have a purpose ; and although purpose with us is very apt to outrun accomplishment, yet something may be done ; much may be done ; more than we suspect. Only let a young man have the zeal that led young Bowditch to study the Mathematics on the ship's deck that bore him to India ; and I say not that he will do all which that eminent man did, but he will do more than he now conceives to be possible. The celebrated mathematician, Lacroix, told Professor Hopkins of William's College, that his acquaintance with Bowditch commenced on receiving from the young navigator, his (Lacroix's) great work on the Calculus in three heavy quartos. And in what state did the great mathematician receive those three heavy quartos ? Not only thoroughly studied on an Indian voyage, but with marginal notes annexed by the pen of young Bowditch ; and notes, said Lacroix, " which were of essential service to me in preparing a new edition."

In the third place, and finally, every man, that reads much or even a little, may acquaint himself with so much of philosophy, as belongs to his particular profession, pursuit, or occupation. Men of the studious professions are supposed to do more or less of this, as a matter of course ; but other men in their callings may make similar acquisitions. A general survey of the legal principles and international relations of trade is not beyond the reach of the intelligent merchant. The architect and carpenter may study, at least, so many of the problems of Geometry, as demonstrate the rules upon which they are daily proceeding. All manufacturers in wood, in metals, in clothing fabrics, in

leather, paper, &c., and all machinists and artisans, and all agriculturists, may understand so much of mineralogy and chemistry, of solids and fluids, of powers and forces, as are applicable to the processes amidst which they are spending their lives. And what an interest would it give to their various pursuits, to be conversant with these several and appropriate branches of knowledge! The mechanical would become intellectual in their hands. Brute matter would rise before them in a thousand beautiful forms and agencies. Toil and care would be lightened by that infusion into them of all-kindling intellect. Head-work would help handicraft. The field, the workshop, the manufactory, would all be schools of learning. The laborer would know what he was about, and not work like a blind mole in the dark,—or, if the comparison be more pleasing, like a bee in a hive, or like a beaver at his dam,—doing many things he knows not why,—knowing no law for it,—only that it will by and by, he cannot tell how, produce a certain result. Laborers would not be mere workers, but inventors, experimenters,—they would be improvers of everything. Their field would be the world. Yes, and the great, dull world, the massive, hard, intractable world, would be moulded in their hands,—like the clay of the potter, like the marble of the statuary,—into forms, expressions, instruments of thought.

And now I expect to hear it said, that I have laid out a course of reading for students, and not for laboring or business men. But I must pray you not to do me the injustice to suppose my meaning to be, that everybody may know everything. I have not spoken so loosely. I only say that everybody may know something,—yes, know it, and not merely know something or other about it. We have a multitude of *such* knowers; the country is filled with them; our many books and multifarious reading are raising up a generation of such knowers; but it is not common to find a person that knows any one thing thoroughly. There is no country in the world like ours in this respect. In other countries the *multitude*, it is true, know *nothing* from books. But of those who do read, there is a far greater proportion than can be found here, who are accomplished in their learning. Ours is an all-knowing country,—quite too much so, for the purposes of specific and effective culture. Imperfect accomplishment in learning, in art, in music, in everything, is kept in countenance here, as it is nowhere else in the world.

But to the question of practicability, — for that is the point to which I have come. I must insist that what I have proposed is practicable. I expect that men occupied with business, and women “careful and troubled about many things,” will tell me that they have no time for anything beyond the light, ephemeral reading of the day; about which, they will say, that everybody knows something, and they must, to keep along with the world. I expect that laboring men will tell me, that they come home at night too much fatigued and exhausted to read anything better; and that a hard day’s work has fairly earned an evening’s pastime.

Let me take up a moment in separating and answering these objections.

I say, then, to the laboring man that a book which makes him think, will often rest him more than a trifling and useless one. It is his body generally that is weary, and not his mind; and some mental action will often best relieve that weariness. To sink down into lazy, passive reverie over a story or a novel, is not to touch the true counteracting spring; but only to add sluggishness of mind to weariness of body. Dr. Doddridge tells us, that he used to relieve one hard study with another hard study, and never needed any other recreation. I do not exactly believe in that; and the works of that excellent man do not show me that the hard study, of which he speaks, ever amounted to what I should call hard thinking. But I do believe that labor of the body may be relieved by labor of the mind.

But there is another false hypothesis, as I think, involved in the objection. It seems to be supposed that reading, which tasks the mind, must needs be dull and uninteresting; and that nothing but novels, journals, and voyages can be pleasing and agreeable. Quite and entirely otherwise, in my opinion, is the fact. I am far from intending to recommend dull readings or studies. For my own part, I must say, that, aside from moral claims, far the most interesting book that ever I have read was Euclid’s *Elements of Geometry*, and next to that was a book on *Chemistry*. I must not be understood to say this as claiming to be much acquainted with either of these sciences. I speak only of the elements, — of what almost any man, with a little study, may master. And I verily believe that many a man, when he comes in, weary, from his day’s labor, and takes his seat by his evening fire, would be more entertained and delight-

ed by going over with a problem in Geometry, or a chapter in Chemistry, than by any tale that is told or can be told. Not, however, that the tale is to be rigidly excluded ; but only that something else, in its place and time, is to be faithfully introduced.

But in the next place, it is said, that there is a want of time for the kind of reading that I propose. Heavy cares and light entertainments must usurp the whole of life. In reply, I have only to say, that for most persons this may be as they choose. They can spend less time in business, and still have enough property to satisfy all reasonable desires ; or they can give up some of their lighter, for deeper and better reading. They can venture to say, "I have not read the last new Novel," — a declaration, I confess, which I have come to look upon with great respect, when proceeding from persons who are really reading and improving themselves. It seems to say that they have had something so much better to do, as not to have found time to do that. It is a goodly and promising reverse of the common plea which I am considering. It says, "I must have time for books that do me good, and I cannot always find time for useless reading." Useless reading, I repeat ; for I desire any one to tell me what good he has ever got from perusing, for instance, Bulwer's novels ; which many are reading at the rate of six or eight volumes a year, and so can find time for nothing else. I have read his late double novel, — *Maltravers* and the sequel, — because that in it Mr. Bulwer proposed to give his great view and summing up of the philosophy of life. And what is the amount of it ? His hero is first guilty of a gross moral offence, for which a sneering apology at all virtue is made ; and then he lives, through the first part, a useless life of selfish pride and disdain. In the second part, his life is the same, and the whole interest of it turns upon a father's falling in love, unconsciously, with his own daughter, — a constant shock to the reader's moral feeling, of which the writer seems wholly unaware. At length, indeed, the fact proves to be otherwise, — it is *not* his own daughter with whom the father has fallen in love, — but he is led for a while to suppose so, and then is thrown into unnatural and unnecessary agonies at what was no fault of his ; as if that would make a moral reparation to the reader for the violence that has been done to his just and honorable sentiments throughout the whole book. And the end of all is, that the hero's pride is broken down by this terrible

disclosure and by the violent death of his rival, — means about as natural and moral as an earthquake. The moral of the story is, as if we should say that a man was converted from a vicious and useless life, by a tornado, that crushed his house in pieces.

And for reading like this — the Circulating Libraries being witness — there is time enough. But no time for philosophy, — no time for real thought, — no time for true accomplishment, — no time for thorough acquisition of knowledge. How many poor families are there in Germany, deeply skilled in music, well acquainted with some or other branches of science, — and indeed, in intellectual culture, before most of the fashionable and wealthy families in this country ! And this too, a country of abundance, — of a free and untaxed soil and gainful traffic ! “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.”

Aye, it is faith only, faith in that which does not eat, nor drink, nor die, that we want. If to live is only to get and keep, to accumulate and enjoy, then there is no argument for high intellectual culture ; then such culture, useless, visionary attainment, must be left for dreaming students, and secluded anchorites, that know nothing about the world, forsooth, and are worth nothing to it. But if there is a mind within us, worth more than all the world, and if there is a just and due interest in it ; if knowledge, simple, quiet, homebred knowledge be counted to be worth more than all the gains of wealth, and the flaunting robes of fashion, then will all difficulties vanish before the unconquerable zeal for improvement.

So has knowledge almost always been cultivated and genius nurtured, — that is to say, amidst difficulties. Where did Franklin first cultivate the knowledge that at length bore him to the heights of fame ? In a printing office. Where did Bowditch study the mathematics ? In early life, on ship-board, and ever after, in hours snatched from the cares of a busy life. How did Ferguson begin to study astronomy ? Tending sheep in Scotland ; lying on his back upon the bare earth, and gazing upon the heavens, — mapping out the constellations by means of a simple string stretched from hand to hand, with beads upon it, which, sliding back and forth, enabled him to ascertain the relative distances of the stars. Where did young Faraday commence his studies, — still young, and yet the successor in London to the celebrated Davy ? He began his chemical studies, a poor boy, in an apothecary’s shop. Sir Richard

Arkwright, who was knighted for the improvements he introduced into cotton-spinning, and whose beautiful seat upon the Wye is one of the fairest in England, was a barber till he was thirty years old. And at this moment, there is a man in New England who can read fifty languages, who was apprenticed, — who has always worked, — and who still works, — as a blacksmith!

But it is time that I should bring this notice of examples, and indeed, this essay, to a close. Many will say, I know, that they have not the genius of these distinguished men. But how, I ask, can they ever know whether they have a genius or not, so long as they suffer their powers to be buried under a mass of useless reading! Read one good, strong book, — study one problem, one point in philosophy, and you may find that you have powers of which you never suspected the existence. If I might be allowed to propose and affix a motto to this essay, it would be — **LESS READING AND MORE STUDY.**

Let me add one word more. Is there any young person entering into life, — entering upon a world over which have passed six thousand years of human experience, — just coming into an innumerable company of human beings, strangers to him yet? And are there any records of these ages and of these men? Can he hear the sound of their footsteps, from the dim shores of antiquity? Will he not then listen? Will he not desire to know something of the great story of departed ages, — of the fortunes of the Persian and the Palmyrene, of the Greek and Roman? And would he not, above all, gladly know something of the wisdom of the wise and wonderful among men? Would he not know what Socrates thought as he talked with Plato, — what eloquence Cicero uttered in the Roman forum, — or what sublime visions visited the study of Milton, — or what sage precepts dropped from the tongue of Fenelon or Taylor? Surely, ordinary human curiosity is enough to prompt the desire of this knowledge. And no longer does it seek in vain. Here is the printing-press, — the grand camera obscura of modern times; — and all men and all ages stand before us as pictures. We sit in our houses, even the humblest, with the key of universal knowledge in our hands; on every side, at our will, curtain after curtain rises before us, — and all the treasures and glories of human thought, enterprise and action are unveiled to our view. To our very thresholds come the sages of all times, and proffer to us the ministrations of their

wisdom. What loftiness would be found in communing with them! — what wisdom might be gathered from the tablets of old time! — what inspiration from the quickening breath of universal knowledge! I look for a generation that shall understand its position and its privilege!

O. D.

ART. II. — *The Christian Teacher*, for April, 1839. London: containing the correspondence between the Clergymen and the Unitarian Ministers at Liverpool. Nine of the Lectures published on both sides.

UNITARIANS seem to have inherited the sentence of Ishmael, “every man’s hand is against us.” Our brethren will hardly allow that there is one point of sympathy between us and them. It must be admitted that we have an unshaken faith in our own system, for we are called on all sides to fight its battles. Differing on one or another point from all religious parties, we incur reproach from all. The advocates of the authority of tradition and antiquity murmur at the slights which we put upon the Fathers and the primitive customs of the Church, and we maintain against them that we know more about Christianity than these old Fathers did; and as to primitive customs, we scarcely give ourselves the trouble to dispute about what they really were, while we cover more ground by asserting that we have to do with them no further than we please. On these points we are at issue with the true descendants of the old Fathers, the men who have folios in their libraries, who buy up bodies of divinity, and know all about the councils of the Church. On the subject of discipline, there are three distinct parties who assail us with different weapons, Popes, Convocations, and Presbyteries. We care the less for these, indeed, for the weapons have been sadly blunted against each other before we feel them.

And then as to that vast array of tenets, which have been brought under the protection of creeds, confessions, and covenants, every holyday and Saint’s-day in the calendar may be kept as the anniversary of a contention with us. Plans of

Christian Union, though seemingly designed with a full apprehension of all the varieties of Christian belief, and proposing a mantle of charity, apparently large enough to cover all who avow a Christian faith and labor for Christian ends, have, in every instance, most pointedly excluded Unitarians. The Gospel net, as it is drawn to the shore, evidently shows various specimens of bad and good, as the Savior predicted; but contrary to his authority, and very unwarrantably, the fishes have taken upon themselves the work of selection. After having been caught over and over again, and battered about by stronger fish, we are thrown back into the waters for revivification, or left high and dry upon the land.

It is hard in most cases to trace the origin of each new controversy against us. In our own country it is called forth sometimes by the appointment of a theological professor, or by the return of the annual prayer meeting for the conversion or perversion (whichever it might prove to be) of our University, or by the sundering of an old congregation, or by a trial for heresy in another denomination, (for heresy invariably assumes a garment of light, and that of course is Unitarianism.) In Scotland, if a member of the Establishment, or even an orthodox dissenter from it, presumes, as in a late instance, to go to a Unitarian chapel, he is "awfully reprov'd" for his offence, as were the obdurate Indians, the playing urchins, and the giggling negroes, by our good fathers, at the Thursday Lecture. Then a new controversy will arise about the insidious and soul-destroying heresy of Unitarianism. In England some new cause of strife comes with every day. The repeal of acts and tests, which never should have been passed, makes openings in the body politic, through which the monster creeps; and the moment he shows head or tail, down come the blows both from those who have long been inside, and from those who have just been admitted there. The Right Reverend Father in God, the Lord Bishop of London, with a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year, and an equal number of parishioners in one city who have no clothing to cover their nakedness, and a million more in the same city who are the subjects of no pastoral care, and have no opportunity of attending public worship, however much disposed for it, the spiritual head of this diocese proposes a plan for the erection of new and free metropolitan churches; and one of the arguments found most forcible is the check which will thus be put upon dissent and Unitarianism. Two venerable

prelates of the Church dared to subscribe to the *practical* sermons of an aged Unitarian minister, who, as he is about to lay his grey hairs and virtues in the grave, would leave with his people a memorial of his long and faithful services. The Bishops vindicate their subscription on the ground of long acquaintance, close affection, and a most respectful sense of the sincerity and virtues of the author of the sermons. They quote the precedent of other prelates and dignitaries having dared to subscribe to the noblest vindication of the truth of the Christian faith which has ever been made, though it came from the study and the pen of a heretic. But all will not do; their under clergy call them to account, and the prelates ask forgiveness and receive a rebuke, contrary to all our ideas of subordination, for we had thought that a Bishop was to give, not to receive, instruction. An aged and much honored father among the Unitarian clergy asks and receives permission to dedicate a learned, but not controversial, work on the New Testament, to a little girl who lives in a large palace and is called a Queen. He is boldly rebuked for his audacity, and the struggling faith receives another blow. The funds which former piety bequeathed for purposes of charity,—charity in the wide apostolic sense,—have come by legal and just succession into the hands of Unitarians. They distribute them in the same spirit which founded them,—to some who are not included by literal construction, and to others who are not excluded either by the letter or the spirit of the trust,—the greater part to those who differ alike from themselves and the donors, and a small part to their own brethren, who do the same. The cry of heresy is found sufficient to wrench the funds from the lawful administrators of them. A Chancellor decides questions of divinity, expounds a catechism, and locks and unlocks the doors of the kingdom of heaven. A Unitarian minister promises to his little flock, and to all who would not raise or credit unjust calumnies, a vindication of the faith which he believes and loves, and a Major of Artillery, in time of peace, and without orders from head quarters, tears down the placards, and calls the preacher to account. Thus are we met by all sorts of weapons, from simple child's toys to deep artillery. The workings of the subtle foe appear everywhere. The great battery which is already opened in England, and which will probably decide the question there, is the subject of National Education. The Established Church finds that it requires all its forces to uphold itself. It could not

set up another great idol of the people by its side, even if it might wish to do so, and perhaps it might not be willing thus to divide the gold of the temple and the hearts of the worshippers. But the people there are beginning to instruct the government. They presume to think they have a right to control what they pay for, and to have what they are willing to pay for, and to have what they want. National Education they will have; and when its blessings are widely spread abroad, we may hope that the foolish prejudices, now so easily excited about our belief, and the opportunities which are afforded to some to misrepresent and oppose it, will be done away. Then may we look for a vindication and a triumph. And as there is something like a taunt and a boast in these last words, we may as well qualify them by making a remark, which we intended to utter in the course of this article, and which has often risen to our lips in public. Very frequently an assertion is advanced in the public meetings and publications of our body, the spirit of which is, that believers all over Christendom need only to know and understand our opinions to be ready with their whole hearts to embrace them. We do not believe this assertion. We must grant the charity, the respectful opinion and construction of the abilities and views of others, which we ask for our own. Most undoubtedly there are Christian scholars all over the world, who thoroughly understand our views, and yet do not think them conformable to revelation, do not approve them, and cannot believe them. Why and how this is so, we will not undertake to explain here, but will leave our remark with the simple statement, that we do not wish it to apply to the great fundamental points of Christian belief, for here we maintain that there is now but little difference of opinion. The questions at issue between us and our opponents are more of degrees to which a doctrine is true, than of the truth of the doctrine itself. It is not whether the human heart has elements of sin, not whether there is a relation between the Father, the Son, and the Spirit, not whether the decisions of reason have any place in the interpretation of Scripture, but whether the human heart is wholly depraved, — whether there is more or less relation between the Father, Son, and Spirit, — whether reason is to have a wide or a limited range in interpreting Scripture. All who are not Unitarians are not fools. Many of them are most thorough Biblical scholars and critics, calm and dispassionate inquirers, earnest disciples of truth, generous and dignified in the treatment of those who differ from them.

Meanwhile there are two problems, which, until explained, we must be allowed to advance as highly in our favor, and which have never been explained in any Unitarian controversy which has ever occurred in England. We speak of England, for among ourselves the first problem which we are about to state has not so much application. Why should they be called deceivers, perverters of the truth, infidels, sophists, and by other opprobrious titles, who, after having used all the means which others have in the search for Scripture truth, maintain what they honestly believe to be such, at their great worldly loss and discomfort? The situation of a faithful clergyman of the Established Church in England is one of the most delightful and satisfying which this uncertain world offers to any one. Comfort, happiness, esteem, easy duty, a sense of usefulness, high rewards, all as pure and worthy as a pure heart can look to wait on it. Earth has no more lovely spots than the rural villages of England, no purer hearts than they educate and bless, no more opened hands than are there stretched out in kindness and hospitality. Now, if the incumbent of one of these villages sincerely believes the faith which he professes, if his heart and conscience are in his work, he may thank God morning and night with the deepest gratitude for the path of duty and of joy which is his daily walk. His weekly ministrations are offered in a Church, every stone of whose walls, every tablet of whose pavement preaches with the venerable savor of centuries. The best examples of humanity for a score of generations, whose virtues are perpetuated along the aisles, preach with him. He reads a service which is ever as fresh and cheerful to the true worshipper, as the ivy which climbs the spire. Those, who need sound wisdom and will profit by it, wait on his lips. He is the teacher, adviser, and friend of his flock, the repository of every sorrow, the welcome counsellor and guest at every hearth. The highest honors, which the state can bestow in the noblest sphere, wait on his faithfulness. Neither monarch nor noble feels humbled in his companionship. He may leave behind him a widow and orphans secure from the fangs of poverty. But we might write page after page in describing the attractiveness of such a situation. Those who know through what a flowery and fruitful path Ken and Herbert and Crabbe have walked can imagine it all. Now, many of the brightest tints in this picture are to be darkened, if you put in the place of a parish clergyman a dissenting minister, especially a Unitarian

minister. No University honors can be attached to their names from Oxford or Cambridge, no state patronage provides for them or their children; no venerable spire tells the traveller afar off of their place of worship; no solemn bell calls their flock around them. Bearing a name of reproach, they do their own work and that of others. The higher grades of a very artificial society are fast closed against them, except in a very few instances. They learn Christian humility under the most unfavorable circumstances, namely, by having a sense of it forced upon them by others, and are often obliged to eke out a scanty subsistence by other labors than those which belong to their calling. Not that they want for sympathy, for kindness, for respect and support from some of the most worthy of the land. They too have circles of honored and beloved friends, whose acquaintance and esteem are treasures. But still they are, as they should not be, beneath their brethren in the same work; they fill a second place in Church and State; the sphere of their influence and virtues is narrowed; they pay a penalty for keeping a pure conscience. Therefore, the first problem, which we hope to see explained in the next controversy, is this: Why should men sacrifice worldly ease and honor, in order to utter unpopular truth, unless from their souls they believe it? If unworthy motives must be attributed to either party, on which side are they most likely to be found, on that where there is a loss, or on that where there is a gain? Every year there are instances of Church clergymen becoming Unitarian ministers, and in every instance, as far as worldly considerations are concerned, it is at a sacrifice; they change their society and prospects for the worse. You may say that these men are in error; but do the names of infidel, hypocrite, deceivers, and perverters of Scripture, properly apply to them? Besides, you must acknowledge that many of them are thorough scholars, and have an honest, devoted wish to discover the truth; that is, they have the means and the will to interpret the Scriptures faithfully; and what more have you?

The second problem, which we hope will be solved in the next controversy, is this: How does it happen that those passages of Scripture, upon the correctness of whose reading or interpretation sound scholarship and criticism throw the most suspicion, should be the very ones which are put foremost in support of what is called Orthodoxy? Our opponents, indeed, may vindicate their view of these passages, but without a

brazen obstinacy they cannot say that no evidence or argument may be raised on admitted grounds against them. By a very common misplacing of cause and effect, we are said to have adopted Unitarian views without the authority of Scripture, and then to pervert Scripture to their support. If we might be allowed to state our own case, we should say, that having searched the Scriptures, we had adopted our views because we found them to be taught by the whole tenor of those writings, and have besides the very best Trinitarian authority for disputing certain readings which favor different views. Unless a man is determined to deny in this single matter the influence of a principle which operates everywhere else, he will allow that the authors of the received version of the Scripture, being Orthodox, would of course adopt an interpretation or a reading which favored their tenets, though grammar, sound sense, reasoning, and fact were at least equally in favor of a different reading or interpretation. While, therefore, we are willing to receive the whole Bible, word for word as it is, and call it a Unitarian Bible from beginning to end, we maintain most confidently that the most prominent passages, adduced in an Orthodox argument, are the most suspected passages; suspected, too, on good Trinitarian authority. We ask why this is so?

Till these two problems are solved, as we said before, we shall regard them as turning in our favor. They certainly do vindicate, first, our sincerity in the search and contention for truth, and second, our reasonable belief that the word of God is on our side. These two qualifications, sincerity and religious faith, are all that we ask our opponents to allow us.

Delaying still longer to refer to the especial subject of this article, we wish to say a few words in relation to Unitarianism in England. Its growth and progress there have been natural and healthy, fully exemplifying the conditions under which truth ever wins its proper triumphs, with the guidance and virtues of good men, against the influence and supporters of error. We do not believe that a religious controversy was ever conducted in a more faithful and Christian spirit, than has been exhibited in times past by the great majority of Unitarian writers and preachers. As we draw our best arguments against certain doubtful passages of Scripture from Trinitarian writers, so we might gather, even from the Bishops of the Establishment, the highest commendations of the Christian character of their

opponents. The noble spirit of Bishop Hare's famous treatise is a tribute to their great cause of a sound interpretation of the Scriptures amid all difficulties. Bishop Watson made no unwilling or forced concession, when speaking of the celebrated Duke of Grafton, in the *Anecdotes of his own Life*, he said: "I never attempted either to encourage or to discourage his profession of Unitarian principles; for I was happy to see a person of his rank professing with intelligence and with sincerity Christian principles. If any one think that an Unitarian is not a Christian, I plainly say, without being myself an Unitarian, that I think otherwise."

At the period of the English Commonwealth, we have the first clear revival and bold avowal of anti-trinitarian sentiments on the part of distinguished scholars and honored Christians. From the Revolution of 1688 to our own time, the chain of anti-trinitarians is unbroken, men eminent alike for deep scholarship, catholic hearts, and Christian virtues; Emlyn, Peirce, Benson, Lardner, Dr. John Taylor, Chandler, Towgood, Fleming, Cappe, Kippis, Price, Enfield, Rees, Carpenter, and Aspland, are but a few from a great host. Cromwell, equally from a knowledge of the religious spirit of his times, which took such diverse manifestations, and a caution which dreaded the ascendancy of any one party, allowed in his ordinance of 1653 unlimited toleration to all Protestant sects, except Episcopalians, or, as they were called, Prelatists. Then the Presbyterians and Independents struggled together more violently than either alone or both united had struggled against their common foe, the Church. Their disagreement, more than anything else, made shipwreck of the cause of Dissent. The Presbyterians, looking for a moderate form of Church government, hoped for a union with the Episcopalians, until the act of Uniformity forbade them to hope any longer. But by English Presbyterianism then is not to be understood Scotch Presbyterianism. For it was only in a very limited sense that that name, as describing a mode of Church government, could ever be applied to any form of Dissent in England. It was only in Lancashire and some few small and scattered districts, that anything like true Presbyterianism ever prevailed in England. The principal Presbyterian charities, so called, date from 1690 to 1730. During that whole period and since, the three denominations of Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists, have been gradually becoming more distinct, as their peculiar principles have matured.

The period, when the Unitarian controversy was most rife in England, was between 1690 and 1720. This occasioned the meeting at Salter's Hall, to inquire whether there was any point within which liberty of conscience ought to be restricted. Both Churchmen and Dissenters engaged in it. Then a noble testimony was offered to the rights of conscience. The majority, being seventy-three, decided against requiring a subscription to the doctrine of the Trinity, though many of them believed it; sixty-nine voted for it. However, we must qualify the praise we are tempted to bestow on their moderation. Fierce discussions, stern oppression, and wild fancies had convulsed every religious party. Every preacher had a notion of his own to utter, and no hearer would listen to any one who did not "speak to his condition." Suffering all the evils which the Catholics had predicted of Protestantism, Protestants could not deprive themselves of its privileges. Seeking refuge and clarity each for himself, he was more willing to grant them to others. Therefore peace was first granted to the Unitarians by those who feared for themselves, but now we have cheering signs of its beginning to come from a love of us. In our own country the Unitarians are descendants of the Independents, but in England they are the descendants of the Presbyterians. And this, it seems to us, is the all important point upon which should rest the decision, as to which party is the rightful guardian of the funds spoken of above, as left under Presbyterian names. In many instances these funds have come into the hands of Unitarians, as the rightful successors and heirs of the founders, and they have distributed them among the various classes of Protestant Dissenters. But now their right to any participation in them is called in question. Their opponents, however, find it a hard matter to establish any conditions for the enjoyment of the funds, based upon the profession of certain doctrines by those who hold them. At the period when the greater part of the endowments were made, a feeling prevailed, the results of which were laxity and liberality. Without any violent change, the so called Presbyterian Chapels have become Unitarian Chapels. The Registers and Church books of many congregations, especially in the villages, show a legal transmission of trusteeship and membership, often in the same family for many generations. The case is precisely the same as with our College fund, and the property in many of our Churches. Our courts have decided where the right lies here. With equal justice

might the Catholics of Ireland go over to England and claim the funds of the two Universities, as that with which modern Independents demand the exclusive management of old Presbyterian charities. In this light the prominent case contested in England is particularly unfortunate for the Independents. The first charge of perversion, brought against the trustees of the charities of Dame Sarah Hewley, was grounded upon the participation in its benefit which Mr. Cappe enjoyed on his settlement at York. Now, Mr. Cappe was an Arian, the successor of Mr. Hotham, whose services Lady Hewley attended, whose Chapel she especially recommended to her trustees, and whose flock, under the services of her own pastor, had so interpreted the truth as to wish to hear it dispensed by an Arian. The only thing which can be tortured into a doctrinal test, annexed to her charities, is that the old women in the Hospital who enjoyed her bounty should "be able to repeat Mr. Edward Bowles' Catechism." This Catechism, soon after this mention, went entirely out of the limited use which it then enjoyed. It is not now and never was used by a Calvinist congregation, and never could have been written by a Calvinist. There seems to us, then, to be something very disingenuous in a Calvinist or Independent of this day, raking up an old document, which they have never had anything to do with themselves, and applying it as a test to others. Indeed it was by the merest chance that a copy of this document could be found when the matter began to be litigated. Luckily, or unluckily, Calamy had given it in his Continuation of his Memorials of Non-Conformists, and it is to him that the information filed in Chancery refers for a copy. He inserts it with the remark that it is scarce and difficult to be met with. This case, when decided, will serve as a precedent for many others. After a protracted litigation, the Unitarians are awaiting an appeal to the Lords.

The Unitarians of Ireland preserve the designation of Presbyterian and a form of Presbyterian government, under the name of the Remonstrant Synod of Ulster. The government has constituted them an independent ecclesiastical body, with the rights and privileges of other Presbyterians. So it would seem that the right of the Unitarians to the inheritance of the Chapels and funds of their ancestors depends wholly upon their retaining a name, which never properly belonged to the body of which they are now the representatives. Every year and month new cases arise and are litigated, with nothing more than

a name upon which to rest the question. The Unitarians worshipping in the temple of their forefathers in Risley Chapel, near Warrington, Lancashire, were last year ejected by law, and their places supplied by Scotch Presbyterians. The outraged Unitarians of course immediately took measures for the erection of another chapel. The vindication of their rights in this respect, and the establishment of their religious opinions as true and Christian, are causes which tend to keep the English Unitarians in a state of continued warfare, acting on the defensive. They are in an uninterrupted controversy, knowing nothing of the peace which we have here enjoyed, since our opponents have given us over as irreclaimable. Meanwhile, we observe that each new controversy, which occurs there, seems to come more and more directly to the points at issue. Those who array themselves against us seem to be better informed of our views, of what we hold, and how and why we hold it. They quote to their hearers more full passages from the works of distinguished Unitarians, instead of making a painting themselves, and then shooting at it. Still they are surprised, and almost shocked, when they find that we do not profess to uphold all the views and interpretations of the fathers and brethren and disciples of our cause.

The late controversy in Liverpool originated in a publication in a secular newspaper in that place, addressed "To all who call themselves Unitarians in the town and neighborhood of Liverpool," signed by Fielding Ould, minister of Christ Church. It makes known his intention, aided by twelve brother clergymen, to deliver a course of lectures "on the subjects in controversy between the Church of England, and those who call themselves Unitarians." This letter is written for the most part in a kindly and respectful spirit. He grants the name of Unitarians by courtesy, not as of right; for it seems to charge Polytheism upon those who are not included under it. This disposition to find fault with a designation which we think so appropriate, if we needs must have any, has become very common in England. Mr. Taber had given us the name of Unipersonalists, and he has been followed in a few instances. It has often seemed to us remarkable, that the Established Church should bestow upon the Unitarians an attention so disproportionate to their numbers among the large body of Dissenters. Mr. Ould, in his letter, accounts for this on the ground of the wide departure we make from true Christian doctrine. He says;—

“ That, while we believe the other dissenting bodies to have arranged an ecclesiastical system in our judgment not clearly Scriptural, and deficient in those particulars which constitute the *perfection*, though they may not affect the *essence* of a church, we do at the same time acknowledge that they generally hold, as articles of faith, *those great fundamental Gospel truths*, which are the substance of the safety of souls, truths, which, while so held, give them a part in that gracious covenant in Christ, *within which* God has revealed a way of salvation for all, and *out of which* he has not revealed a way of mercy to any.” He admits that “ if Unitarians be sound interpreters of Holy Scripture, we Trinitarians are guilty of the most heinous of all sins, *idolatry*; and if, on the other hand, ours be the creed of the apostles, saints, and martyrs, Unitarians are sunk *in the most blasphemous and deadly error*, and are wholly unworthy of being considered Christians, in any proper sense of the word.”

We said the letter was written for the most part in a kindly and respectful spirit. From a regard to the sincere belief of the author, we will not even make an exception to his commendation, on account of the tone of confidence and self-satisfaction which pervades it, as if the whole truth were, without a shadow of doubt, on his side. Thus he announces the intention of himself and his brethren, to consecrate the day preceding the first lecture of the course, “ for the purpose of solemn humiliation before God, and earnest prayer for the blessing of our Heavenly Father, upon the work in which we are about to engage, that we may be enabled to exhibit the ‘ mind of Christ ’ while employed in ‘ contending for the faith,’ and that we may have great success in our endeavors to be instrumental in enlightening the eyes, which we believe to have been blinded by the ‘ God of this world.’ ” A singular way of humbling one’s self.

This letter was answered likewise in a newspaper communication by Messrs. Martineau, Thom, and Giles, the three Unitarian ministers of Liverpool. These gentlemen considered that the gauntlet had been thrown down by their opponents for a controversy, or discussion pro and con, to take place between them on terms as equal as possible, either in the pulpit, or through the press. But, it seems to be doubtful whether these fair terms were offered. We are inclined to think that Mr. Ould unguardedly and unintentionally used words which implied the offer. There are three sentences in his letter, which

bear upon the point. Addressing himself to all who call themselves Unitarians in and near Liverpool, he gives the great doctrinal difference already referred to as a reason for proposing a course of Lectures, "and requesting your attendance on these lectures, and inviting your most solemn attention to those subjects," &c. Again;

"I ask you, men and brethren, I put it to your consciences, is it not of the nature of the tenderest charity, of the purest love, of the most affectionate sympathy with those in the extreme of peril, and that *an eternal* peril, to supplicate to these doctrines the attention of such as have not yet received them, to pray them to come and 'search with us the Scriptures, whether these things be so?'" Again. "Seeing that the controversial discussion of disputed points was unquestionably the practice of the apostolic and primitive, as well as of all other ages of religious revival, we invite and beseech you by the mercies of God in Christ, to come and give us at least a patient hearing, while we endeavor to 'persuade you concerning Jesus,' and 'by all means to win some of you.' Surely it is a sweet and a pleasant thing, — a thing not to divide and sever, — but to unite and to gather into the bonds of dearest affection, thus to tell and to hear together of the great things which our God has done for our souls."

Is here an offer of a discussion and a controversy, or merely an invitation to listen to an *ex parte* plea? While we think the Unitarians were perfectly justified in taking it up as a summons to a controversial discussion on both sides, we have no idea that their opponents intended to offer it. Indeed, they might quote precedent for their singular way of combating the honest opinions of others, without even supposing that a reply would follow. Such was the treatment which was put upon their honored martyr, Latimer, and many other Reformers. And when the infirm old man at last obtained permission to reply, with the promise that his hasty answers should not be recorded against him, "he heard a pen walking behind the tapestry," and knew how to appreciate the candor of those opponents, who would first silence him, and then pervert his justification. The Presbyterians, too, at the *conference* to which they were invited by the learned Jaimes, at Hampton Court, found that they were expected to be listeners only. We remember a faithful pedagogue, who, while laying on his blows thick and fast, was wont to ask the sufferer if there was any reason why he should not be flogged, at the same time that no opportunity

for reply was allowed between the blows. The Unitarian ministers say in reply, that a decision, formed upon just attention to evidence —

“Can be attained only by popular advocacy on either side, or popular advocacy on both; and, as you have proffered the latter, we shall esteem it a duty to coöperate with you, and contribute our portion of truth and argument towards the correction of public sentiment on the great questions at issue between us. Deeply aware of our human liability to form and to convey false impressions of views and systems from which we dissent, we shall be anxious to pay a calm and respectful attention to your defence of the doctrines of your church. We will give notice of your lectures as they succeed each other, to our congregations, and exhort them to hear you in the spirit of Christian justice and affection, presuming that in a like spirit you will recommend your hearers to listen to such reply as we may think it right to offer.”

The Syllabus of the Trinitarian Lectures, advertised in the paper, announced that one of them would prove “the Unitarian interpretation of the New Testament based upon defective scholarship, or on dishonest or uncandid criticism.” Rightly do the Unitarians complain that a controversy, which was to be “a sweet and pleasant thing,” should thus commence with insulting epithets. The clergymen propose to publish their Lectures soon after delivery, and the ministers express a hope that they may appear in season to be consulted by them in print, before they make answer on each following week. The ministers also suggest that an epitome of each lecture, and another of the reply, appear each week in a newspaper, or that some public journal be made the vehicle of a discussion, independent of the Lectures, these being the only two feasible modes of bringing both sides of the argument before the same audience. They suggest the propriety, though they do not insist upon it, of their being allowed to commence the proposed correspondence, as the pulpit controversy, already preoccupied by their opponents, has introduced some points of minor interest and importance. They reflect slightly on the assumption of entire right, and the self-complacency of their opponents, so contrary to the true spirit of Protestantism. They allow that there are certain conditions, upon which the proposed controversy may be a “sweet and pleasant thing,” but intimate that it loses something of its attractiveness, when “fallibility being,

confessed on one side, infallibility is assumed on the other, where one has nothing to learn, and everything to teach ; where the arguments of an equal are propounded as a message of inspiration ; where presumed error is treated as unpardonable guilt, and on the fruits of laborious and truth-loving inquiry, terms of reprobation and menaces of everlasting perdition are unscrupulously poured." They consider that an intention to observe a preparatory day of humiliation but ill accords with this spirit of confidence. They are unaffected by the consideration expressed for them, simply because they are not conscious of requiring it. "The pity that feels *with* me, is of all things the most delicious to the heart ; the pity that only feels *for* me, is, perhaps, of all things, the most insulting." And lastly, as to the terrors contained in the letter, they censure "the mockery of first placing us on the brink of hell, and lifting up the veil, and then bidding us stand there, with cool and unembarrassed judgment to inquire."

Next we have an answer to this letter, addressed by Ould to the three Unitarian ministers. He says, that, though unwilling to enter into a newspaper discussion, he is actuated by courtesy to reply to some inquiries in the letter, and at the same time that without intending disrespect, he passes by the critical remarks on his invitation, addressed to the Unitarian body in general. As to recommending to his congregation to attend in the Unitarian chapels the answers to the Church Lectures, he replies in the negative, for this would be admitting "that we stood on the terms of a *religious equality*, which is *in limine* denied." As subjects of civil and divine government he admits the equality, but as religionists he denies it. "Being unable, (you will excuse my necessary plainness of speech,) to recognise you as Christians, I cannot consent to meet you in a way which would imply that we occupy the same *religious* level. To *you*, there will be no sacrifice of principle or compromise of feeling in entering our churches ; to *us*, there would be such a surrender of *both* in entering yours, as would peremptorily prohibit any such engagement. The Lectures shall appear in print as soon as circumstances will admit. As to the newspaper epitome, it is declined on the ground of injury to the bookseller, who publishes the Lectures at his own risk, and of the meagre exhibitions which would thus be made of them. And as to an independent controversy in some public journal, this too is declined on the ground, that the ordinary newspaper readers are

not the most desirable judges of the matter in hand, and that all who feel duly interested in it will contrive to hear and read whatever is preached and published on both sides." He reserves, however, the right of noticing any authenticated document, which may appear in any public journal. He closes with "congratulating you with all sincerity on your avowed intention of coming, with your respective congregations, to hear the exposition which we are about to give of what we believe to be *fatally false* in your system, as contrasted with what we think savingly true in our own."

Next follows a short, but most respectful and Christian letter from Mr. Byrth, to whose name the subject of the Lecture which gave offence is annexed in the Syllabus, addressed to the three Unitarian ministers. He disclaims all intention of offence, or "desire to substitute irritating language for sound argument," and acknowledges that the letter of the Unitarians is written with calmness and courtesy.

The three ministers then reply to Mr. Ould, thanking him for his distinct answers, but regretting their negative character. Seeing that a pulpit controversy on the same terms is refused as a matter of conscience, they think the ground still open for a discussion in print, which shall ensure for their opposing arguments the same readers. They care not for the form or manner of the publication, whether it be by the union of each Lecture and its reply, or through the pages of an established journal, or one set up for the express purpose, provided the desirable end is gained, of having an impartial view presented to the same persons. Their opponents certainly will not invite a discussion *with* them, and then change it into an indictment *against* them. The case between the plaintiffs and the defendants should be heard before the same court and jury.

"You deny our *religious equality* with you. Is it as a matter of *opinion*, or as a matter of *certainty*, that such equality is denied? If it is only as an opinion, then this will not absolve you from fair and equal discussion on the grounds of such opinion. If it is with you not an *opinion*, but a *certainty*, then, sir, this is Popery. But we are surprised that you should conceive it so easy a thing for us to enter your churches; and should suppose it 'no sacrifice of principle and compromise of feeling' in us to unite in a worship which, you assure us, must constitute in our eyes 'the most heinous of all sins, — idolatry.' *Either* you must have known that we did *not* consider your worship to be

idolatry, or have regarded our resort to it as a most guilty 'compromise of feeling;' to which, nevertheless, you gave us a solemn invitation; adding now, on our compliance, a congratulation no less singular. We thought you had been aware that, while our services must be in a religious view *painfully deficient* to you, those of your church are *positively revolting* to us. Still, as our presence, on such passing occasions as the present, does not, in our opinion, involve any 'sacrifice of principle,' we shall set the example to our friends of attending; not making our desire that they should be first dependent on the willingness of others to be so too."

The Unitarians likewise published a letter, addressed "To the Trinitarians of this Town and Neighborhood, who may feel interested in the approaching Unitarian Controversy." Did our limits permit, we should quote the whole of this eloquent, calm, and most Christian epistle. Its mild temper pours oil on the aching wounds which it exposes, and its beautiful language proves alike the power of the mind, and the charity and sense of right which dictated it. It is an appeal from the bigotry of ecclesiastics to the justice of the laity; it exposes the injustice of the proposed *ex parte* lectures, of the denial of religious equality, of a public hearing or justification through any agency of the press, and asks from them an equal audience. This letter is followed by a Syllabus of Unitarian Lectures, answering to the Trinitarian subjects, to be delivered in each week following them.

Next appears a communication from Mr. Ould, addressed "To the (so called) Unitarians of Liverpool." It is a vindication of himself and his brethren, who, he says, never invited a discussion with the three Unitarian ministers; for if such had been intended, they would have addressed themselves personally to them. They cannot be thus diverted from their original purpose of delivering a course of Lectures on Unitarianism, to all who will come to hear. These Lectures will be published, and then of course they are open to objection. Here, he says, is no "arrogance, uncharitableness, or assumed infallibility." He justifies a refusal to advise the Episcopalians to attend the Unitarian chapels, on the ground that their Christian sensibilities would be shocked by blasphemous statements, and at the same time, he thinks that Unitarians should have no objections to attend his church, because religious opinions are with them a matter of comparative indifference, while sincerity is everything. As to becom-

ing joint publishers with them of truth and falsehood, they would thus make themselves "partakers of other men's sins." They protest against the conduct of those, who are endeavoring to prejudice the public mind against them, "as if we were declining a battle which we had invited and provoked."

Now the controversy, which seems to have made for itself a footing, even though on one side declined, assumes a new ground, in a letter from Mr. Ould to the three ministers. He has had an opportunity of conferring with his brethren, and together they have concluded, after the delivery of their Lectures, to accept the invitation of the ministers to a discussion. "Three of our body will be ready to meet you three before a public audience in this town; all preliminaries to be of course arranged by mutual conference. We propose, if you please, to take the three great subjects into which the controversy obviously divides itself."

"1. Evidence of the genuineness, authenticity, and inspiration of those parts of our authorized version of the Holy Scriptures, which you deny.

"2. Translation of those parts which you alter, and in our judgment, misrepresent.

"3. Theology, involving those principles of vicarious sacrifice, which we deem vital, and which you discard."

The ministers, in reply, first call the attention of Mr. Ould to a misrepresentation of their wishes in his letter. They had asked a discussion *through the press*, in any way which would bring their statements before the same readers; he tenders an oral debate. They propose to write; he offers to talk; and though he thus very essentially changes their proposition, he claims to have accepted their invitation. They altogether decline for manifest reasons a platform controversy. They advert to a mistake in his enumeration of the topics proposed for discussion.

"We do not, as Unitarians, deny the genuineness, or alter the translation, of any part of the authorized version of the Holy Scriptures. The Unitarians have neither canon nor version of their own, different from those recognised by other churches. If you allude to the Improved Version, we would state, that it contains the private criticism of one or two individuals; that it has never been used in our churches, nor even much referred to in our studies, and is utterly devoid of all authority with us; and that, for ourselves, we greatly prefer, for general fidelity as well

as beauty, the authorized translation, which we always employ."

They distinguish between the opinions of biblical critics on doubtful texts and opinions, which belong to the Unitarians *as a class*. They likewise justify their taking up the invitation in the first letter as an offer of discussion. True, the invitation was addressed to their body at large; but they are the voice of that body. No discussion can take place without two parties. All the telling must not be on one side, and all the hearing on the other. Was there to be neither "controversy," "discussion," nor "dispute," but authoritative teaching on one side, and obedient listening on the other?

As we finished reading this last letter, we perceived at once, that the waters of strife and debate had been disturbed in such a manner, that it would be a long time before they subsided. That improved version is a terrible bugbear to the Orthodox; it invariably shocks them. But, while we think the Unitarians, in their reply, have put its authority and influence on the right basis, it seems to us, that they dismissed it rather summarily, considering how widely it is circulated among their denomination, how their funds and agencies have been used in promoting its use. However, if a whole sect is to be made answerable for the liberties which one or a dozen individuals of their number may take with the New Testament, it becomes the Episcopalians to be tender in their censures, until they bring good evidence that they have bought and burnt every copy of an improved version by the Rev. Rodolphus Dickinson, saving only his own portrait, which forms the frontispiece.

Mr. Ould, in his reply, justifies the oral debate, on the ground, that a select auditory of the friends of both parties would attend; the speeches being afterwards printed, might be calmly weighed. He adds, "I cannot but hope, that a secret consciousness of the weakness of your cause has prompted your determination, and am of opinion, that, while a discerning public will approve the discretion of your resolve, they will not be slow to appreciate its motive, or the precise measure of your zeal for a candid and impartial hearing." He says that Unitarianism in Ireland once had recourse to oral debate. Then, as to the Unitarian view of the genuineness and translation of certain passages of the common version, he alleges the liberties which certain distinguished Unitarians have taken with the text. He will believe solely on their word, if they wish, that

they, as individuals, do not take these liberties, but strenuously affirms that members of the Unitarian body have done so to a prodigious extent. Mr. Ould says, "the shades of Belsham, Lindsey, Jebb, Priestley, Wakefield, &c. might well be astonished to hear their learned labors so contemptuously spoken of by three modern disciples of their school." It unfortunately happens that all of these scholars, except two, were nothing but "shades," when the version was made. Lindsey and Belsham were the only survivors when the work was commenced, and the former was disabled, by palsy, from any share in it.

Mr. Ould then broaches a subject, which, from being thus irregularly introduced, was discussed out of place, and in such an informal manner, as to lead to a suspension of the controversy. On the part of his brethren, he had laid down three heads of discussion given above; the first included the evidence of the genuineness, authenticity, and inspiration of certain parts of the authorized version, presumed to be denied by Unitarians. The ministers excluded from the list the subjects of genuineness and authenticity, as not concerning them as Unitarians, and by their silence about the inspiration, they left it as they did the doctrine of a vicarious sacrifice, to be discussed in the right place. But Mr. Ould regards their silence about this word as a subterfuge, "an expressive, but momentous silence." In opposition to their slighting remarks on the improved version, we think he has the advantage of his opponents, by asserting that the work was the joint production of some of the ablest and best scholars of the Unitarian sect, and that it has gone through several editions, under the auspices, as the title page asserts, of the Unitarian Society for promoting Christian knowledge, and the practice of virtue, by the distribution of books. Again he asserts, in strong terms, that there is a difference between inviting the Unitarian body to attend his Lectures, and offering to enter into a controversy with their ministers, and that he did and will do the former. Mr. Ould, with two of his brethren, Messrs. Byrth and McNeile, then accept the terms of the ministers for a discussion through a public journal. The ministers, in their reply to Mr. Ould, of course rebuke the charge advanced against them of defending a cause, whose weakness they were secretly conscious of; this they consider to be hypocrisy. They then set the improved version on its right footing. They reply likewise to the three clergymen thanking them for assenting to their proposal.

Mr. Ould then explains away, as far as possible, the offensive language he had used; but again very inappropriately introduces the subject of inspiration, of which the ministers had as yet taken no notice. They set him right upon this matter in their reply. They had spoken of the subjects of translation and genuineness, in order to make exceptions against them. They had not spoken of the subject of inspiration, because they thus left it open for the promised discussion. There was no reason why they should have introduced this subject previous to the opening of the discussion. If Mr. Ould is anxious to know how they intend to treat it, he should have made the inquiry in a private letter.

Then follows a letter from the three clergymen, endeavoring to settle what the controversy is to be about. They profess to have believed that "Unitarians generally acknowledged the Scriptures of the New Testament, as contained in what is commonly called the Unitarian or improved version, to be inspired of God, and consequently of infallible truth." The ministers, as individuals, have disclaimed this, and "therefore we are compelled to ask *what you do* acknowledge inspired revelation?" Shall the discussion be upon the meaning of a mutually acknowledged standard of truth? or upon the question, whether there is any such standard, and if so, what it is. "We affirm the Inspiration by God of the Holy Scriptures, as contained in our authorized canon, and are willing to refer every question for decision to their ascertained meaning." Thus declaring their standard, they ask for that of the ministers. Do they admit in whole or in part the Divine Inspiration, and consequent infallible truth, of the Bible, or do they not?

The ministers answer that "the controversy is upon the meaning ascertained by interpretation of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures." Questions of criticism as to the text are to be interpreted upon purely *critical* grounds. Believing the theory of verbal inspiration to be altogether fallacious, both in its principles and in its results, they are willing to discuss it, should the clergymen prefer it to the subject of interpretation, which is the real hinge of their differences. While referring; thus far, to the matter, they insist upon the observance of more formality in future.

The clergymen reply with a letter, which, on their part, effectually winds up the controversy. Mr. Martineau had, in the meanwhile, delivered a Lecture, in which he had given his

views of the matter last discussed. The clergymen take his statements as a representation of the opinions of his colleagues, and consequently infer that they “do not believe in a *written and infallibly accurate Revelation* from God to man.” “That Paul the Apostle may have reasoned inaccurately,” and “speculated falsely,” and consequently that they are at liberty to judge the statements of Scripture as they do those of any other book.

“To grant that Paul reasons, and be startled at the idea that he may reason incorrectly, — to admit that he speculates, and yet be shocked at the surmise that he may speculate falsely, — to praise his skill in illustration, yet shrink in horror when something less apposite is pointed out, is an obvious inconsistency. The human understanding cannot perform its functions without taking its share of the chances of error; nor can a critic of its productions have any perception of their truth and excellence, without conceding the possibility of fallacies and faults. We must give up our admiration of the Apostles as men, if we are to listen to them always as oracles of God.” — *Martineau*, pp. 34, 35.

It would, therefore, be a waste of time to reason or dispute on these premises; for when Paul was shown to have condemned an error, or proved a truth, they have a loophole, by which to evade his authority, by alleging his inaccurate reasoning, or false speculation. While, if any passages in those writers seem to favor your views, you have adroitly retained the privilege of ascribing to them a sort of inspiration; “I believe St. Matthew to have been *inspired*, but I do not believe him to have been *infallible*.” “No, gentlemen, we are not to be deceived so into an attempt to fix the chameleon’s color.” If these views be true, there can be no standard of truth upon earth. Again. Mr. Martineau had implied that performance of miracles was not proof against inaccuracy of reasonings, or falsehood in speculations. This, the clergymen consider as advancing a step beyond common Deism. All further discussion with them is impracticable. There is a more insurmountable obstacle in the way of discussion than there would be in the ignorance of a common language. So ends the paper controversy on the part of the Church of England.

The ministers have yet another long word to say, and it is well spiced. Their opponents, in retiring from the controversy, “have thrown scorn on their religious character.” Theology appears, in this instance, to have borrowed a hint from the

“laws of honor,” and as in the world a “passage of arms” is sometimes evaded, under the pretence that the antagonist is too little *of a gentleman*, so in the Church a polemical collision may be declined, because the opponent is too little *of a believer*. They say that the plea alleged for evading the controversy on the ground of their non-acknowledgment of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures is insufficient; for, in the first place, the subject of inspiration was among those expressly proposed by the clergymen for discussion, and they were aware of the views of Unitarians on the subject; for in the first Church Lecture pages are crowded with citations from Unitarian writers, and their views of inspiration are made a chief ground of indictment against them. Again, as to the necessity of settling the question of inspiration before that of interpretation can go on, the Unitarians being charged with *deception*, repeat the words of Mr. Byrth, who says, “In whatever light the Christian Scriptures are regarded, whether as the result of plenary inspiration, as we Trinitarians believe, or as the uninspired productions of the first teachers of Christianity, or even as the forgeries of imposture, the *meaning* of their contents is a *question apart from all others*.”

The proper course for the Churchmen to pursue is to establish the existence of their system in the Bible, then to prove its credibility in itself, and finally its inspiration. Both these preliminaries are denied. The second ground on which it is alleged, that a claim to a controversy has been forfeited, is that miracles do not prove the intellectual infallibility of the performer. This is an unlooked for heresy, and cancels all promises, and brings into use the Popish notion that no faith is to be kept with heretics. The reply is that the clergymen must have been aware that the ministers held this opinion, for it was plain that they would deny the plenary inspiration and yet admit the miracles. And as to this sentiment putting them a step beyond common Deism, it has been advanced (as the passages quoted prove) by Bishop Sherlock, Locke, Dr. S. Clarke, and Bishop Fleetwood. The same opinion is likewise common among the Friends. The ministers recapitulate the grievances of which they complain in the origin and progress and sudden termination of the controversy, as if on account of their undeservedness.

In conclusion, they utter this solemn protest against an accumulation of injuries :

“And now, gentlemen, accept from us, in conclusion, our

solemn protest against the language of unmeasured insult, in which, under the cover of sanctity, the associated Clergymen, whom you represent, have thought proper to speak of our religion; against the accusations personally addressed to us, in the presence of three thousand people, by the Lecturers in Christ Church, of ‘mean subterfuges,’ of ‘sneering,’ of ‘savage grins,’ of ‘damnable blasphemy,’ of ‘the greatest imaginable guilt,’ of ‘doing despite to the Spirit of Grace,’ of ‘the most odious of crimes against the Majesty of Heaven,’ and in common with all Unitarians, of forming our belief ‘from the blindness of graceless hearts,’ too bad ‘to have been touched by any Spirit of God,’ and against the visible glee, fierce as Tertullian’s, with which ‘the faithful’ are reminded that ere long *we must and shall* bow our proud knees, whether we like it or not, to the object of their peculiar worship; so that they are sure of their triumph in heaven, however questionable it may be on earth. We have sat quietly under all this, bearing the rude friction upon everything that is most dear to us, assured that if anything in heaven or earth be certain, it is this: that no Spirit of God ever spake thus, or thus administered the poison of human passions, falsely labelled as the medicine of a divine love.”

“A sweet and a pleasant thing” it must have been, with a vengeance, to have listened to these honeyed epithets. We see very plainly that the old definition, which used to be annexed to the word, Protestantism, in the dictionaries, must be changed, or left as a landmark to designate a time when martyrs at the stake gloried in sentiments, the expression of which now blackens devoted Christians with every epithet of villany. We have before us nine of the Discourses already delivered; though probably the whole course, comprising thirteen on each side, is now completed. It is unnecessary for us to give an analysis of these, for probably most of us, from a familiar acquaintance with the Unitarian Controversy, might sit down and write the substance of what has been said on both sides. They are repetitions of thrice-told tales, accumulations, evasions, and refutations of charges, showing glimpses of the old Adam in both parties, and proving to our minds one single point above all others, that we ought to be devoutly grateful to God, that He only is our Judge, — that we are not accountable to man. We will take a hasty glance at the Sermons, and make such brief remarks as occur to us.

The first Lecture on the part of the Church was by Rev Fielding Ould, “On the practical importance of the Unitarian

Controversy." We were tempted, indeed, to go no farther than the Dedication, which speaks of the cause in which he is engaged as an "effort to vindicate the name and truth of God from the degrading assumptions of the God-denying heresy of Unitarianism." "Let patience have her perfect work," is our answer to this. The whole argument of the Sermon turns on these three points: That Unitarians are not willing to abide by whatever opinions may have been expressed by those that bear their name; that Unitarianism has no fixed and definite standard, is constantly shifting, is uncertain in its views of inspiration, &c.; that Unitarianism tends to, and is allied with, infidelity. To these we reply, first, That we believe that Jesus Christ was sent into the world to save sinners; consequently he was not the Being who sent him, — and he saves sinners so far as he enables them to cease to be sinners. We are no more responsible for the other opinions held by those who agree with us in this doctrine, than we are for the Athanasian heresy or the Oxford Tracts, which originate with those who with us are believers in the Divine Mission of Jesus Christ. Second, As for a want of fixed and definite standard of common agreement, we will be ready to debate this matter, when the Churchmen show us that they have no difference among themselves. Third, As to the tendency of Unitarianism to Infidelity, we reply that thousands, who have been made infidels by Orthodoxy, have returned through Unitarianism to the light and salvation of a Christian faith. One head of the Discourse is of course devoted to our heresy, that virtuous principles and an upright life are needful to salvation. The night is too far spent to make people believe now, that we are in hopeless danger for maintaining this.

Mr. Thom answered this Lecture by another on the same subject. He first compares the idea of a Christian to be gathered from the words and example of Christ, and the Apostolic precepts, with that which an infallible Church sets up. Then he gives his reasons for considering the controversy as important. First, Christ contemplated a union among his disciples, a spiritual union. The Church in Great Britain has all the external power and means for bringing about this union, and so far from perfecting it, it has fierce dissensions in its own bosom. This is because it has sought for a doctrinal union based on a creed. Second, The Church thus becomes an ally of Popery. For, by insisting upon a doctrinal creed as necessary to union and

salvation, it requires infallibility to distinguish that creed even among the contrary opinions which her members hold. He then exhibits the moral influences of Unitarianism in its views of God and Christ, of humanity, of personal virtue, and of a future life, and closes by summing up all into the two great principles of Unitarianism: "First, Spiritual allegiance to Christ as the image of God; second, Spiritual liberty from aught besides; creeds, traditions, rituals, or priests."

The next Lecture was by Rev. Dr. Tattershall, "On the Integrity of the Scripture Canon." He takes his text from Jeremiah xxxvi. 23, and begins with comparing us to Jehoiakim, who cut and burnt portions of the holy records. He lays down the principle that if a "book be once *shown to be genuine, and admitted to be inspired*, it must then be received *whole and entire*, without mutilation or alteration of any kind." This principle we fully admit, as far as relates to the book when it comes from the hands of the inspired writer himself. But after the book has passed through the accidents of two thousand years, been translated, transcribed, and printed from copies more or less accurately representing the original, we shall not receive the copy in our hands whole and entire, until either we have applied to it the most searching tests of criticism, or had full and convincing evidence that every translator, scribe, and printer engaged in making the copy which we use, was inspired also. If Dr. Tattershall will prove the inspiration, whole and entire, of any single manuscript on which our version is based, we will prove the inspiration, whole and entire, of that printed edition of the Bible which left the important particle "*not*" out of the seventh commandment. The argument that Unitarians trifle with the Scripture Canon is based upon the character of the improved version.

Mr. Martineau answers this Lecture by another, the title of which is, "The Bible; what it is, and what it is not." He refers to the doctrine of verbal inspiration, which maintains that every idea in the Scriptures, and "even every word employed in its expression, is dictated by the unerring Spirit of God; so that every statement, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations, must be implicitly received, as though from the lips of the Almighty himself. We are first assured that whoever denies this, shall have his name cancelled from the Book of Life; and then we are called upon to come forward and say plainly whether we believe it. The invitation sounds

terrible enough. Nevertheless, having a faith in God, which takes the awe out of Church thunders, I say distinctly, this doctrine we do not believe; and ere I have done, I hope to show, that no man, who can weigh evidence, ought to believe it." He properly distinguishes between "the Word of God," a beautiful Scriptural phrase, and the Words of God. As to the Improved Version, he shows that Trinitarians have been chiefly indebted for their arguments against it to Dr. Carpenter's severe and condemnatory review of it. He then distinguishes between the authenticity of a Scriptural record and the question of verbal inspiration, between the words of an Apostle and the words of God. After many eloquent and noble passages, he specifies some minute criticisms which are utterly inconsistent with the theory of verbal inspiration, and closes with the following eloquent words:

"We are warned that 'the Bible is *not* a shifting, mutable, uncertain thing.' We echo the warning, with this addition, that Christianity is a progressive thing; not a doctrine dead, and embalmed in creeds, but a spirit living and impersonated in Christ. Two things are necessary to a revelation: its record, which is permanent; its readers, who perpetually change. From the collision of the lesson and the mind on which it drops, starts up the living religion that saves the soul within, and acts on the theatre of the world without. Each eye sees what it can, and what it needs; each age develops a new and nobler idea from the immortal page. We are like children, who, in reading a book above their years, pass innocently and unconsciously over that which is not suited to their state. In this divine tale of Christ, every class and every period seizes, in succession, the views and emotions which most meet its wants. It is with Scripture as with Nature. The everlasting heavens spread above the gaze of Herschel, as they did over that of Abraham; yet the latter saw but a spangled dome, the former a forest of innumerable worlds. To the mind of this profound observer, there was as much a *new creation*, as if those heavens had been, for the time, called up and spread before his sight. And thus is it with the Word of God. As its power and beauty develop themselves continually, it is as if Heaven were writing it now, and leaf after leaf dropped directly from the skies. Nor is there any heresy like that, which denies this progressive unfolding of divine wisdom, shuts up the spirit of heaven in the verbal metaphysics and scholastic creeds of a half-barbarous period, — treats the inspiration of God as a dry piece of antiquity, and cannot see that it

communes afresh with the soul of every age ; and sheds, from the living Fount of truth, a guidance ever new." — pp. 43, 44.

Then comes the Lecture of Mr. Byrth, which was to prove "The Unitarian interpretation of the New Testament based upon defective scholarship, or on dishonest or uncandid criticism." He explicitly asserts his intention of taking the "Improved Version" as the standard of Unitarian Theology in England. This being the case, our readers may not care to see how he pursues the matter ; our opinion is that he is right in most of his assertions respecting that version. Though it is not in nature to suppose, that, differing from us so widely as he does, he would seek for the kindest construction of our sentiments, we most cheerfully allow the praise of appearing an upright, amiable, and Christian opponent. We should judge him to be an estimable and devoted man.

The preceding Lecture was replied to by Mr. Thom, in another, entitled, "Christianity not the property of critics and scholars, but the gift of God to all men." He begins by drawing a "distinction between a Revelation by words of doctrines, and a Revelation by a living being," and pursuing the subject, shows the infinitely superior power of the latter mode to influence all hearts, while the former would raise doubts and disputes. There seems to have been a vexatious, but still a mutual, misunderstanding between the authors of these two last Discourses. Mr. Byrth had expressed his surprise that his "opponents should appear to complain of the introduction of critical and scholastic considerations into this discussion." Mr. Thom replies, "We make no such complaint. We complain that the *essence* of Christianity should be derived from the criticism and interpretation of *controverted* passages. Will any reverend opponent state a single argument for Trinitarianism, or adduce a single Scriptural evidence, not *fairly* open to hostile criticism or interpretation ?" Mr. Thom implies that Mr. Byrth has not printed his Lecture as he delivered it, and that there was something insulting in his tone and manner. This drew forth a letter independent of the Lectures, from Mr. Byrth, in which he explains the charges against himself, and makes new ones upon Mr. Thom. Several hard words are used on both sides.

On the part of the Church, Rev. John Jones next delivered a Discourse on "The proper Humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ." He insists, as the Unitarians do, on all those texts

which prove the proper and complete manhood of the Savior, and then distinguishes him in three respects above all other men: first, in his moral perfection; second, in his miraculous conception; third, in his preëxistence. Next he superadds the doctrine of his supreme and complete Deity. The Discourse is as able and thorough as any we remember ever to have seen on the subject. The author speaks and reasons like one who believes it, and in a kind and respectful tone to his opponents.

The answer to this Discourse is by the Rev. Henry Giles. His subject, as well as his text, is, "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." The Discourse combines such strong reasons with such glowing eloquence, that we must copy some of its paragraphs. After insisting upon the doctrines of the *absolute* Unity of God, and the *simple* Humanity of Christ, he reflects upon the manner in which Priestley has often been lightly spoken of in the controversy, and demands respect for him, at least, on the ground of his sincerity, which bound him to a life of unrewarded labor, of severe persecution, of devoted toil, and gave him only a humble though a cherished grave among strangers, when he might have filled the highest post of honor in the kingdom. One of the Lecturers had censured him for asserting that, if he found a passage in the New Testament which implied the preëxistence of the Savior, he should have supposed it a mistake of the Apostle, or an error of a scribe. Mr. Giles thus repels the censure:

"The conviction of his reason, it is true, was so strong against the preëxistence of Christ, that he would suppose the apostle misunderstood the Savior's words, or the amanuensis mistranscribed the apostle's language. This was urged as a mighty accusation, as a most blasphemous transgression. There are here an opinion and an alternative. The opinion is the belief in Christ's simple humanity; the alternative is merely to suppose the want of memory in an evangelist, or the want of accuracy in a copyist. Place in contrast to this Coleridge as quoted by our opponents. He has also an opinion and an alternative — his opinion is, that Christ was God, and his alternative is, that if *not* God he was a *deceiver*. If Dr. Priestley was wrong, he left not only Christ but his apostles morally blameless — if Coleridge mistook, he attributed directly and without compromise the want of even common honesty to the Author of our religion: I leave you to judge between the two cases. I do not wish to disparage

erring and departed genius ; but when the name of Coleridge is called up in my mind in connexion with that of Priestley, it is not in human nature to avoid comparison. The one steeped the best part of his life in opium, the other spent it in honorable toil ; the one squandered his brilliant and most beautiful genius in discursive efforts and magical conversations, the other with heroic self-denial shut himself up in dry and laborious studies for the physical good, and the moral wants of mankind ; the one wrote sweet and wild and polished poesy for their pleasure, the other has left discoveries for their endless improvement. Yet Orthodoxy builds for one the shrine of a saint, — but like those who in other days dug up the bones of Wickliff to be burned, drags forth the memory of the other from the peaceful and forgiving past, to inflict an execution of which we might have supposed his lifetime had a sufficient endurance. Tranquil in the far-off and quiet grave be the ashes of the Saint and Sage ; his soul is beyond the turmoils and battles of this fighting world. When these who are now in strife shall be at last in union, his will not be the spirit to whom that blessed consummation will give least enjoyment.” — pp. 18, 19.

Again :

“ The preacher, in speaking to Unitarians specially, commenced his address to us in a tone of exhortation, and closed it in that of rebuke. And what was the ground and subject of rebuke ? Why, the smallness of our numbers. He exhorted us on our want of humility, of modesty, in opposing the whole Christian world. I wondered, if I were in a place of Protestant worship, or if I heard an advocate for the right of private judgment. My mind, as by a spell, was thrown back upon the early and infant history of Christianity ; I saw the disciples going forth on that opposing world, of which their masters had given them no enticing picture ; I saw Peter at Antioch, and Paul harassed and toil-worn at Rome and Athens ; I heard the cry of the vulgar, and the sarcasms of the philosophical, going forth in prolonged utterance in condemnation of the strange doctrine ; I visioned before me the little knots of Christians, bound to each other in love, holding their own faith, despite of multitudes and despite of antiquity, fronting the world’s scorn and the world’s persecution. I thought of Luther, standing, as he confessed, against the world, an admission which was made one of the strongest arguments against him, — an argument that there are piles of divinity to maintain on the one side, and to repel on the other. I thought on the persecution of the Waldenses and the Albigenses ; I saw them, few, and scattered, and shivering, and

dying, in their Alpine solitudes : for persecution, like the sun, enters into every nook. I thought of the early struggle of Protestantism in this country,—of Latimer, of Cranmer, and of Ridley ; I thought of these honest and right-noble beings given, by a barbarous bigotry, to a death of infamy ; delivered over to the fires of Smithfield ; perishing amidst vulgar yells ; not only abandoned, but condemned, by episcopal domination. I remembered having read, in the *Life of Saint Francis Xavier*, precisely similar objections made against him by the bonzas of Japan. I also considered how many societies at present send missionaries to the Heathen. I considered that, amidst the populousness of India, the Brahmins might make a similar objection with much greater force. Our fathers, they might say, never heard these things ; our people repudiate them.” — pp. 21, 22.

ART. III. — THE WRITINGS OF HENRY MORE, D. D.

IT is the design of this paper to give some account of the most remarkable English writings of this scholar. Only a few of the most prominent features, however, of each work, can be noticed in our narrow limits. It may be remarked, in general, that most of his writings grew out of the occasions of the age, but this value does not pass away with the occasions which gave rise to them. Succeeding scholars, like Coleridge, have drunk deeply at this spring. The works of Dr. More partake largely of the errors of his day. He delighted to dwell in that twilight land, which lies beyond the region of man's observation, where no eye can see clearly. Here he built castles, on the airiest hypotheses. Here he sometimes mistook a cloud for a goddess ; and often stumbled and fell in the dark. But he was not without catching occasional glimpses of most celestial truths.

The first work he published was a collection of philosophical poems, containing a sort of biography of the soul. We had sought for this work in the libraries of our public institutions, the collections of amateurs, and the shops of “the curious in such matters,” but without success. But recently a copy of it

has fallen into our hands.* It is dedicated "to his dear father, Alexander More, Esq.," to whom he says, "I could wish myself a stranger to your blood, that I might with the better decorum set out the noblenesse of your spirit. You deserve the patronage of better poems than these, though you may lay a more proper claim to these than to any. You having, from my childhood, tuned mine ear to Spenser's rhymes, entertaining us, on winter's nights, with that incomparable piece of his, the *Faery Queen*, a poem as richly fraught with divine morality as phansy. Your early encomiums also of learning and philosophy did so fire my credulous youth with the desire of the knowledge of things, that your after advertisements, how contemptible learning would appear without riches, and what a piece of upmanliness and incivility it would be held to seem wiser than them that are more wealthy and powerfull, could never yet restrain my mind from her first pursuit."

The preface to the second edition of these poems is a curious production. He says "I have taken pains to peruse these *Poems of the Soul*, and to lick them into some more tolerable form and smoothnesse, for I must confesse such was the present haste and heat that I was then hurried in, that it could not but send them out in so uneven and rude a dress. Nor yet can I ever hope to find leisure or patience so exquisitely to polish them as fully to answer my own curiosity." He congratulates himself, however, for having added a canto on the infinity of worlds, and another on the preëxistency of the soul, where he has set out the nature of spirits, and given an account of apparitions and witchcraft, very answerable to experience and story. He was led to this by the frequent discoveries of the age. He added curious notes to these poems, but says of them, "contemplations concerning the dry essence of the Deity are very consuming and unsatisfactory. 'Tis better to drink of the blood of the grape, than bite the root of the vine; to smell of the rose, than chew the stalk."

* It has several title pages. The first is inscribed "*Philosophical Poems*, by Henry More, Master of Arts, and Fellow of Christ's Colledge, in Cambridge;" the next, "*A Platonick Song of the Soul*, treating of the Life of the Soul; her Immortalitie; the Sleep of the Soul; the Unitie of Souls; and Memorie after Death. Cambridge, 1647." Each of these subjects, also has a separate title page. The book is 12mo., and contains 436 pages. This is the second edition.

We shall not attempt an analysis of these poems, but only give a few of the most favorable specimens.

“ Often disease, or some hard casualty
Doth hurt the Spirit, that a man doth lose
The use of sense, wit, phansie, memory ;
That hence rash men our souls mortal suppose,
Through their rude ignorance ; but to disclose
The very truth, our soul 's in safety
In that distemper, that doth ill dispose
Her under-spright. But her sad misery
Is that so close she 's tied in a pure unity,

“ Leans on the bodie's false security,
Seeks for things there, not in herself, nor higher,
Extremely loves this body's company,
Trusts in its life, thither bends her desire ;
But when it 'gins to fail, she 's left i' the mire.
Yet hard upon us hangs th' Eternal Light
The ever live Ideas, the lamping fire
Of lasting intellect, whose meanness might
Illumine, were our minds not lost in that frail spright.

p. 151.

Again.

“ Like to a light fast locked in lanthorn dark,
Whereby, by night, our wary steps we guide
In slabby streets, and dirty channels mark ;
Some weaker rays from the black top do glide,
And flusher streams, perhaps, through the horny side ;
But when we 've past the peril of the way,
Arrived at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light, how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyful beams as bright as summer day.

“ Even so the soul, in this contracted state,
Confined to these straight instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate ;
At this hole hears ; the sight must ray from thence ;
Here tastes ; there smells. But when she's gone from
hence,
Like naked lamp, she is one shining sphere,
And round about has perfect cognoscence,
Whate'er in her horizon doth appear ;
She is all sense, all eye, all airy ear.”

Antidote against Atheism, Book III.

Some of his friends, however, admired this "happy veine of poesye," and thought "fewe could sing such sweete straines, or take soe loftye flights." John Norris celebrates his friend in an ode, and with better praise than poetry, says; —

"Some lesser *Synods* of the wise,
The Muses kept in Universities;
But never, till in thy soul
Had they a council *œcumenical*.
An abstract they 'd a mind to see
Of all their scattered gifts, and summed them up in thee."
Miscellanies, p. 90. Lond. 1692.

In the preface to one of the cantos of this poem, he thus, with quaint beauty, shows why men fail to perceive the brightness of the soul;

"The stars shine and fill the air with their species by day, but are to be seen only in a deep pit, which may fence the sun's light from striking our sight so strongly. Every contemptible candle conquers the beams of the moon, by the same advantage that the sun's doth the stars, viz., propinquity. But put out the candle, and you will presently find the moonlight in the room; exclude the moon, and then the feeblest of all species will step out into energy, — we shall behold the night."

Among his minor poems, at the end of this volume, are three short pieces, of considerable beauty. One is called the Philosopher's Devotion. We will give a few lines of it, though he professes to "write as hobblingly as Lucretius himself."

"Sing aloud, his praise rehearse,
Who hath made the universe.
He the boundless Heavens has spread,
All the vital orbs has kned.

* * * * *

Summer, winter, autumn, spring,
Their inclined axes bring;
Never slack they, none respire,
Dancing round their central fires.
In due order as they move,
Echoes sweet be gently drove
Thorough heaven's vast hollowness,
Which unto all corners press.

* * * * *

God is good, is wise, is strong,
 Witness all the creature throng;
 Is confessed by every tongue
 All things, back from whence they sprung,
 As the thankful rivers pay
 What they borrowed of the sea.
 Now myself I do resign,
 Take me whole, I all am thine.
 Save me, God, from self-desire,
 Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire,
 Let not lust my soul bemire." — p. 330.

The other is entitled "Charity and Humility," and concludes with this beautiful couplet.

"Lord, thrust me deeper into dust,
 That thou may'st raise me to the just." — p. 332.

We shall next examine several of his philosophical works. They are contained in a folio volume, printed a few years before his death, which had already passed through several editions.* His celebrated *Antidote against Atheism* stands at the head of this volume. In this his design is to prove the existence and providence of a God. He does not, like one of the English divines of a later day, think the existence of God and his goodness are satisfactorily proved by the fact that great rivers run near great cities. His reason for attempting this high argument, "which so many noble spirits had essayed before him," was to do a service "to minds of a like cast with his own," thinking that if many arrows were aimed at the mark, some would fix themselves in it. He saw that his own age was "prone to wind itself from under the awe of superstition," and fearing that the fabric of religion would fall with it, he attempts to lay a tried foundation for man's support.

He thus speaks of the occasion of writing his "*Antidote*:"

"For I saw that other abhorred monster, Atheism, proudly strutting with a lofty gait, and impudent forehead, boasting himself the only genuine offspring of true wisdom and philosophy, namely, of that which makes matter alone the substance of all things in the world. This misshapen creature was first nourished up in the stie of Epicurus, and fancied itself afterwards grown more tall and stout by further strength it seemed to have receiv-

* A collection of several philosophical writings of Dr. Henry More, D. D., fourth edition, corrected and much enlarged. London. 1771-1773. pp. 600.

ed from some new principles of the French Philosophy, misinterpreted and perverted by some impure and unskilful pens." — *Preface to the Grand Mystery of Godliness.*

"When this external frame of godliness, [the visible church,] shall break about their ears, they being really at the bottom, devoid of the true fear and love of God, and destitute of a more free and unprejudiced use of their faculties, by reason of the sinfulness and corruption of their nature, it will be an easy thing to allure them to an assent to that which seems so much their present interest; and so, being emboldened by the tottering and falling of what they took for the chief structure of religion before, they will gladly cast down the very object of that religious worship after it, and conclude that there is as well no God as no religion. Wherefore, for the reclaiming of these, I held it fit to bestow mine endeavors upon this so useful and seasonable enterprise, as to demonstrate *that there is a God.*" — Book I. Chap. i.

He does not promise to produce such arguments as shall compel full assent, but such as shall deserve and receive it from each unprejudiced mind. "No argument is so convictive as to force men to conclude the thing must have been so, and not otherwise."

"Mathematical evidence itself may be but a constant undiscoverable delusion, which our nature is perpetually obnoxious unto, and either fatally or fortuitously, there has always been such a being as we call man, whose essential property it is to be then most of all mistaken when he conceives a thing most evidently true. And why may not this be as well as anything else, if you will have all things fatal or casual, without a God? *For there can be no curb to this wild conceit, but by the supposing that we ourselves exist from some higher principle that is absolutely good and wise, which is all one as to acknowledge that there is a God.*" — Book I. Ch. ii.

By the term God, he understands a *being fully and absolutely perfect*, as perfect as the apprehension of man can conceive of, without contradiction. Now there is in man an idea of this being, fully and absolutely perfect, and this idea is essential to the mind of man, and cannot be removed so long as the intellectual powers remain sound. It is as indelible an idea of the soul as any mathematical idea, which, when once perceived, can be no more removed, than the soul can be *unsouled*. Now the properties, which necessarily belong to this full and absolutely perfect being, are self-subsistency, immateriality,

infinity of duration and essence, immensity and goodness, omniscience, omnipotence, and necessity of existence. All these are necessarily comprehended in this idea, an idea which the soul does not *make*, but *finds made*. Now the fact that this idea is *found* in every human mind, proves there must be such a Being in existence, otherwise the existence of the idea cannot be accounted for. We are, therefore, bound, nay compelled, to believe the existence of such a Being, as directly as we are bound to admit the whole to be greater than one of its parts. Man has thus the signature of God in his very soul indelibly fixed. He illustrates this very happily. If we were "travelling in a desolate wilderness, where we could discover neither man nor house, and should meet with herds of cattle, or flocks of sheep, upon whose bodies there were branded certain marks, or letters, we should, without any hesitancy, conclude that these have all been under the hand of some man or other, that has set his name upon them. And verily, when we see writ in our souls, in such legible characters, the name, or rather the nature and idea of God, why should we be so slow and backward from making the like reasonable inference? Assuredly, he, whose *character* is signed upon our souls, has been here, and has thus marked us, that he and all may know to whom we belong." [B. I. Ch. ix.] We are, therefore, as certain of the existence of such a Being, as we are certain that man has existed before us, when we discuss urns and coins he has made, and skill which once belonged to his body. Admitting that there is a God, how could he convince men of his existence by more forcible arguments? From the very idea of him, God is spirit, therefore he cannot adequately appear to the outward senses. If such an appearance were made, we could never be certain it was God who appeared. It might be some good or evil being superior to us. What remains, therefore, but that he should impress himself on the inward man, since his very nature excludes the idea of outward impression on the senses? And what way is more fit than to imprint the notion of himself so deeply on the soul, that it can never be erased? Now all things are as if there were a God; and no faculty assures us to the contrary, what should hinder us from concluding that he really exists?

But some say the idea of spirit is difficult for them to form, and, therefore, there can be no actual spirit. But the idea of spirit is already formed, and it involves less difficulty than that

of body ; for the latter must consist either of indivisible points, or of particles infinitely divisible ; both of which lead to the most notorious absurdities. For if it consists of an infinite number of points, then a steeple is as broad as it is long, circles and squares are the same figure, and odd and even numbers are alike. If it is divisible into infinite extended parts, then each mustard seed will be an infinite extension, and of course equal in extent to the whole universe. Now the *nature* of spirit is as easily understood as the *nature* of body ; and indeed he must be a novice in speculation, who thinks the *essence* of anything can be known. But the essential properties of spirit are as easily conceivable as those of body.

After showing that this innate idea of a BEING absolutely perfect exists universally in human nature, and constrains belief in the existence of a God, he finds a confirmation of this belief in the moral sentiment of man, or natural conscience. He that obeys his conscience is full of good hope ; he that disobeys it full of fears. This implies a belief in a superintendent Power, who orders the world for the good and welfare of honest and conscientious men. This sentiment is so deep and strong, that if this welfare does not “come full circle” in this life, man infallibly looks for it in another. The fact, that some men have obscured this natural conscience, is no objection to the argument. Some men have become blind through their excesses ; but this does not prove there is no sun to shed light.

Again, religious worship is as universal as mankind ; for all nations worship something.* This confirms the belief that there is a God. The force of the argument is not weakened, — as some pretend, at this day, — by saying it is an old tradition which is spread over the world. For it would not be universally received, if it were not according to the light of

* A sentence of *Caspar Barlaeus* has always pleased us ; it is contained in a Poem addressed to his Jewish friend, Manasseh Ben Israel, written in 1463 :

“Cunctorum est coluisse Deum. Non unius ævi,
Non populi unius credimus esse pium.
Si sapimus diversa, Deo vivamus amici,
Doctaque mens pretio constet ubique suo.
Hæc Fidei vox summa meæ est, hæc crede, *Menasse*,
Sic ego Christiades, sic eris Abrahamides.”

Barlaei Carm. Vol. II. p. 466.

nature to acknowledge a God. Many geometrical demonstrations are acknowledged to be true by hundreds, who learned the demonstration, but did not invent it. So if any nations have not the knowledge of a God, if they admit it when offered to them, as they admit the truth of mathematical demonstrations when presented, it is plain they consider it according to the light of nature. The universality of religious worship shows the desire to adore, which desire implies the existence of the object of adoration, — for every want implies satisfaction somewhere. Even the debased character of worship in many barbarous lands, can offer no objection to this argument :

“ For as the plying of a dog’s feet in his sleep, as if there were some game before him, and the butting of a young lamb, before he has got either horns or enemies to encounter, would not be in nature, were there not such a thing as a hare to be coursed, or an enemy to be encountered with horns ; so there would not be an exercise of religious worship in the world, though it be done never so ineptly and foolishly, were there not really a due object of this worship, and a capacity in man for the right performance thereof ; which could not be unless there were a God. But the truth is, man’s soul, in this drunken, drowsy condition she is in, has fallen asleep in the body, and, like one in a dream, talks to the bed-posts, embraces the pillow instead of her friend, — falls down before statues instead of adoring the eternal and invisible God ; prays to stocks and stones, instead of speaking to HIM, that by his word created all things.” — B. I. Chap. x.

After this, in the next Book, he makes use of the common argument from the external world ; the proofs of design, the wise contrivance of means to ends ; the general plan of nature ; the satisfaction afforded to the wants of all creatures ; the form and beauty of plants, of flowers, of animals, and the structure of man’s body. In a word he invites the atheist to “ launch out into that vast ocean of the external phenomena of universal nature, or walk with him a while on the wide theatre of that outward world, and diligently attend to those many and most manifest marks and signs that he will point to in this outward frame of things, that naturally signify unto us that there is a God.” The argument of the third book, drawn from the agency of demons, witches, enchanters, ghosts, and devils, had its value, perhaps, in his day, though even then it brought ridi-

cule upon the Doctor; but the reader of these times can only smile at the credulity of such men, while he admires that beauty of faith which could reconcile these unnatural contradictions, and derive comfort from a belief in witches and devils, who walked up and down in the earth. Were it not for the "monstrous tales" in this third book, doubtless the *Antidote to Atheism* would be a classic work in these days. But when we are disposed to censure the worthy author, we should do well to remember that he believed, what scarce any one doubted in his time, the power of satyrs, and Robin-good-fellows, and charms, and enchantments. And men who feel chilly and cold while they walk by the church-yard wall, and "whistle to keep their courage up," ought not to be the first to cast a stone at Dr. More.

From the nature of this discourse, and the great stress he lays upon the argument for the innate idea of God, it will be seen in a moment that Dr. More is no disciple of the Sensual School. He belonged to that nobler band of English philosophers, now almost extinct, who saw something nobler in man than mere animal powers. He makes a careful examination of that "notable point in philosophy, whether the soul of man is a table-book, wherein nothing is writ; or whether she have some innate notions, or ideas in herself. For so it is that she having taken *first occasion* of thinking from external objects, it hath so imposed upon some men's judgments, that they have conceived that the soul has no knowledge or notion, but what is in a passive way, impressed, or delineated upon her, from the objects of sense; they not warily enough distinguishing betwixt *extrinsical occasions* and adequate or *principal causes* of things." — Book I. Chap. v.

When he says there are innate ideas in the soul, he does not say there are ideas "flaring up like so many torches;" or that there are figures written there, "like the red letters of an Almanac," but he understands an "active sagacity in the soul, or quick recollection; as it were, whereby some small business being hinted her, she runs out presently into a more clear and larger conception."

"Suppose," says he, "a skilful musician fallen asleep in the field upon the grass, during which time he shall not so much as dream anything concerning his musical faculty; so that, in one sense, there is no *actual skill*, or notion, or representation of any-

thing musical in him ; but his friend, sitting by him, that cannot sing at all himself, jogs him and awakes him, and desires him to sing this or the other song, telling him two or three words of the beginning of the song, whereupon he presently takes it out of his mouth, and sings the whole song upon so slight and slender intimation ; so the mind of man being jogged and awakened by the impulses of outward objects, is stirred up into a more full and clear conception of what was but imperfectly hinted to her from external occasions ; and this faculty I venture to call *actual knowledge*, in such sense as the sleeping musician's skill might be called *actual skill*, when he thought nothing of it." — Book I. Chap. v.

He then proceeds to show that the soul has ideas which could never come from the senses. We see it proved of a particular triangle, that its three angles are equal to two right angles. "Why yes, saith the soul, and this is true not only in this particular triangle, but also in all plain triangles that can possibly be described in matter. And thus you see the soul sings out the whole song upon the first hint, as knowing it very well before." Other ideas, such as cause and effect, whole and part, likeness and unlikeness, symmetry and perfection, could not proceed from the senses, for they do not exist in matter, which alone can impress the senses. The mathematical properties of figure and space can never be perfectly realized in wood, stone, or iron, but are, notwithstanding, the essential properties of figure and space ; and therefore Euler could well say, after he had demonstrated certain properties of arches, all experience is in contradiction to this ; but that is no reason for doubting its truth.* It is to be remembered that this book was published before Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding was laid before the public. And it ought never to be forgotten, that the elder and nobler scholars of England were not sensualists. Dr. More did not believe the soul was a function of matter ; that the brain secreted thought by the mere animal energy. "There is an immaterial substance, distinct from the body, which uses the animal spirits and the brains for instruments, in such and such operations." He considered the soul of man "a compendious statue of God." "And, therefore, as with ease we consider the substance and motion of the vast

* See Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," note 50, p. 285, Am. edition.

heavens on a little sphere or globe, so we may with like facility contemplate the nature of the Almighty on this little medal of God, the soul of man ; enlarging to infinity what we observe in ourselves, when we transfer it unto God, as we do imagine those circles, which we view on the globe, to be vastly bigger while we fancy them as described in the heavens."

In his discourse upon Enthusiasm,* he attempts to show the folly and madness of many of the fanatics of his age. He regarded the Quakers with peculiar aversion. Yet he honored, most highly, their reverence of the inner light ; and only hated their extravagance and pretension. He ascribed the pretended inspiration of fanatics to imagination, choler, phlegm, melancholy, and "bubbles in the blood."† Yet he thinks man in *his time*, as in the days of Moses, received supernatural revelations, in visions and ecstasies, or dreams, or in their hours of prayer. Was he the last man who has entertained this opinion ? Some of his speculations resemble the alleged discoveries in animal magnetism. He relates many anecdotes, which may be commended to the attention of all such as love to hover between the known and the unknown, in "the mystic land of dreams."

Some fanatics, he says, have maintained that "all is God's self," and "that a man is God if he lives holily ; and much more Christ." "Being, therefore, puffed up with this opinion, they despised the person of Christ, and all his offices, — nor did they allow any other Christ but what was in themselves, or as they were Gods and Christs, and equally capable of divine honors as that Christ that was crucified in Judea." He believes that some enthusiasts have really performed miraculous cures, not by means of any power imparted to them directly and unnaturally by God, but he thinks there may be "a sanative and healing contagion, as well as a morbid and venomous," and these fanatics were heated to a great degree by their vain imaginations, and then the "healing contagion" was the more readily communicated. He supposes that remarkable cures may be wrought by regenerate men, and accounts for the wonderful cures effected by the celebrated *Greatrakes* as the effects of his piety, innocence, and spiritual elevation.

* *Enthusiasmus Triumphatus*, or a brief Discourse on the Nature, Causes, Kinds, and Cure of Enthusiasm.

† See Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," p. 235, *et seq.* Am. edition.

It is curious to trace the coincidence between Dr. More's speculations on these cases, and the kindred theories which have been devised, both in this country and Germany, to explain the miracles of the Savior.

We must pass over the large work on the Immortality of the Soul, merely stating that he believed the preëxistence of souls, supposing them to be sent into this world, and confined in bodies, to chastise them for some offence committed in the other world. This was the opinion of most of those ancient philosophers, who believed the soul was something distinct from the body. Some, also, in these times, cannot rest satisfied with the "hope of immortality," unless they are assured the soul has always existed.

We must also omit his threefold Cabbala,* the most laborious of all his works. It contains much which must seem folly to us, though doubtless it was pronounced most recondite wisdom in his day. Good thoughts and beautiful sentences may, here and there, be gleaned from it. But to us it has been what *Beausobre* said the writings of the Fathers were to him, "a vast desert of dry sand, where there were a few green isles, but they were nothing to the wilderness around."

The following extract can never be out of place :

"Though the divine Reason, or Logos, be that eternal high priest which in time was to be incarnate, and of which Aaron, in his priestly robes, was but a type and figure; yet man, being an image of him, and every priest in a more special manner, he is to endeavor the adorning of himself with such accomplishments as are set out by these rich and precious habiliments of Aaron; amongst which the Rational had a chief place. For though it belong to that everlasting Logos, alone to be the Maker of the world, and to fill out all parts thereof by his presence, and to be in a manner vitally clad therewith; yet, through the goodness of God, it may fall to the share of every Christian priest, to be invested, as it were, and adorned with the knowledge of the laws and measures of the Creation, and to take notice of the Reasons of Nature, of which the eternal Logos is the Maker and Governor.

"Which things, as they were figured in Aaron, and are ful-

* *Conjecturæ Cabbalisticæ*, or a conjectural essay concerning the mind of Moses in the first chapter of Genesis, according to a threefold Cabbala, viz. Literal, Philosophical, and Mystical, or divinely moral.

filled immensely in Christ, so are they also in their measure to be fulfilled in the Christian priesthood. For if it were not lawful to offer up the blind or lame under the law, sure the priest ought to be neither, under the Gospel, nor yet the People (so far as is possible) whom he presents to God.

“To take away Reason, therefore, under what fanatic pretence soever, is to disrobe the priest, and despoil him of his breast-plate, and, which is worst of all, to rob Christianity of that special prerogative it has above all other religions in the world : namely, that it dares appeal unto Reason. Which as many as understand the true interest of our religion will not fail to stick closely to, the contrary betraying it to the unjust suspicion of falsehood, and equalizing it to every vain impostor. For take away Reason, and all religions are alike true ; as the light being removed, all things are of one color. Nay, which is worst of all, that religion, which is the truest, will seem the falsest in this superinduced darkness, it so strictly and positively declaring itself to be the only true. Which will not by any means be allowed, nor can any way be discovered in that region of midnight, which makes all things look alike.” — *General Preface*, pp. v., vi.

To the same purpose are the words of a contemporary, and even a superior, genius, Jeremy Táylor :

“As one who shuts his eye hard, and with violence curls the eyelid, forces a phantastic fire from the crystalline humor, and espies a light that never shines, and sees thousands of little fires that never burn ; so is he that blinds the eye of Reason, and pretends to see by an eye of Faith.”

The next work we shall notice is the celebrated “Mystery of Godliness.”* In the preface he informs us of the occasion of the work, namely, the increase and boldness of Atheism, “proudly strutting with a lofty gait and impudent forehead, boasting himself the only genuine, true wisdom and philosophy.” “The mystery of Christianity,” he says, “is the most concerning piece of wisdom that is communicable to the soul of man ; the very chief and top bough of that tree of knowledge, whose fruit has neither poison nor bitterness.”

In this work he designed to give an explanation of the truths of Christianity, so that the scope of it might be understood, its reasonableness appear, and its aim be clearly perceived.

* “An Explanation of the Grand Mystery of Godliness,” &c. London: 1660. fol.

He shows that a new dispensation was needed in the time of Jesus ; enumerates the vices of the Pagan nations, and dwells at length on the false doctrines which prevailed in most countries. But he never denies all light and wisdom and virtue to the Pagan, as some of the English scholars have done. He calls Christianity a mystery, that is, "a piece of knowledge obscure, recondite, and abstruse ; but in a due measure intelligible ; certainly true, useful, and profitable." The first book treats of the "more dark and doubtful matters" of Christianity, as for example, the design of its obscurity, the holy trinity, [which he finds was taught by Plato, though in a peculiar form,] of the divinity of Christ, of the alleged sleep of the soul after death, of which he will not believe a word : "It being a great abater of our zeal and fervency in religion to think that, in the end of our life, we shall be delayed and put off by a long, senseless, and comfortless *sleep of the soul* under the sods of the grave, many hundreds, if not for some thousands of years." He next proceeds to the more intelligible parts of Christianity, and lays down certain preparatory truths : "that there is a God, the wise contrivances of nature, the providence of God, the existence and character of angels, both good and bad." He states the kingdom of darkness, and the power of "Atheistical spirits," will be overthrown, "and then shall be a visible deliverance of the other kingdom." He then speaks of the "animal life," whose root is self-love, and its highest branches political wisdom, which the storks, cranes, and bees alone possess ; of the "middle life, whose root is Reason." He defines Reason to be "a power or faculty of the soul, whereby, either from her innate ideas, or common notions, or else from the assurance of her own senses, or upon the relation or tradition of another, she unravels a farther clew of knowledge, enlarging her sphere of intellectual light, by laying open to herself the close connexion and cohesion of the conceptions she has of things, whereby inferring one thing from another, she is able to deduce multifarious conclusions, as well for the pleasure of speculation, as for the necessity of practice."

He thinks reason "may be swallowed down into the animal life," where it will be active in crafty contrivances for getting wealth, in many wiles for the enjoyment of pleasure, or in plotting designs to satisfy ambition. The divine life is the career of humanity. Its root is faithful obedience to God. Its three branches humility, purity, and charity. These he calls

divine virtues, not so much because they imitate, in some things, the holy attributes of the eternal Deity, but because they are such as are proper to a creature, to whom God communicates his own nature so far forth as it is capable of receiving it ; — and who becomes a divine man, a divine demon, or a divine angel. For such a creature as this, (and Christ was such in the highest manner conceivable,) has conspicuously in it these three divine virtues. He takes humility in the deep sense of the elder mystics, who regarded it as an acknowledgment of utter inability in man to do any good thing, or to know any good thing ; it renounces all dependence on a man's self, becomes absolute submission to the will of God ; he dies to all the desires of the world ; “lies low in the Lord's power,” and is occupied with the divine idea. “This is the highest price of holiness.”

Charity with him is an intellectual love of the perfections of God, his goodness, justice, power, wisdom, and love, until these perfections are in a measure transferred to the Christian himself. The great Apostle to the Gentiles had this virtue in his mind, when he said, But we all with unveiled face, beholding as in a mirror the Lord's glory, *are changed into the same image*, from glory to glory, (2 Cor. iii. 18.) When the soul is thus transformed into the image and likeness of God, (which is the natural and proper state of man,) it does not exhaust itself in speculative love of God, but ever flows in streams of affection for our fellows. Thus charity looks to God ; but never ceases working for man.

Purity is a perfect modération of all appetites, accompanied with the most steadfast affection for the perfect ideal of celestial beauty set up by God in our hearts. This ideal is born in man. It is the archetype, after which we were formed, — the pattern kept in the mountain of holiness. It is the idea of God, by which man was fashioned. We do not *create*, we only *find* it. The outer world does not *cause*, it only *occasions* it. This purity leads to a true fortitude. It arms the soul with its shield of faith, and the sword of the spirit, and the whole armor of God. With this, man may go through the rest of the battle unharmed, and say with Paul, “I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course.” Jesus was the perfect pattern of this purity and this fortitude. It was this, which “overcame the world.” Dr. More acutely enough remarks, after dwelling upon these branches of the divine life, “It is impossible by

words to convey the excellency of the divine life to that soul, which has not in her, in some measure, the sense of it beforehand, which if she have, it is the truest key to the mystery of Christianity that can be found.

He then enlarges on the faults and defects of Paganism, and maintains it never reached beyond the animal life; and never adored the gods, except as they acted in this sphere,—the gods being only a deification of some parts of the animal life. Now the purest system never went beyond the animal life, except as a type, which the common people never understood. Moses understood the mystery of godliness, but, through the hardness of the people's heart, could not impart it unto them. It was reserved for Christ to "bring life and immortality to light." Christianity he regards the sum and perfection of all the good things in ancient systems, all their truths are represented in the gospel; all their defects are supplied; all their errors corrected. Some of the ancient Pagans had even a fore-shadow of divine truth, and this is exchanged in Christianity for the entire truth itself.

He then treats at length of the most remarkable events in the life of the Savior. He considers his birth miraculous; but thinks the same of the birth of some of the heroes and sages of antiquity. This was the common opinion of the early Christian Church. In Dr. More's day, it was fashionable to attempt to parallel the miracles of Jesus with the alleged wonders of Apollonius of Tyanæ, and so the latter claims a large share of the author's attention. The doctrines of Mahomet are likewise discussed. He thinks Mahomet more orthodox than most impostors have been.

We must pass over a large part of this work without notice. The eighth book is its most valuable portion, for it treats of the fruits of the Christian tree. He attacks the doctrine of imputed righteousness as it was taught in his time by certain fanatics, who thought the law was not made for them. In his day, this doctrine assumed two forms; first, that an empty faith, unaccompanied by a good life, will justify us; and second, that the righteousness of Christ will be added to us without any righteousness of our own. This doctrine still reappears in these days, from time to time, in one or the other of these two shapes. Dr. More opposed it, in both forms, as a doctrine of dangerous tendency. He showed the Scripture sense of the word faith, which is a high sense that God will keep his promises. Abra-

ham's faith was imputed to him for righteousness, that is, God approved him as a good and pious man, who believed his promise, and did deeds worthy of the goodness and power of God. Now Paul's righteousness that is of faith is a more excellent righteousness than that of any law. Imputed righteousness, in the common sense of the term, he says, is only imaginary righteousness; it is being righteous without doing righteousness. "It is as when an hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty."

"As it is impossible for one to eat, to drink, and to breathe for another in a natural way, so is it alike impossible for any one to eat, and drink, and breathe for another in a spiritual way. And if we were wholly alive to that life which is most certainly in every Christian, rightly so called, we should think it as inconvenient that any one should be righteous for us, as that any one should be in health for us. For what comfort would it be, while we are in a tedious fever, a sharp fit of the stone or gout, that some other person should be sound and at ease for us. And, therefore, it is too shrewd an indication, that men in this imaginary persuasion are in a manner past feeling, devoid of all divine life and sense, otherwise sin and immorality would be as harsh to their souls, as these diseases are painful to their bodies." — p. 399, *et seq.*

Christ's righteousness is imputed to us only so far as we ourselves are righteous, so that a still higher degree of holiness is expected of the Christian than of any other man. But the assistance he receives from on high is at least equal to his task. We have several valuable aids in obtaining the inward holiness which is required of us, namely, the promise of God's spirit, the example of Christ, meditation on his sufferings, his resurrection and ascension, and on the last judgment. The contemplation of these matters brings a marvellous comfort to the soul.

We must now forsake the order of the book, and make some few extracts from those pages, which are unusually luminous in the eighth book. He maintains the indisputable truth, that *divine wisdom* is only to be obtained by a *divine life*, as the apocryphal writer has said. Wisdom will first walk with a man by crowded ways, and bring him unto fear and dread, and torment him with her discipline, until she have tried his soul, and moved him with her judgments. Then will she return the straight way unto him, and comfort him, and show him her secrets, and heap upon him the treasures of knowledge. "The natural man,"

says Paul, "perceiveth not the things of the spirit of God, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned."

"Wherefore we do very foolishly in that we bestow so much time in the exercise of our judgment *criterion*, and so little in the preparing and fitting of it, that afterwards the use of it may be with good effect. If the eyes be weak, muddy, and dim, even almost to blindness, we are not so foolish as to think to perfect our sight by looking long, or often, or on many objects; it makes our sight rather worse; but the disease of the eye is first to be taken away, and then with ease, and in a moment, we may see more than before we could in many years by wearisome poring with our short sight; or rather, (which is more to the purpose,) we should be able to discern such things as in our former condition we should never have been able at all to discern.

"So the soul of man, in its unrighteous and polluted condition, does, very unadvisedly with so much curiosity and anxious labor, to endeavor the discoveries of divine truths; for there is as yet *læsum organum*, and she ought to commit herself, first, to the skill of a faithful physician, to Christ, who is the healer of the souls of men, as well as he was of their bodies, and so to be re-estimated again into that state of health and soundness, (and righteousness is this soundness of the soul,) and then to use her faculty when it is able to receive that whereby the object is discovered.

"In thy light we shall see light. But if the eye receive no light, it discovers no object. So if the soul receive no impress from God, it discovers nothing of God. For it is most certainly true, that like is known by like; and, therefore, unless the image of God be in us, which is righteousness and true holiness, we know nothing of the nature of God, and so, consequently, can conclude nothing concerning him to any purpose. For we have no measure to apply to him, because we are not possessed of anything homogeneous, or of a like nature with him. But, when we are arrived to that righteousness or rectitude of spirit, or uprightness of mind, by this, as by the geometrical quadrature, we also comprehend, with all saints, what is that spiritual breadth, and length, and depth, and height, as the apostle speaks. What the rectitude of an angle does in mathematical measurings, the same will this uprightness of spirit do in theological conclusions." — p. 403.

He has charity for all sects that strive after truth and godliness; therefore he does not condemn those who differ from him or his church, in matters of religion, knowing that true goodness of heart, and holiness of life, depend less on the doctrines

of the understanding, than is usually supposed. Our love of Christianity "is not to be expressed by vilifying and reproaching all other religions, in damning the very best and most conscientious Turks, Jews, and Pagans, and then to double lock the door upon them."

"To make it impossible for all men to scape hell, that are not born under or visibly converted to Christianity, when they never had the opportunity to hear the true sound thereof. For if Providence be represented so severe and arbitrary, it will rather beget a misbelief of all religions, than advance our own, especially with all free and intelligent spirits. What need they tell such sad stories to them that hear the Gospel concerning them that hear it not, nor ever were in a capacity for hearing it? It makes Divine Providence more unintelligible than before." — p. 490.

"Certainly it were far better and more becoming the spirit of the Gospel to admit and commend what is laudable in either Judaism, Turkism, or Paganism, and with kindness and compassion to tell them wherein they are mistaken, and wherein they fall short, than to fly in their faces and to exprobrate to them the most consummate wickedness, that human nature is lapsable into in matters of religion, and thus, from an immoderate depression of all other religions, to magnify a man's own. And truly, for my own part, when I seriously consider with myself the undeniable clearness and evidence of truth in the gospel of Christ, above all the religions in the world, and the mighty and almost irresistible power and efficacy that lies in it for the making of men holy and virtuous, I cannot, but with much fervency of desire, wish it were further spread in the world, and am much amazed it has made no further progress than it has." — p. 491.

He deplors the "lapsed state" of the Christian church in his day, the perpetual theme of all good men; but traces it to a cause not much unlike that recently assigned for the still greater decay, in our time.

"The most universal and most fundamental mistake in Christendom, and that for which all the corruptions of the Church began, and is continued and still increased, is, that conceited estimation of Orthodox opinions, and external ceremony, before the indispensable practice of the precepts of Christ, and a faithful endeavor to attain to the due degrees of the real renovation of our inward man, into true and living righteousness and holiness; instead whereof, there is generally substituted curiosity of opinions in points imperscrutable and unprofitable, &c. Besides

that we are to remember that we may idolize long prayers, and frequent preachments, and that they make up an external religion to us, instead of that godliness, which is indispensable and internal, and an ever flowing fountain of all comely and profitable actions and deportments towards God and towards men." — p. 493.

That false, hollow, outside religion, he says, will lead men to abstain from the true spirit, for it will, as it were, stay the natural "hunger and thirst" after religion on these poison gourds, and men will not seek the true, wholesome food.

"And they will the more easily abstain from it, there being another poisonous viand, that swells them, so that they are ready to burst again, which is that highly esteemed knowledge called orthodoxness, or *rightness of opinion*, of which the apostle said, 'knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.' This seems so glorious in their eyes, that they fancy themselves angels of light, and fit to enter into the presence of God, if they be but neatly and elegantly trimmed up in these fine ornaments of Orthodoxy. Besotted fools, blind and carnal, that think to recommend themselves to the Majesty of Heaven by being arrayed in these motley coats, that striped stuff of their own spinning. They think themselves fully possessed of the life of Christ, and that they are very choicely religious, though charity to their neighbor be cold, and they have attained to no measure of true righteousness and holiness. Herein chiefly lies the mystery of hypocrisy, in all the churches of Christendom, counting all pious that are but zealous for the ways and opinions of their own sect; and those that are not for it, be they never so unblamable and cordial Christians, they are either hated as heretics, or at best pitied for poor moralists, mere natural men." — p. 494.

With one more extract, we will close our desultory remarks upon this volume.

"But, indeed, this is the fate of all almost that are more than ordinarily wise, to be accounted little better than mad. For they, having either higher or contrary apprehensions to the vulgar, and consequently acting many times contrary to them, they can hardly escape the suspicion of madness; the multitude of their judges, even the meanest of them, having not so mean a conceit of himself, but that he is ever infallible in those things which he has for so long a time together held as true, without any control of himself or of others. And I remember a passage somewhere in Trismegist, where the instructor in high mysteries, when he had enlightened his son Tatius, forewarns him of the reproach he

would undergo from the vulgar, that he would certainly seem to them as a man distracted.

“And this also was the condition of Democritus, whom the people, out of over-much pity and officiousness, desired Hippocrates to use his best skill to cure, as troubled with the phrensy; which he, intending to set to, the next day, was over night advertised by a divine vision, or dream, that it was not Democritus that was mad, but the people.” — p. 411.

The Mystery of Iniquity,* we fear, will furnish little instruction to the modern reader. It is occupied mostly in exposing the false doctrines, absurd pretences, and wicked conduct of the Church of Rome. It, however, contains passages of considerable beauty and power. But the book, as a whole, wants life, and is the feeblest of his productions. So far as we can learn, it was but little read, and never reprinted. It is not so replete with the author's curious learning, nor adorned with so many fine quotations from the classic philosophers, and the schoolmen, as his other theological treatises. At the end of this work, the author has added some account of the design he had in his philosophical and theological writings.† He says;

“Wherefore that there might be a turning unto righteousness, as well as a running after knowledge, and that the pretence to, or real skill in philosophy, might be no prejudice to any one's faith and persuasion of the truth of the Christian religion, I did set myself freely to search also into the most rational grounds of all such philosophical speculations, as could any way pretend to have any moment for either the corroborating or enervating any principle of faith, or what truths are recorded in the Holy Scriptures. And now I can allow to all the world, that there is not real clashing at all betwixt any *genuine* point of Christianity, and what true philosophy and right reason does determine or allow;

* A modest Inquiry into the Mystery of Iniquity, the first part containing a careful and impartial delineation of the true idea of Antichristianism, &c. London, 1664–1666. Synopsis Prophetica, or the second part of the Inquiry into the Mystery of Iniquity, containing a compendious prospect into those prophecies of the Holy Scripture, wherein the reign of Antichrist, &c. is prefigured, or foretold. Fol. Lond. 1664. (Both parts are contained in the same volume.)

† The Apology of Dr. Henry More, &c., wherein is contained as well a more general account of the manner and scope of his writings, as a particular explication of several passages in his Grand Mystery of Godliness.

but as Aristotle somewhere speaks, there is a perpetual peace and agreement between truth and truth, be they of what nature and kind soever. Nay, all the philosophy, that I give but a probationary countenance to, is so far from clashing with Christian truth, that it were to me, next to the Bible, the greatest corroboration of my faith in all the grand strokes of our religion, that I can imagine or desire.' Wherefore he conceived it was assigned to him 'to manage the truth of our religion in such a way as should be most gaining upon men of a more rational and philosophical genius, the present age abounding so much with such.' — p. 482.

This he effected by referring the doctrines of Christianity to

"Those eternal and immutable rules of divine reason, which God has engraved on every man's spirit, and without which, whatever prophecies there are, or instructions in the Holy Writ, it were impossible for us to be ascertained of them, or indeed of any meaning in them." — p. 108, *et passim*.

His discourses* contain little that is remarkable. But his divine dialogues have been long and justly admired.† The form of this work is that of a series of Platonic dialogues, between a lover of God, a deeply thoughtful man, a wary man, a pious politician, a critic, a materialist, and a Cartesian. They "are all free spirits, mutually permitting one another the liberty of philosophizing, without any breach of friendship." Our limits forbid us to make extracts, which are the less necessary, since this is the least rare, and most readable of all his writings.‡

* London, 1692, 8vo.

† Divine Dialogues, containing sundry disquisitions and instructions concerning the attributes of God and his Providence in the world, collected and compiled by the care and industry of Franciscus Palæopolitanus, 2d ed. Lond. 1713, 8vo. To this is annexed a "Brief Discourse of the true ground of the certainty of faith in points of religion, together with some few plain songs or divine hymns, on the chief holy days in the year." A volume of his letters has been published, 8vo. Lond. 1694, and a "Collection of Aphorisms," made by him; 1704, Lond. 8vo. His Manual of Ethics has been translated into English by Southwell. Lond. 1690. We have seen a work referred to, called "Pathomicia, or Love's Loade-Stone, a Drama, by Henry More;" 4to. 1630; which, perhaps, belongs to our author, though it is doubtful that he published a Drama at the age of sixteen.

‡ Most of his theological writings are collected in a volume with the title, "Theological Works of Henry More, D. D.," &c., containing the Grand Mystery of Godliness; the Mystery of Iniquity; Exposition of

The character of this great and good man may be delineated in a few words. Love of God was his prevailing sentiment. This burned at the centre of his soul. It warmed and enlightened his solitary speculations, and transcendent devotion. His chief desire was to live the divine life, and perpetually renew God's image in his heart. He strove to secure to others what he sought and won for himself. This was his sole desire in writing. He never sought fame, and scarcely welcomed it when it came uncalled for. He loved truth, with a deep, tranquil affection. He loved truth as a bride, not for what she *brought*, but for what she *was*. Animated with a spirit so pure, looking to objects so lofty and noble, he could not fail to be glorified while he ran. He revered the divine spirit in man, and saw the goodness of God in everything that lives, as a star reflected from a drop of dew. He felt it in the balmy wind of evening, which he loved so well. He saw it in every change of human affairs. His love had cast out fear; his hope was changed to an absolute trust in God. From this a shade of mysticism stole over him, which lessens none of his beauty. His intellectual faults were numerous; he was sometimes crushed by his own weapons. He had the learning of a giant, so his march was usually slow, and sometimes tedious. He would have written better, if he had referred more to life, and less to his common-place book. But these faults were merely accidents, the stain of a pedantic age, which did not injure the calm beauty of his soul. He had attained an eminence in Christian graces; had passed from virtue to goodness, and from fearful hopes to Christian tranquillity.

T. P.

the Epistle to the Seven Churches; Grounds of Faith in Matters of Religion; Antidote against Idolatry; Appendix to the same, with some Divine Hymns, "according to the author's improvements in his Latin editions." London. 1708. fol. Besides those already named, we have seen but two other works of Dr. More, viz., a Discourse of the Real Presence, 4to. Lond. 1686, (2d edition,) and a volume of tolerably good Discourses." Lond. 1692. 8vo.

ART. IV.—*Lecture on War.* By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Boston : Dutton & Wentworth. 1839. 8vo. pp. 50.

THE decided and yet discriminating character of this lecture precisely meets the wants of the times. The moral aspect of war cannot be brought out too strongly. Amid the multitudinous cries of policy, of passion, of national pride, it does the heart good to hear the calm, strong voice of moral truth ; and no one has done more to give a healthy tone to the agitating discussions of the day than the author of the discourse before us. His influence is not confined to our own country. It is stamping itself upon the age in which we live.

To those who are familiar with Dr. Channing's writings the *Lecture on War* contains perhaps no new doctrines. It is but a particular application of the great central truths in unfolding which his life has been spent. It is distinguished for the power with which it lays bare a subject that has been disguised and consecrated by the homage of the world, through all the ages that are gone. There is no denunciation. It does not throw a shade over the characters of the great and good men, who have distinguished themselves in war. And yet there is no compromise. We cannot but be moved by the simple, solemn earnestness of its tone, the beauty, freshness, and almost startling force of its illustrations, the clearness with which it unfolds, and the confidence with which it applies, the great principles of moral and religious truth. The general views are almost precisely those which we had before entertained. Should we differ from it at all, it would be in laying greater stress than it might warrant upon the useful influence of war in the early stages of society.

It is a mistake to suppose, that, because principles are unchangeable, their results will be always the same. It is one unchanging law that causes the clouds to rise, the rain to fall, the moon and planets to revolve. Because the law remains the same, its operations must vary with the circumstances under which it acts. It is so in the moral world. The law of justice is one, unchangeable ; but its results are as various as the instruments it employs, and the circumstances under which it works. It delights the good, it torments the bad ; it makes the virtuous free, for the vicious it forges chains, builds prisons, secludes them from the eye of man.

So in the more complicated measures by which its natural retributions are brought upon society at large. In the absence of good men, by whom righteous laws may be enforced, the bad become a scourge to each other. By unhallowed means, from wrong motives, — since they alone are found, — crime is suppressed, society advanced. In the progress of civilization, as sentiments of justice become more common, laws take the place of arbitrary decrees, and a government founded upon right, so far as the moral sense of the community will allow, succeeds to a despotic authority. Thus a band of robbers, cementing their union with murder, are gradually transformed into the free state of Rome; and again, with the influx of crime, sink under a despotism, until, through a series of unparalleled vices, they become the prey of barbarous tribes. Through all these revolutions we may trace the same justice, by an impartial retribution, allowing to every people only such institutions as they are able to support; and when at length they are no longer competent to sustain any government, their kingdom is given over to other nations, whose destiny, in like manner, through all changes, is to be wrought out in obedience to the same unchanging law.

These general remarks may be applied to war. In the early stages of society, when the intellect is sluggish, and to be called into action only through some strong physical excitement, it stimulates minds which otherwise might sleep. It is certainly a remarkable fact, that none but warlike nations have ever attained to any considerable degree of refinement. Through wars and rumors of war, over the field of battle, amid shouts and groans, trailing her garments in the blood of her children, has Humanity thus far advanced from the dens and cages of savage life. Poetry has placed the scene of her sweetest, wildest, and most thrilling lay amid the strife of hostile chiefs. Eloquence has seldom spoken with so terrific a power as in times of warlike tumult and commotion. Freedom, marching onward from century to century, has nowhere among the nations bared her bosom with such an air of majesty, or sent forth a cry so strong and startling, as amid the civil contests which have led on to war. The admiration of mankind has not been wholly misplaced. A nation rising in arms, with a calm but determinate resolution to conquer or die in defence of right, is a spectacle which does the world good. That nation may fall. Armed oppression may overpower her. But the field of battle survives.

It marks the onward progress of liberty. It remains through all times, an imperishable talisman, to strengthen the heart, to rouse the spirit of freedom.

It is not the highest principle. It is not, in all its bearings, the principle which we, as Christians, should uphold. But it is the noblest impulse which, in a certain stage of society, men will appreciate. It has prepared the way for something higher than itself.

We cannot, therefore, look upon war as pure, unmitigated evil. It has accomplished a great purpose in the advancement of the world. It has worked with terrible instruments, indeed, — tearing away the fruits of long and patient toil, the silent growth of many a quiet day; but it has purged the heavy atmosphere of society; it has given to man an energy, a life, which, on the restoration of peace, has repaired the ruin, and led on to yet higher works. When has the world witnessed such resources of activity, such products of toil and invention, such an accumulation of material and intellectual riches, as within the quarter of a century which has elapsed since the close of that dreadful series of conflicts that followed the French Revolution? Old institutions, hardening with time, cramping the growth, stifling the free breath of society, have been thrown off only by great civil commotions, which almost uniformly end in war. And taking men and governments as they have been, selfish, passionate, headstrong, and unjust, we see no other way in which freedom of thought and action could be gained.

Still it is not the highest spirit. It is not the spirit which Christianity approves. That is the spirit of martyrdom, which, "conquering the world not by killing, but by dying," rests on spiritual arms alone, putting its trust in the omnipotence of the principles it maintains. It implies the sublimest heroism, the keenest intellectual perception, an immovable confidence in God, in virtue, in the human soul, and the supremacy of spiritual greatness. It claims no distinction but that of doing good. It asks no privilege but the rights of conscience. It recognises no higher law than the law of duty. Though unresisting, it is unconquerable; penetrating, subduing, moulding at will the stubborn elements of society; slowly but certainly undermining every form of tyranny which wars against God's laws or human rights.

This is the spirit of Christianity, the only principle on which the perfect Christian can act. But it implies the possession of

every virtue. It is the consummation, the crowning point of character, which may be attained in the individual and in society only through conflicts and war.

Still every advance in virtue softens down the asperity of the contest. In the individual it does not require a very high degree of improvement to abstain from violent outbreaks, though the struggling of passions within himself may at times be felt till the character becomes perfect. So in communities. War, — the authorized slaughter of man by man, — is a relic of barbarism, for the destruction of which no great advancement in knowledge or virtue is required ; although the passions, which now vent themselves in war, will continue to be felt in society until it shall have become perfect.

War belongs to the first rude elements of civilization. Beyond that, whatever useful influences it may have, are accidental, and purchased at a perilous cost. When the arts and sciences, the intricate, far-reaching pursuits which characterize a more advanced period of civilization, give to the mind outward excitement enough, and the principles of truth and duty have, to a considerable extent, established their empire over the soul, the only useful purpose which war was intended to answer is done away. Its beneficent influence is gone ; its evils, coming upon a structure of society formed for other things, prey with a more blighting, withering, desolating power.

These evils it may not be amiss to touch upon. The loss of a single packet ship, with most of those on board, and among them one or two whom we have known, produces a strong sensation among us. The darkness of the storm, the shrieks of despairing men and women, appal us. The gloom is made more terrible by the lightnings which show the wretched beings clinging to the shrouds, while ever as the wave breaks over them, some new voice is extinguished, until at length no human cry remains to relieve the harsh but melancholy dirge of the sea. Yet what is this, the destruction of twenty or thirty men, compared with the havoc of a single battle, when thirty or fifty thousand have laid down their lives ? But here the evil is too vast to be taken in at once. And the excitement of the scene — the sound of trumpets, the flying of banners, the charge, the retreat, the agonizing suspense, the shout of victory, the pursuit, the flight, — too much distract the mind to allow us to dwell on any one of the thousand, thousand wretched beings, who, at the last gasp, are writhing and groaning in the

tortures of death. But go to the field when the bloody work is over. At first no sound but the wail of the dying breaks in upon the silence of the dead, whose bloodless features and glazed eyes lie cold and motionless as stone. Here is the father, whose latest sigh is linked with the thought of home. There is the wounded patriot, who, as the watches of the night pass by, forgets his wounds and dreams of liberty and glory. But his silent dream is broken. They who have come to bury the dead sieze upon him, and fling him, while yet alive, with thousands of the slain into one wide festering grave. Not far off, in some by-path, a young man, that morning warm in life's dawning hopes and affections, lies stiff in his blood, breathing still hour after hour, parched by the sun, chilled by the dew, and visited by no human eye, till the living things that feed usually upon the dead alone, tired of delay, have begun their unseemly work. Imagine all this, and there will still be wanting the particulars, which more than all others make us turn away sick from the merely physical sufferings of war.

Yet it is only as connected with higher subjects that these things deserve our notice. The fifty thousand who have fallen in battle, would perhaps in their different homes have suffered more than upon the field. So the old man, who is murdered in his sleep, may die more easily than in the order of nature. But is this an excuse for the assassin? Does it remove a single shade from the blackness of his crime? It is not suffering, it is not death, that fills us with horror; but the uplifting of the murderous arm, the aim of the deadly weapon with intent to kill. On this point we cannot but quote the words of Dr. Channing:

"In these remarks," says he, after a passage which cannot be too forcibly impressed, "in these remarks, I do not mean to deny, that the physical sufferings of war are great, and should incite us to labor for its abolition. But sufferings, separate from crime, coming not through man's wickedness, but from the laws of nature, are not unmixed evils. They have a ministry of love. God has ordained them, that they should bind men to one another, that they should touch and soften the human heart, that they should call forth mutual aid, solace, gratitude, and self-forgetting love. Sorrow is the chief cement of souls. Death, coming in the order of nature, gathers round the sufferer sympathizing, anxious friends, who watch day and night, with suffused eyes and heart-breathed prayer, to avert or mitigate the last agonies.

It calls up tender recollections, inspires solemn thought, rebukes human pride, obscures the world's glories, and speaks of immortality. From the still death-bed, what softening, subduing, chastening, exalting influences proceed. But death in war, death from the hand of man, sears the heart and conscience, kills human sympathies, and scatters the thought of judgment to come. Man dying in battle, unsolaced, unpitied, and a victim to hatred, rapacity, and insatiable ambition, leaves behind him wrongs to be revenged. His blood does not speak peace or speak of heaven; but sends forth a maddening cry, and exasperates survivors to new struggles.

"Thus war adds to suffering the unutterable weight of crime, and defeats the holy and blessed ministry which all suffering is intended to fulfil. When I look back on the ages of conflict through which the race has passed, what most moves me is not the awful amount of suffering which war has inflicted. This may be borne. The terrible thought is, that this has been the work of crime; that men, whose great law is love, have been one another's butchers; that God's children have stained his beautiful earth, made beautiful for their home, with one another's blood; that the shriek, which comes to us from all regions and ages, has been extorted by human cruelty; that man has been a demon, and has turned earth into hell. All else may be borne. It is this which makes history so horrible a record to the benevolent mind." — pp: 20, 21.

And is the offence lessened because instead of a single man thousands are employed?

In one case the act is sanctioned, in the other condemned, by human laws. But suppose that government should pass an act authorizing private murder. Should we not view such a law with greater abhorrence than any crimes that are now committed? God has principles of justice, which rest upon his own omnipotence unshaken, untouched by human laws. The sanctions, by which man's legislation and the practice of nations would authorize the violation of these principles, should be more an object of horror than any individual crimes. If war, through the applause of past ages, the custom of nations, the imposing formality of its rules, the magnificence of its preparations, the grandeur of its monuments, its perilous adventures, its daring spirit, has thrown around itself a glare of splendor, which in the enthusiasm of the hour calls off our thoughts from the separate acts of death, while men are clutching each other's throats in the death-grapple, driving the bayonet into each oth-

er's hearts ; — if war is surrounded by the false glare which enables even good men to look with exultation on so much suffering and crime, it should only increase the horror with which we regard it.

Here, disguise and shuffle it off as we may, is something which really adds to the enormity of war. The laws which regulate, far from sanctioning, do but darken, its acts. For ourselves, we look with more patience and cheerfulness upon savage tribes, who, burning with revenge, seize upon their enemies, torture, tear in pieces, roast, and devour them, than upon the cold-blooded, stately rules by which civilized nations, under soft names and chivalrous terms, disguise their murderous work. Let there be no concealment, no bedizening what is foul and ugly by words, around which the romantic interest of a former age still hangs ; — let war stand out before the nations in all its grossness and deformity, and the civilized world will not endure it for another century. For there are causes at work in society, which, as the evil is disclosed in its real character, will gradually bring it to an end, and place it among the antiquated delusions of the race.

Before speaking of the remedies, however, we wish to dwell upon a single point, not overlooked in the discourse before us, but quite too much disregarded, we have thought, by many of the professed and formal advocates for peace.

War, like every other evil institution which has been perpetuated from age to age, has its origin in the imperfections of man. It springs not from arbitrary decrees, but from violent passions, from ignorance, from an exclusive spirit of patriotism and national aggrandizement, from private ambition, and above all from the weakness of the moral sentiment in the intercourse of nation with nation. War is the natural outlet to these deeply rooted diseases of society. So long as they exist it is a relief. Its outbreaks are like those violent eruptions upon the body, by which nature would throw off the disease that is preying upon its life. Suppress these eruptions, and you send back to the lungs or heart that which was finding its way out. It is only by removing the cause that we can remove the evil. No forced measures, no sudden healing up of the sore, can really afford relief to society. Its whole internal structure must be purified. Otherwise, though war should be suppressed, evils more cruel than war will eat into its soul.

We cannot, therefore, in some of their measures, unite with

those who are laboring so earnestly for the extinction of war. They look too much to outward means and outward remedies.

A congress of nations, suited to the state of public feeling, with authority gradually increasing as the advancement of the world may permit, might, we have no doubt, eventually become the almost universal arbiter of national disputes. But, like every great public institution, it must begin almost imperceptibly, sympathizing with the wants of the age, enlarging its influence with the growth of public sentiment.

Let such a tribunal in a time of general peace be established by the general concurrence of civilized governments, with full authority to settle all national disputes. At first unimportant decisions are made and quietly obeyed. But soon great questions come up. National jealousies are excited. The intrigues of private ambition creep in. The judges are divided, and with them the nations to which they belong. A decision made by a small majority is received with distrust. Suspicion is busy. The character of the tribunal is doubted. New intrigues are opened and brought to light. Men's confidence is shaken, their passions inflamed. The aggrieved nation refuses to submit. Violence begins. The whole world is divided; the way has been prepared, and now a universal war ensues.

For a time the visible evil was suppressed. But the disease was not removed. The avenging passions, the selfishness, dishonesty, and pride, which give to war its power, are not extinguished. They are only turned inward, to ferment and rage. There, through many a year of violent peace, darkening and threatening, they heave and shake, every year more violent, until at length bursting through all restraint, with the blackness of hell in their frown, they break out upon mankind in wars, such as never yet rolled their tide of fire and blood over the earth.

Such, reasoning from all analogy, would be the result of a forcible suppression of war before society is prepared for the change. But let the causes that are silently at work, — the arts of peace, commercial intercourse, the progress of knowledge and truth, — go on, and war, like piracy and the slave trade, will be reckoned among the forbidden employments. The result will be, not one of violence, but so naturally brought about, that, as with the progress of vegetation over the edge of a volcano or the ruins of an earthquake, we cannot tell the precise moment at which the change took place, and the scorched or broken waste became a fruitful field.

The visions of poetry, the speculations of the wise, the hopes, the labors of the good, have always been looking forward to such a period. We cannot help fortifying this position against those who may think us dreamers, by the authority of Washington, who certainly had as little of the visionary in his character as any great man that ever lived. His wide view of things, his practical soundness of judgment, "which no passion or enthusiasm ever disturbed," together with his own greatness in war as well as peace, should give to his opinions on this subject a weight which is due to the opinions of no other man. In a letter to Lafayette, dated August, 1786, he says:

"Although I pretend to no peculiar information respecting commercial affairs, nor any foresight into the scenes of futurity, yet, as the member of an infant empire, as a philanthropist by character, and, if I may be allowed the expression, as a citizen of the great republic of humanity at large, I cannot help turning my attention sometimes to this subject. * * * On these occasions I consider how mankind may be connected like one great family in fraternal ties. I indulge a fond, perhaps an enthusiastic, idea, that, as the world is much less barbarous than it has been, its melioration must still be progressive; that nations are becoming more humanized in their policy; that the subjects of ambition and causes for hostility are daily diminishing; and, in fine, that the period is not very remote, when the benefits of a liberal and free commerce will pretty generally succeed to the devastations and horrors of war." — *Sparks's Washington*, Vol. ix. p. 193.

Here, and in other passages which might be quoted from his writings, with the sagacity which marks whatever he has said, Washington has pointed out the means by which war may finally be abolished. It is to be removed by the gradual progress of society.

Commerce, spreading its common interests across seas and oceans, is weaving over the whole earth a web of mutual relations and dependencies, which, growing stronger and broader every year, must at length hold armies and navies powerless. All the interests of commerce are adverse to the spirit of war; and with the light of an increasing civilization, the more intimately nations are united by trade, and their interests placed on the side of peace, the more difficult will it be to engage them in war.

Science is making the implements of war more fatally ex-

pensive and destructive, and at the same time throwing out those feats of chivalrous enterprise and skill, which once gave its enchantment to the fight. The consequence is, that war is becoming less and less attractive to those fiery minds that once most delighted in its hazardous enterprises, and did more than all others to extend its spirit.

The new sciences in every form are uniting their gigantic energies for the suppression of war. Their alliance and their opposition are alike fatal to its life. The arts, the sciences, the philosophy, the literature, the religion of the ancient world, being the offspring of a warlike age, partook of a warlike character. They were all parts of the same great fabric, bound together by the same spirit, and the heroism of war was the ruling power among them all. So through the middle ages, the very architecture of the churches, — their battlements and towers, — show the warlike character of the times. But within the last four hundred years, invention after invention, which knew nothing of the old dynasty, which had no sympathy with its laws, has been starting into life. Take the great invention of our own age, steam. With a power greater than that of armies it is crashing in upon old institutions, raising valleys, levelling mountains, stretching its iron pathways round the globe, dragging its chariots and ships over sea, over land, with something of the speed and certainty which belong to the heavenly bodies. It is bringing into existence ten thousand influences at variance with war; and when enlisted into the service of the grim old monarch, its friendship is more to be feared than its enmity. Its implements will become so full of terror, that even the fierce spirit of war will shudder to employ them. For war itself to adopt them will be hardly less than suicide. But on the other hand, how readily does it fall in with all the great movements of the day, giving wings to commerce, spreading abroad the light, the comforts, the hopes of civilization.

In connexion with the inventions may be brought up also the sciences of modern times, which, like them, sympathize not at all with the old order of things, and which, though unseen, act with far greater power than they.

Political economy, and the science of legislation generally, are convincing governments and people that the great causes of national jealousy and dispute have been entirely misunderstood; that the real prosperity of one nation is the prosperity of all; and that the more thoroughly we see into the relations of society,

the more shall we be convinced that the true interests, not only of every class in the same country, but of every nation in "the great republic of humanity at large," are advanced by the welfare of all.

Under the instruction of these and other sciences, men are beginning to learn that both individual and national glory must rest on a surer foundation than war; that "peace hath her victories not less renowned;" that the true ends of society can be wrought out, the true greatness of man displayed, only in building up and perpetuating the institutions of social and domestic life. The ambition of the world is turning to higher objects. "These works of charity," said Washington, in a letter written fifty-one years ago respecting the Massachusetts Humane Society, "these works of charity and good will towards men reflect, in my estimation, great lustre upon the authors, and presage an era of still further improvement. How pitiful, in the eye of reason and religion, is that false ambition which desolates the world with fire and sword for the purposes of conquest and fame, when compared with the milder virtues of making our neighbors and our fellow men as happy as their frail conditions and perishable natures will permit them to be!"

Mankind are beginning to understand this. War is no longer the one honorable profession. Men are growing tired of building pyramids with their own bones and skulls, of lavishing their titles of honor on those whose greatness has shown itself in the destruction of human life.

Recent events, we confess, have done something to shake our confidence in the pacific feelings of our countrymen. It would almost seem as if the spirit of war, like a secret magazine, were extended from one to the other extremity of the land, and required but the touch of a single spark to produce a general explosion. Still we have some faith in the sober reflection of the people. The influence of so many ties upon the side of peace cannot be easily broken through, unless by some sudden and overpowering excitement.

But governments must feel far more solemnly than they now do the fearful responsibility which rests upon a declaration of war.

"From its very nature," says Dr. Channing, "this right should be exercised above all others anxiously, deliberately, fearfully. It is the right of passing sentence of death on thousands of our fellow-creatures. If any action on earth ought to be performed with trem-

bling, with deep prostration before God, with the most solemn inquiry into motives, with the most reverent consultation of conscience, it is a declaration of war. This stands alone among acts of legislation. It has no parallel. These few words, 'Let war be,' have the power of desolation which belongs to earthquakes and lightnings; they may stain the remotest seas with blood; may wake the echoes of another hemisphere with the thunders of artillery; may carry anguish into a thousand human abodes. No scheme of aggrandizement, no doubtful claims, no uncertain fears, no anxiety to establish a balance of power, will justify this act. It can find no justification but in plain, stern necessity, in unquestionable justice, in persevering wrongs, which all other and long tried means have failed to avert. Terrible is the responsibility, beyond that of all others, which falls on him who involves nations in war. He has no excuse for rashness, passion, or private ends. He ought at such a moment to forget, to annihilate himself. The spirit of God and justice should alone speak and act through him. To commit this act rashly, passionately, selfishly, is to bring on himself the damnation of a thousand murders. An act of legislation, commanding fifty thousand men to be assembled on yonder common, there to be shot, stabbed, trampled under horses' feet, until their shrieks and agonies should end in death, would thrill us with horror; and such an act is a declaration of war; and a government which can perform it, without the most solemn sense of responsibility and the clearest admonitions of duty, deserves, in expiation of its crime, to endure the whole amount of torture which it has inflicted on its fellow-creatures.

"I have said, a declaration of war stands alone. There is one act which approaches it, and which indeed is the very precedent on which it is founded. I refer to the signing of a death-warrant by a chief magistrate. In this case, how anxious is society, that the guilty only should suffer. The offender is first tried by his peers, and allowed the benefit of skilful counsel. The laws are expounded, and the evidence weighed, by learned and upright judges; and when, after these protections of innocence, the unhappy man is convicted, he is still allowed to appeal for mercy to the highest authority of the State, and to enforce his own cry by solicitations of friends and the people; and when all means of averting his doom fail, religion, through her ministers, enters his cell, to do what yet can be done for human nature in its most fallen, miserable state. Society does not cast from its bosom its most unworthy member, without reluctance, without grief, without fear of doing wrong, without care for his happiness. But wars, by which thousands of the unoffending and worthiest per-

ish, are continually proclaimed by rulers in madness, through ambition, through infernal policy, from motives which should rank them with the captains of pirate-ships, or leaders of banditti." — pp. 36 – 38.

We believe that there are causes at work in society which must eventually put an end to war. Some of these causes we have pointed out. They are inwoven with the whole texture of modern civilization. They are the natural growth of the age. The arts, the sciences, the literature, and above them all, the business of the world, are on the side of peace. While war, a relic of barbarism, consecrated by the memories of the past, borrowing from the past almost everything which commends it to the present, must be disguised, tricked out with adventitious finery, overlaid and surrounded by objects which may conceal, or lead us to forget, its real character.

But the mere fact, that the interest and ambition of the world are turned into new channels is not a sufficient ground of hope to those, who, in the extinction of war, look for the highest welfare of man. A Chinese peace, a Chinese civilization, is more to be deprecated than the wars which for the last ten centuries have agitated Europe. In the midst of them all there has been progress. Great principles have been called out; great truths unfolded; great rights established; and it is only to the more general acknowledgment of these principles and rights that we can look for any solid improvement. War with all its terrors and crimes is not, and has not been, the crying evil of the world. In it is much to relieve its darkness. For the nation, which is ready to sacrifice property and life for only an imaginary right, or even from passion, there is more hope than for the people who, from fear or avarice, dare not maintain their rights by the sword. And if, as there is danger, this is the condition into which we are to be thrown by the extinction of war, let the days of barbarism return. Let our ships be taken, our villages burnt, our green fields drenched and fattened by the blood of ourselves and our brethren.

It is only as truth and virtue prevail, that we can hope, or should even desire, the extinction of any of the great evils which prey upon society. The curse, which attends every species of crime, is one of the provisions which the providence of God has ordained for its destruction. The effects of self-indulgence, of intemperance, are painful in the extreme. But

painful as their effects may be, we should not break one link of that chain which binds them to sorrow, pain, death, as their inevitable results. And so with respect to war. It is one of the consequences which the divine mercy has ordained for the correction of the evil passions from which it springs. Let not the curse be separated from its source. So long as the love of unhallowed power or fame is a part of the national character, and men look up with reverence to their destroyers, so long let war, like a visible hell, following upon the footsteps of crime, scourge it out from the earth.

It is only as the agents of a higher spirit that outward influences can accomplish their true end. Christianity must go forward with them, must purify, direct, inspire them in their work. Without this no desirable revolution can take place. War, if banished, will only make room for evils more dreadful than itself. The love of power, which marches to its throne through blood, is less to be feared than the ambition which, by civil means, by bribery and corruption, by appeals to low and sinful passions, builds its greatness, not on the wreck of armies, but on the ruin of the soul itself; which gathers strength not by the waste of fields and villages, — they may be restored, — but by the desolation, beyond hope, of all that is pure, and true, and just in immortal principles of the soul.

We have endeavored to hold up some of the evils of war. They are such as no tongue can tell. Yet all these things must be, — and this is the point which we would most solemnly urge, — all these things, or worse than these, must be, until a higher tone of moral sentiment shall prevail. No reformation, which rests on a mere change in the outward currents of society, can ever succeed. One evil is put down only that another, worse than itself, may spring up.

Suppose that we should now be plunged into a war. Who would be accountable for its ravages? Not merely those by whom the first acts of hostility were begun; not merely the government that sanctioned, or the enemy that provoked, them. Their responsibility indeed is great. On this subject we have already spoken. But then governments must conform to the spirit of the age. Their morality seldom rises above the standard morality around them. And if they would, they cannot carry out the principles of peace unless supported by the community. The responsibility of war rests upon every man, whatever may be his views upon the subject, who directly or

indirectly countenances the wrong passions, the injustice or pride, which, gathering their jarring elements in secret, while all seems calm, suddenly come down with a rage which no human hand can stay. Then it seems like an angry visitation from heaven. But all its power is borrowed from ourselves.

Only as we breathe freely the atmosphere of Christianity, as our thoughts and actions are pervaded by its truths, can we rightly extend that influence, which, according to the prediction of prophets, shall, in its final results, put an end not only to war, but to all those social evils, through which peace so often presses like a stifling cloud upon society.

A higher order of things, we believe, is approaching. No one of the present generation has contributed more to its advancement than the author of this discourse. In the application of his principles he may have been sometimes mistaken. Like most reflective men, he may have attached to particular discussions and measures an importance which the event has not justified. But we believe that he has done more than any other writer of the age, to bring the great principles of moral and religious truth into the activity of public and private life. With him religion and virtue have been something more than stars in heaven, looking down with mute, unsympathizing purity on human suffering and crime. He has shown their connexion with every subject on which he has written. He has brought them into the abodes of men; he has pointed out their true place, at the head of public affairs, in the removal of social evil. And lest a spurious religion or virtue should mislead men's minds, he has urged, with not less constancy and power, the great tests by which they are to be tried. He would establish the authority of reason and conscience, the central faculties of the soul. That which is inconsistent with them is wrong, and must fall, though the reverence of an hundred generations should uphold it. That which is seen through any other light than theirs is seen through a false medium, and cannot be understood. No institutions of government, no conventional forms or prescriptive rights, neither the established usage of centuries nor the popular caprice of the day is allowed to usurp their place. No authority in church or state may shelter men from their blazing eye. The individual, wherever and however employed, can never throw off his allegiance to them. His highest honor, be he slave or monarch, consists in wearing bright these sure insignia of his greatness. Whatever would tarnish or degrade,

stand aloof or screen itself from them, seals thereby its own character and fate.

Few men have written upon a greater variety of topics than Dr. Channing; or brought to each subject richer and more varied stores of knowledge; but everywhere it is the same mind, marked by the same features, moving on in the same firm and solemn gait. The workings of a mind in harmony with itself, under the convictions of duty, turned aside by no levity, passions, or fears, however strong may be their strugglings within, bear always the same stamp. In this respect they are like the countenance of Washington. A Garrick may have an hundred likenesses taken, all exact, yet you would hardly recognise any two as belonging to the same face. But wherever Washington stands, by the Delaware, in the Capitol, parting with his officers, or giving orders to his troops, in youth or age, whatever the act or feeling of the moment, there is that fixed in the countenance beyond the reach of temporary emotions, which, once seen, can never be forgotten or mistaken. It is as if the eternity of his character were impressed upon the countenance itself. Not that it never varies. It has an unusual variety of expression. But the leading features of the face, like those of the mind, remain everywhere unchanged.

The writings of Dr. Channing, as they relate to almost every subject, so with the subject the manner varies. There is great copiousness of thought and illustration. They are by turns cheerful or grave, gentle or indignant, finished or bold, almost to rudeness; yet these qualities, which are of themselves enough to make the fortune of a common writer, are so subdued by the few central truths which everywhere attend them, that we almost forget their existence. In the continual flow of the stream, which rolls on through a thousand leagues, we forget the endless variety of trees, shrubs, and flowers; of mountain, cliff, and plain; of cloud, lightning, and calm, rich skies, which have marked its progress from the frozen lakes of the north to the wide savannahs, through which it pours itself out, loaded with the produce of half a continent, which its own branches have watered.

The Lecture on War is one of a series of productions, which have come from the same author at intervals, through a period of more than thirty years. During that time, hardly any exciting question of general interest has escaped his notice. On many subjects our opinions might not coincide with his; and

where we admit his conclusions we do not always accede to the correctness of his reasonings. But for his deep and clear intuitions ; for his large and comprehensive view of things ; for the sublime confidence with which he leans on principles alone ; for the serene and lofty tone of moral feeling which pervades his works ; for the earnestness with which he siezes upon the right and true wherever found, he cannot be too highly honored. These are what constitute his peculiar greatness ; and they will give a charm and vitality to his works long after the temporary events, which called them out, shall be past and forgotten.

J. H. M.

MISCELLANY.

SCENES IN JUDEA.

I.

PRAISE to the God of Abraham. The locusts are flown. The land, which they found flourishing and verdant as a garden, they have changed to the barrenness of a desert. The cities and the villages, but now so full of people, are become the region of desolation and death. Even the very city and house of God are level with the dust, and the ploughshare has gone over them. And here, upon the hill of Olives, I sit, a living witness of the ruin. By reason of the wonderful compassions of God, which never fail, I am escaped as a bird from the net of the fowler. Yet I take little joy in this. For why should the days of one like me be lengthened out, when the mighty and excellent of the land are cut off ? I rather rejoice in this, that the spoiler is gone ; the armies of the alien have ceased to devour ; and those who are fled, and who are hidden in caves and dens of the rocks, may come forth again to inhabit the land and build up the waste places. A multitude which no man could number have fallen before the edge of the sword, or

by famine, and the air is full of the pestilential vapors that steam up from their rotting carcases. But a greater multitude remains; and it may well be that ere many years have passed, they shall fill the land as before, and gathered into one by him who, though long delaying, will come, pay back, and more, the measure they have received. That time will surely come. Even as the Assyrian could not finally destroy, but the hand of the Almighty was put forth, and the city and the temple grew up again from their ruins to a greater glory than before, so shall it be now. The Roman triumph shall be short. Messiah shall yet appear; and Jerusalem clothed in her beautiful garments shall sit upon her hills, the joy and crown of the whole earth.

But for me, my eyes shall not behold it. Before that day these aged limbs shall rest in the sepulchres of Beth-Harem, and these walls will have fallen and mingled with the common earth. It is not to-morrow, nor the day after, that the kingdom shall come. Impatient Israel will not wait the appointed hour; she will not remember that with the Lord a thousand years is as a day, and a day as a thousand years. She will reign to-day or never. Her mad haste has drawn upon her this wide destruction. Deceivers, and those who had deceived themselves, fools and wicked men, have led her to the precipice, down which she hath fallen, and now lies, as a potter's vessel, broken in fragments. And I, alas, am not clear in the great transgression. The rage which filled the people was in my heart also. I too gave heed to lying prophets, and bent my knee before him who called himself a Son of God, and licked the dust at his feet, and bound myself for life and for death to his chariot wheels. May he whose compassions are infinite pity and forgive his servant. It is with my soul low in the dust before him, that I turn to the long past, and remember the early errors of my life. And why will ye of Rome press upon me the unwelcome task? My kinsmen might well forego the pleasure they may reap for the pain that will be my only harvest. Yet not my only harvest. The memory of the days which were spent where Judith and Onias dwelt will bring with it pleasant thoughts,—if many bitter and self-reproachful also. Happily of this portion of my life, of which ye are chiefly desirous to hear, the record already exists; from which I need but draw in such fragments as shall impart all that I may care to reveal. That record lies before me just as it went forth from my full heart, and was poured into the bosom of that more than

woman, — my protecting angel, rather, — Naomi the blessed. As the scenes of my earlier life rise before me out of these leaves, distinct as the outlines of these barren hills, so too does the image of my mother come up out of the obscurity of the past, and stand before me, clear and beautiful to the eye as when clothed in flesh. It was to thee, thou true mother in Israel, that I made myself visible and plain to read as a parchment scroll, and from thee in return received those holy counsels, charged with a divine wisdom, which were a pillar of light to my path ; and, had I heeded them, had saved me from every error, as they did from more than I can now remember or recount.

Concerning my birth and childhood in Rome, and the years which preceded my departure for the East, it needs not that I speak ; for of that part of my life enough is known, and I can take no pleasure in re-perusing it. From the parchments transmitted to me long since by my mother from Rome, I now draw what shall give you a somewhat living picture of those days in Judea, about which you are chiefly desirous to hear. I thus addressed my mother, soon after reaching Cæsarea :

“ You who know your son so well will not doubt that I took my departure from Antioch with pain. Nowhere since I passed the gates of Rome have I been entertained with such magnificence. Nowhere have the hours proved themselves so short-lived. After the dulness of Athens, and the worse than dulness of Smyrna, Ephesus, and Rhodes, it was refreshing to witness the noise and stir of the mistress of the East. So frequent were the theatres, baths, and porticos, the shows, the games, the combats of wild beasts, that I felt myself almost in the Elysium of my own Rome. What added, too, as you will believe, to my happiness, was this, that I passed everywhere for a Roman of undoubted Roman blood, — or at least, if my descent were seen, with a civility which seems native to these orientals, the knowledge of it was not betrayed by word or look. I perceive you both to smile at this, as also to utter a few words expressive of a gentle contempt for an unworthy scion of an ancient house. The contempt from you I can bear ; but the smile by which you can seem to enjoy what you are pleased to term my credulity, I must say and believe is wasted. For more than once have I been assured by some of my own tribe that, but for a something in my eye, they should not suspect me to be other than a Roman. . Neither, my mother, was this flattery ;

it was from some incapable of that meanest vice ; from my real friends. But whoever were so blind as to take me for a Roman, you may be assured I was not careful to undeceive them. I enjoyed the perfect felicity while I might. And the dream was undisturbed during the whole of my sojourn there, except in a single instance, when once as I was walking in front of the baths of Tiberius, I saw approaching from an opposite point the lordly Drusus, who, as I gave signs of saluting him, turned his face in another direction, and swept along without recognising me. What think you of that ? At this distance I can see your color change. But if you even feel the insult, who live so shut out from the great world, how much more must I who am in it. I think your censure is too sharp upon me when at such moments I, somewhat hastily perhaps, wish the twelve tribes had found the fate of Pharaoh, seeing that to little else than scorn and curses, hatred and oppression, are they born who come of their lineage. Willingly would I renounce all the wisdom I have ever found in Moses and the prophets, for a little of that equal honor in the eyes of men, which more methinks than questions of philosophy or religion concerns a man's well-being. My eye is not far searching enough to discern a single advantage in the position the Jew fills in this great theatre of life. He cherishes in his soul his faith, which he holds to be nobler and purer than that of Pythagoras or Cicero. But however much nobler and purer in his own eye, when did other than a Jew so esteem it ? Who ever has heard of a Roman, a Greek, or an Egyptian, becoming a Jew, or receiving in any portion, however small, the Jewish faith ? Yet is it likely that through so many ages a religion given of God should have remained in the world, and yet never have convinced men of its divinity ? I, alas, have not even a conviction of its truth to sustain me under this burden of contempt and reproach. I am a Jew outwardly, carrying the signs of my descent and origin in my face and form, branded in by the hand that made me, and by the hand that reared me, and this I cannot help. But with readiness would I lose one half my limbs and trunk, if from what remained these scars and seams of ignominy were fairly erased. You say that in Rome I mix freely with the Roman youth, that I sit at their tables and they at mine, that I join them at the games, and in every amusement of our city life. It is true ; yet still I am a Jew. I am beloved of many because I am Julian ; yet by the very same am I abhorred be-

cause I am a Jew. The Roman beggar who takes my gold, — for gold is gold, — begs pardon of the gods, and as he turns the corner scours the coin upon the sand. Yet, my mother, I see not why one people should thus proscribe another ; nor do I look upon the wrong but with indignation. You justly accuse me with indifference to the religion of my fathers. But I have never beheld with patience the slights, insults, and oppressions which, by the stronger, have been heaped upon the weaker ; nor, truly, when I reflect, can I see why the worship of a people should be charged upon them as a crime. It is these inquiries which have roused within me, at times, the Jew ; however for the most part, in my search after pleasure, I have been too ready to forget all but what ministered directly to that end. If thou art filled with wonder at so serious a vein in me, I will soon give thee the reasons ; but let me first speak of my passage hither, and of that which happened immediately on my arrival.

“ I left Antioch, as I have said, with regret. At the mouth of the Orontes I embarked in a trader, bound first to Cæsarea, and then to Joppa and Alexandria. We at first were driven out by an east wind, and ran quite along the shores of Cyprus ; but this soon subsiding, we crossed over again to the Syrian coast, and were afterward enabled to keep our vessel so near, — the breezes being gentle and from a safe quarter, — that I enjoyed a continued prospect of the country, with as much distinctness and satisfaction, I think, as if I had been travelling by land ; at least with distinctness enough ; for every pleasure of this sort is increased by a certain degree of obscurity and dimness. Painters understand this, and over their works throw a sort of haze by some mysterious process of their divine art, which imparts to them their principal charm. No prospect and no picture is beautiful which is clear and sharp as if cut in metal. Truth itself is to me improved by a veil of this same mistiness thrown around it. But if any fault is to be found with this Syrian atmosphere, it is that of this all-involving dimness there is something too much, to that degree, indeed, that the eye is too often cheated of the distant features of the landscape ; — the mountains which, drawn upon the chart before us, we know to be not far distant, not too far for the eye to reach with ease, being cut off entirely by this purple wall of partition. Happily as we drew near the port of Berytus, beyond which lay the mountains of the Libanus and Anti-Libanus, there was not so much of the quality of which I speak in the air, as to

deprive us of a view of their summits, many of them crowned with their snowy caps, filling the whole eastern horizon. It was a magnificent mountain scene, — a fitting vestibule, you will say, my mother, through which to enter the holy land of Moses and Abraham. It was, I am obliged to confess, with emotions such as I had never experienced before, that I found myself now for the first time gazing upon the shores of this wonderful people — the home of my fathers. It was beautiful to the eye, as we skirted the coast, as one long continued garden. The rich agriculture of the husbandman was pushed out to the very sands of the sea-beach, and every cape, and promontory, and lofty peak, showed, sparkling in the sun, the white walls of a village or some insulated dwelling, — proving how thickly peopled must be the country, which could spare its inhabitants for the cultivation of spots naturally barren and inhospitable, but now by the hand of industry changed to a soil not less fertile than that of Italy. I could not but wish that, if it were decreed that I must be a Jew, I had been born and had lived in these sunny regions; and in truth that it had pleased heaven to have retained my parents on their native soil, seeing that there, among our own native hills and plains, we could not but have been a people more respected than we now are, or ever can be, wandering over the earth, forcing ourselves upon every nation and every city, unwelcome guests, among them but never of them.

“ We had not long lost sight of the ridges of Lebanon, when we passed successively those ancient seats of opulence and renown, Sidon and Tyre; then doubling a lofty cape, formed by a part of Mount Carmel shooting into the sea, a few hours’ sail revealed a distant prospect of Cæsarea. As we drew near, I was astonished at the magnificence of the port. It is a harbor of an immense capacity as to vessels of all kinds and sizes, yet has it been formed wholly by the hand of art. The shore presents at this part of the coast an almost even line of sandy banks running from south to north, with none of those alternate projections and inlets which are proper for the security of ships against both the current of the sea and storms of wind. Wherefore, at the cost of an immense sum, did Herod the Great construct this artificial basin, — larger than the famous one at Athens, — wherein vessels can ride in perfect safety, protected especially against the violence of the southern gales, which in this region are chiefly to be feared. The water is enclosed by

a mole in the shape of a half moon, which, bending round from the south, presents its open mouth to the north, whose gentle winds will allow vessels at all times to seek an entrance. This mole, wholly of marble, and of enormous proportions, offers on the outer side a continuous range of edifices, also of marble, which seemed to me palaces as I approached at a distance, but are designed for the reception of merchandise; while on the inner side, for its entire length, it affords a broad and spacious pavement where the ships are lightened of their burdens, and, lashed to iron rings or pillars, ride securely till their cargoes for another voyage have been received. At the entrance of the harbor, and at the very extremity of the mole, there rises a lofty tower, upon the summit of which you behold a Colossus of Asia, while on the opposite side of the entrance, upon a similar tower, which terminates the shorter arm of the mole, stands a Colossus of Rome, of the like huge proportions. Towers of the same height and size shoot up along the whole length of this vast wall, intended partly as an additional feature of magnificence, and partly as a defence against the assaults of an enemy. From the inner shore of this wide basin, — which for vastness seems a lake, — rises by a gradual ascent the city, the streets which lead from the water being crossed at regular intervals by others of the same width, which run in an opposite direction.

“As our vessel — its decks thronged with passengers — floated, driven by a gentle northern breeze, within the embrace of this spacious haven, and the crowd of shipping, the long range of lofty towers, the city with its palaces, temples, and theatres, all opened at once to my view, I thought I had never seen anything of a more impressive grandeur. I could with difficulty persuade myself that this was a city of Judea; that, where I had expected to behold a barbarous and uncultivated people, I should thus meet instead all the signs of elegance and taste, which had marked the cities of Greece and Syria, or which are to be observed in the chief towns of Italy. I remembered, indeed, the magnificence and boundless wealth of Herod, but I do not think, my mother, that even you yourself are aware of the greatness of his achievements, not only here in Cæsarea, but, as I have heard, in many other of the cities of Judea. From some of my own nation, who have been fellow-passengers, and with whom I have enjoyed much pleasant intercourse, I have learned this; and in addition, more of the present condition

and recent history of the country than I could have obtained from any sources whatever in Rome. Of these things I shall impart what knowledge I have gathered at my future leisure. Let me, at present, return to our arrival. We thus floated into this beautiful harbor, making our way slowly along amongst vessels of all nations, which like ourselves were coming in, or departing, or riding securely at their anchors. The noise and confusion were scarcely less than in the Tiber. I enjoyed the scene greatly, as I do everywhere whatever leads to uproar and contention. Particularly was I delighted with the quarrels which arose among the sailors, when the vessels either could not easily pass each other, or became entangled, when it frequently came to blows, and more or fewer were overset into the water. If they who were thus thrust overboard did not readily recover themselves by clinging to the sides of the vessel, or laying hold upon some rope, the combatants then ceased till the drowning men were drawn up again. Yet are many daily lost in these rude encounters, and I myself saw blows given and taken, which seemed to me more than enough to demolish the head on which they fell. But when the governor of a people is full of quarrel, and violence, and injustice, how can anything better be expected from the very lowest of the populace! As I stood watching what was thus going on about me, I was surprised to find ourselves suddenly brought up against a vessel, which, from the bellows which proceeded from it, I perceived to be crowded with wild beasts, and indeed the deck was covered with their cages. As I expressed to one who stood by me, and with whom I had had frequent intercourse during the voyage, my wonder to see such a cargo making its way into a port of Judea, where the customs and religion of the people differed so widely from those of Rome and other heathen cities, he replied, that they, who knew anything of the manner in which Judea had been governed by Herod, and after him by the Ethnarch, would see, in what had occasioned surprise to me, nothing but what agreed exactly with the now altered character of the population. I answered, that I was obliged to confess great ignorance of all that related to the Jews, as I was Roman born, and my reading and studies had lain in a quite different direction. At this flourish, which I had hoped should pass with him, he quickly rejoined, ‘You may be Roman born, but, if so, your Hebrew blood wears well, for the Jew looks out at your eyes as plainly as the Roman out of your cloak and your

speech. Never hope to play Roman with those eyes in your head.' I was somewhat taken down, as you may suppose, by this ; but seeing I had failed, I put the best face upon the matter, and said that I could not but acknowledge that, although I had been born in Rome, my parents had removed thither from the upper part of Judea. My education had, however, been so completely Roman, owing to my father's early abandonment of all outward observance of his faith, that it was strictly true, as I had stated, that my ignorance was great of all that related to the present condition and late history of the country of my ancestors. 'The more the pity,' replied my companion, 'that a son of Abraham should be found to deny his country and his ancestry, and make a boast of what should be his shame, that he knows nothing of the people from whom he sprung. It is to such traitors' — and his dark eye sparkled like a living coal, — 'that Judea owes her slavery and her apostacy, — her slavery to a foreign yoke, and her apostacy from the faith and the customs of the early days of our history. The people are no longer Jews, but Herodians, Greeks, Romans, anything, — anything but Jews. Is this a city of Jews we are entering? It stands on the soil of Judea, but it belongs not to the rightful occupants of the soil. Cæsarea is first Greek, — then Roman, — last and least Jewish. But — a word in your ear — the Jews that are there are of the true stuff. They are zealous for the law and for liberty. A little thing would rouse them to the defence of either or both.'

"As he said this, our further conversation was suddenly interrupted by our vessel coming into violent contact with that containing the cargo of wild animals, which caused them to utter their savage cries with terrific uproar ; and to this was added the oaths and shouts of the sailors and the pilots, each laying upon the other the fault of the encounter, and all preparing to go from words to blows. This issue was, however, happily avoided, and the vessels being soon free of each other, we proceeded on our way. 'These animals,' then resumed the Jew, 'about which you wondered that they should be here, are destined to the games instituted by Herod in commemoration of the building of Cæsarea, and which return every fifth year. On the third day from this they commence ; and if you are a stranger in this part of the world, and would observe the customs of a new people, you will be well repaid for the delay by remaining and witnessing them.' I said that I should certainly do so.

That I was abroad for the single purpose of seeing the people of various regions, and obtaining such knowledge as might in this way be gathered without much expense of labor or thought, — that although, as he had seen, I was no Jew, except in the misfortune of having descended from that tribe, I was yet especially desirous of dwelling awhile among them, as, if not a polite or powerful nation, they certainly were a remarkable one, and well merited the observation of a curious traveller. A mingled look of scorn and rage was the only response I received at first for this speech. He paced the deck of the vessel a few moments, and I supposed would not deign to hold further communication with me. He, however, soon returned to my side, having swallowed his indignation. ‘Young man,’ said he, ‘I forgive the levity of your speech, for the reason that I well deserved it for persuading you to be present at heathen sports on a Jewish soil. But in truth they have been now so long celebrated, that they have become a part of the life of the people, and it is only a few of the stricter sort who condemn them or keep back from them. It had agreed better with my real opinions, however, had I denounced them as I should have done, and warned thee against them. But you will use in this your liberty. I now wish to say that, in spite of your enmity toward your own people, I have conceived a regard for you, and while you shall sojourn in Cæsarea offer you my house and home; and once beneath the roof of a true son of Abraham, I will not doubt that your long perished affection for the land of your fathers may be revived, and that we may send you home a Jew in nature as — forgive me — you are in outward semblance.’ ‘Were it only for an apprehension of such lamentable issue,’ I rejoined, ‘I should feel compelled to decline your hospitable request. May I never be more of that of which I am already too much. But beside this, I am bound in obedience to the wishes of my mother, to seek out the dwelling of the widow of Sameas, the wine merchant, with whom it is my purpose to abide, if indeed she yet lives and can receive me, — for it is very many years since we have heard of her welfare, and know not now whether she be even an inhabitant of Cæsarea.’ To this the stranger replied with vivacity, ‘The widow of Sameas! Ah, the Lord be thanked for directing your course to that haven. She is a true mother in Israel. She still lives and dwells in Cæsarea, and is of good estate. Sameas was no idler; and when he died, his widow and children inherited the fruits of his

industry ; and but for the unjust exactions of Pilate, their wealth had been second to that of few within the walls. As it is, they enjoy competence and more. But the dearest wealth of the house is the zeal for the law and the rights of Judea, which fires the souls of Philip and Anna, the son and daughter of Sameas. The best I can wish thee, therefore, my young Roman, is that thou mayest dwell a space in the house of Sameas, for if there be but a drop of Jewish blood in thy body, I fear not but their ardor will so warm and swell it, that it shall fill all thy veins.’

“We were now separated, the vessel having reached the spot where she was to be secured, and the passengers making ready to depart. The Jew, my companion, took leave of me, after first directing me in such a manner that I could not fail to find the dwelling of the widow of Sameas, the wine merchant. It was with little satisfaction that I looked forward to a residence with a family of Jewish zealots. It was enough, I thought, that I had borne so long, and with such patience, the reproaches of my own mother, — quite enough that, in addition, I had now been exposed to the vituperations of a fanatic, from whom I had happily escaped alive — without being now for many days, — how many I could not know, — but for many days shut up, without the possibility of escape, in the very hot-bed of Judaism. What a fate for me ! I had almost resolved to take ship, without so much as landing, for Alexandria, when the image of your sorrowful and rebuking countenance, my mother, presented itself before me, and I turned dutifully toward the quarter of the city where dwelt the wine merchant. To reach it I must pass through the central parts of the city, to where it first joins the country. But I found it easily ; for Cæsarea, dear mother, although the capital of Judea, is not so large as Rome. And moreover as I passed along, I could not but judge that it would scarce be so enduring, seeing that, though presenting everywhere the marks of newness, it presents also everywhere the signs of premature decay. A city built in a day is very likely to last but a day. And all around, are Herod’s piles of building, whether in the form of theatre, temple, market-place, or quay, already perceived to yield to the effects of time. Even the palace of the Governor, which erewhile was the residence of Herod himself, is in parts of it ruinous through the falling asunder of the ill cemented masonry. Pilate could hardly trust to his walls to defend him against any rising of the citizens.

But he is in little danger at any time, as I think, considering what the population of the city is, notwithstanding the enmity of the Jewish portion of the inhabitants.

“The dwelling of Sameas, after traversing the entire breadth of the city, I at length reached. A beggar issuing from a gateway, laden with the proofs of the benevolence to which he had successfully appealed, was the only person of whom I could inquire which of the dwellings near me was that of the widow of the wine merchant. He answered, pointing to his sack of commodities which he was bearing away, ‘From whom but the widow of Sameas do the poor of Cæsarea depart laden in this fashion? Pass yonder threshold and thou shalt find thyself in paradise.’ So saying, and waving his arm with dignity, he turned away to count over his stolen treasures. The kind-hearted we always approach with confidence, so that, with a quicker pace, I passed the gateway and entered a spacious garden, in the centre of which, almost buried beneath overhanging foliage and flowers of every variety of form and hue, stood the dwelling of the wine merchant. A slave now immediately approached, saying that he would conduct me to that part of the house where I should see those for whom I sought. As he led me on, and I observed the great beauty of the spot, and the many tokens of wealth and refinement in the garden and in the dwelling, the forms and proportions of which were now distinctly to be seen through the opening trees, I found myself growing to a more complacent humor, and better disposed, than when I left the vessel, to greet with some appearance of warmth the widow of the virtuous Sameas. It is true, I saw statue neither of god nor goddess, nor vase of marble curiously wrought with nymphs and fawns, and young, dancing, half-drunk Bacchuses; nor did the imperial forms of Augustus and Tiberius greet my eye, as they do everywhere in street and garden, market-place and shop, in Rome. So that from art much was wanting to give the truest grace to the picture before me; but nature seemed to have made good all defect of this sort by her superior charms; and I was made soon to forget what at first struck me as a want by the novelty and surpassing richness and variety of plants, trees, and shrubs, both native and foreign, which met my eye. I lingered to admire, and would, at that moment, rather have remained among the beauties of nature, than have gone farther to encounter the living beauties of these half-civilized regions; but I was civilly urged

on by the attending slave, and so in a few moments ushered into the presence of the widow and her daughter. They were seated in a large and lofty portico, whose arches, overhung with flowers, opened immediately into the garden, while here and there, as the trees permitted, were seen gleaming through the light blue waters of the Mediterranean. The mother was occupied in some labor of the needle, adjusting or repairing what seemed to me some military garment, — the daughter in arranging in groups, apparently to please her own eye, some flowers which lay spread in rich profusion upon a marble table. I may suppose that I was taken to be some new applicant for the alms of the rich and benevolent widow, as the daughter, to my vexation, did not raise her head at my approach, and the mother did but rise and move toward me with a stately step, — yet I must add with an expression of gentleness in the countenance. When I had finished my introductory narrative, and had declaimed of yourself and myself, and of the whole tribe of Alexanders, from those of Beth-Harem to those of Rome, I was one by one greeted with many smiles of welcome, and before I had ended was seated between the mother and daughter, both apparently pleased to entertain a stranger from Rome, — but still more, perhaps, one of our ancient and honorable house. The daughter, as I had spoken, turned and looked upon me, and at first I thought I had never seen anything quite so dark and forbidding as her countenance; but when, as I proceeded, it came to be lighted up with emotion and with smiles, it at length put on a more agreeable aspect, — though still so dark an olive I thought I had never seen upon the skin, nor eyes so large and black set in the human head. I think, among all who have thronged your house from Judea, my mother, one so extremely Jewish as this young Jewess was never seen there.

“When I had further satisfied the widow concerning yourself, my mother, giving her so minute an account of your life and character, that I fear some part at least must have been invention rather than fact, and then had replied to all the questions which were put to me — with a real interest in public affairs — concerning Tiberius and the present power of Sejanus, the mother said, that she had hoped that the provinces would be more fortunate than the capital; and indeed had hardly thought it likely that, while there was one like Tiberius in Rome, another like Pilate could have been found for Judea; but that — lately especially — it was but too plain that we were to be the victims of a tyrannic power hardly less than they of Rome.

"I replied, that where the head of a great empire was such a one as Tiberius, it was a natural consequence that all in society like him should float upon the surface. They would crawl forth from the hiding places of their vices, and grow great in the sunshine of their mighty example and patron. Men like your governor are common enough now in Rome, though not always are they fortunate enough to rise into place. For though the Emperor himself chooses to play the tyrant, he is not so ready as one might suppose to multiply himself in his subordinates.

"'Is it not singular, then,' said Anna, 'that he persists in retaining Pilate in his office, notwithstanding his cruelties, and the enmity of the people?'

"'He may do that,' I answered, 'in agreement with a sentiment he has been heard to utter, that to change a cruel or rapacious governor of a province, is but to send a new and hungry robber to take the place of one who has already gorged himself, and is likely to rest and sleep, as it is the nature of an animal to do when he has filled himself; just as the poor wretch covered with sores begged that the flies might not be driven away, since it would only make room for a hungrier swarm.'

"'That,' said the young Jewess, 'is indeed the sentiment of a heartless tyrant, — of one who is not only indifferent to the misery he occasions, but who can make a jest of it. If Rome bears patiently with the greater monster, I trust that Judea will not with the lesser.'

"'Take heed, my daughter,' said the widow, 'how your righteous indignation finds too loud and warm an expression. There is some truth in the saying of Tiberius. We may drive away Pilate only to be cursed with a worse man.'

"'That were impossible,' cried the daughter.

"'Were you ever in Rome?' said I.

"'No,' replied the young girl.

"'I thought as much. Believe me, there are worse men in Rome than Pilate. I know those in the city, — men, too, of note, — who, were they here, would put to open shame the deeds of your present governor. Tiberius has proved already a rare schoolmaster. His pupils abound in the capital and throughout Italy.'

"'And Capreæ is just at present the school-room,' said Anna.

"'Yes, and too small for the scholars who crowd it. But, if

you can pardon my ignorance, of what have you to complain here in Cæsarea? I have noticed on my arrival, and as I passed through your city, only signs of prosperity and peace; nor since I left Rome, nor indeed before for a long time, have I heard anything of evils which you are suffering under.'

" 'Ah,' said Anna, with animation, 'I know how it is with you Romans. You grow to be so in love with the greatness of your adopted country, that you are soon strangely forgetful of that from which you sprung. The wrongs and sufferings of Judea, which cry to Heaven, are not heard in the din of great events and the whirl of pleasure. Many of you, so am I told, deny your name and country, and put on the dress and take the name of Roman. Pray Heaven it is not so with you, for your face is honest, and —' In her earnestness she suddenly paused, and her dark skin was covered with blushes that made her for the moment beautiful. Her eye fell upon my Roman dress, and she perceived that she had involved me in the condemnation she had pronounced.

" Almost enjoying her confusion, I said, 'I confess my recreancy. But you will judge me with more lenity, I am sure, when I tell you how odious a thing it is to bear the name of Jew in Rome. Were one born a full grown man, he might, perhaps, find within him philosophy enough to steel him against the taunts and gibes of those about him. But with only the tender sensibilities of a child — it is quite too hard a yoke to bear. Roman boys taught me early to both hate and despise the religion of my fathers, which, as all the treatment I received on every side, and all the language I heard assured me, would procure for me nothing but contempt and insult. My father, too, had renounced all of Judaism that he could. He never entered a synagogue, — he observed none of the Jewish rites or festivals, — his phrases were set to Roman measures; — and his outward homage was paid to pagan institutions, though that he despised them in his heart as much as he hated his own belief, I do not doubt. But gold was his God, and he cared for no other gods but as they could help or hinder him in that only worship of his heart. Do not, my friends, accuse me of filial impiety for these sentiments. For a parent who provided for me only gold, and whose only legacy was gold, I can feel no very lively emotions of gratitude. I received from him none of the signs of a parent's love. He hardly knew me. As he moved in the morning to the narrow vault in Rome's very cen-

tre, where he amassed his riches with his eyes looking inward upon some new scheme of wealth, — blind and deaf to all beside and without him, he would pass me in the street without knowing me, though his eyes fell directly on me ; and if I made some childish advances — which I soon learned not to do, — a frown and a rebuke for a troublesome vagrant that I was, was all I ever received. As I grew into years I drew no nearer to him, nor he to me. Whatever was needful to my education in all the wisdom of the Romans or the Greeks, was bountifully supplied ; — nor was I denied that, whatever it might be, which wealth could procure, which I thought necessary to place me on a level with the young men of the capital in any pursuit or pleasure. But to my father's counsels or business I was never admitted. Of a single thought of his mind, or anxiety of his heart, I was never permitted to be a sharer. Here I was an annoyance and a hindrance. How can you wonder, then,' I added, 'that I grew up not a Jew but a Roman ? or how can you greatly blame me ?' You, my mother, will not, I am sure, blame me either for this freedom. You, more than I, know how to justify it. But when I had said these things, I then drew another picture of my other parent, and showed how all your endeavors in an opposite direction could not but fail to succeed, with all Rome and my father against you.

"As I paused, the widow of Sameas said, 'It is not strange, such being your nurture, that Rome rather than Judea should possess your heart ; nor that you should be ignorant of the condition of what to you must ever have been, a place so obscure or unknown as Cæsarea. Let us hope that being now here, a witness as you will be of our frequent oppressions and insults, the love of Judea, which, sure I am, you drew in with your mother's milk, will revive, and unite you to her interests. Not that I am an advocate for open resistance. That as I deem were madness itself. We can never oppose Rome but we must be crushed and destroyed. I mean only that by a wise and manly perseverance in an assertion of our just rights, both before the governor and the Emperor at Rome, we may at length perhaps obtain some redress, and the removal of some burdens, which weigh upon us with a weight too heavy to be borne.'

"'But your numbers,' I said, 'must be so great, I should judge as a stranger, as to be a sufficient protection against lawless violence or rapacity on the part of the Roman governor. With

a military force not more numerous than his, he must be weaker than the united populace.'

" 'Ah,' replied Anna, 'there is the evil we suffer under. We are not united. Even among ourselves there are those who judge very differently of the measures we ought to pursue; some are for giving blow for blow, while others counsel moderation and forbearance. And then, do you not know it? the greater part of our population is Greek, and the Greek is an enemy more bitter than even the Roman. Quarrels continually arise, and blood is often shed. The streets of Cæsarea have I seen more than once, young as I am, to run with the blood of those who have perished in these wild combats,—the Greeks always in league with the Romans. Even now—but see, here comes Philip, and with ill news too, if his face may be read.'

"The young man, her brother, entered with haste as Anna spoke, his countenance expressive of anything but agreeable intelligence. He was above the common height, of a proud and lofty air, and a very athlete in his firm and well knit joints and massy limbs; while his countenance, dark and lowering, made you think him one designed by nature for scenes of strife and war,—or even for deeds of private violence and revenge. He saluted me as his mother made me known to him, with a look and manner which declared that he at once comprehended me. He immediately addressed himself with vehemence to his mother and sister.

" 'Our suit has been rejected, and the Greeks have triumphed. 'Tis as I said it would be. A new insult is heaped upon us, and our ears are again to ring with the hisses and laughter of the city. Our warnings, our appeals, our entreaties, for we even entreated, availed nothing to change his stubborn will. He sat on his tribunal white as marble, hard as marble, cold as marble. May God do so to me, and more also,—'

" 'Nay, nay, Philip, my son, curse not,' said his mother. 'To bear is a virtue and a duty, as well as to act. Be not enslaved to your passions. Another day and Pilate may be in a better mood. He is not always thus.'

" 'Mother, mother,' cried the young man, 'if we bear more or longer, we shall deserve to bear forever; if we yield now, were I a Roman I would no longer deign to use a Jew for my footstool,—I would not spit upon him. Nor will we yield. And so says Eleazer, and so says Simon.'

“‘Were they with you at your audience?’

“‘They were; and from a prophet’s lips there never came forth more moving words than came from those of the holy Simon. Yet upon the pillars of the Hall they fell as persuasively as on the ears of Pilate. His icy front never once warmed or relaxed, or not till he uttered his decree, and the base rabble, set on by Lycias and Philœus, laughed and shouted as we turned away. How, my mother, would you have liked to be there?’

“The mother made no reply; but tears fell from her eyes. The face of the daughter burned with the sense of indignity and wounded pride. Philip, chafed by his own hot and hasty temper, rose, and withdrew into the garden. I followed him. Had I been easy of defeat, I should instantly have been repelled by the manner which he assumed, as he perceived that I was near him. But, as I had my own purposes to answer, I heeded him little. I joined him in his walk, and soon succeeded in convincing him that, in seeking his conversation, I had some end before me of more dignity than the mere gratification of an idle curiosity, or the passing away of a few idle moments. I gave him an account of myself, and of our family, and in return solicited such information as he was willing to impart concerning the present condition of the city, and especially of its Jewish inhabitants, in whom I could not but feel a deep interest. ‘I know not,’ he said, with bitterness, ‘what interest a Roman can take in the Jews of Cæsarea.’ I answered ‘that, perhaps, I was not so much a Roman as at first appearance he might think me; that it was true I had been almost taught from my infancy to despise my own origin, and I had indeed consorted chiefly with Romans, but that, notwithstanding the devotion I had manifested for everything Roman, there was still a feeling within that clung with a secret fondness to the land and the stock, from which I had come, and which had shown itself with a new force since I found myself on the shores of Judea, but especially since I had been beneath his roof, and had heard what I had.’ He took this very coolly, and seeming to regard what I had said as words of civility, rather than anything more serious, he replied, ‘that I was too lately in the country to be able to join myself with intelligence to one party or another of the inhabitants; that, if it had been my habit for so many years to look upon the Jew with the eye of a Roman, to wear the Roman garb, and use the Roman tongue,

and receive a Roman's homage, it was little likely that my feeling of regard for the Jew in these remote outposts would be a very lasting one, seeing to how much greater danger he is exposed here than in Rome ; nor was it to be much wondered at that it should be so with me.' 'I answered, 'that I was sure that my interest was as far as it went a sincere one ; and that if it had become a stronger one just in proportion to my better knowledge of my countrymen, and of their state, it was probable, that as I knew more this sentiment would go on to increase in strength, and I was obliged to acknowledge, that I was, even to the present moment, extremely ignorant of the true circumstances of the Jewish people. What, I asked, is the present difficulty here in Cæsarea ? A particular instance of injury on one side, and of oppression on the other, if you will give me its history, will pour more light and truth into my mind than can come from any other source,' He then, with something more of regard in his manner, invited me to follow him to a more remote part of the garden, where the ground, rising to a gentle eminence, and crowned with a small building, which served as a protection from the rays of the sun, gave to those who sat within a prospect of the whole extent of Cæsarea, together with the harbor, and the Mediterranean beyond. Here we sat, and here Philip gave me the information for which I had asked.

“ ‘The present hostility of one part of our city toward the other,’ he said, in reply, ‘is nothing new to those who dwell here, nor does it spring from anything new in the circumstances in which you find us. We owe not all, but the worst evils of our condition, to Herod. For, when he had determined, among other magnificent projects, to found on this spot a city in honor of Cæsar, instead, — as would better have become him, — of filling it with the people over whom he was set as king, called hither a colony of Greeks, making out of them, and those who came from Rome and other parts of Italy, what was in truth a Pagan city. Everywhere throughout our land, even in Jerusalem itself, had he used every endeavor, and every subtle art to change the institutions of our nation, or secretly undermine them by the grafting upon them of heathen usages. Theatres, amphitheatres, and games, the combats of gladiators, and of wild beasts, were to be witnessed in all our considerable cities, and even within the precincts of Jerusalem itself. The people were not without an affection for the customs he thus brought

in, and, even as in the days of Moses and the prophets they were ever prone to idolatry, so now were they prone to worship the new idols set up before them by the great king. They were weary of the distinctions of both belief and custom, which separated them from the rest of the world, which especially built up a wall of partition between them and the refined and polite nations, the Romans and the Greeks. A large proportion of the people, therefore, entered with zeal into all the projects of Herod, which went to make our nation agree, as far as possible, with the other nations of the world. Here, in Cæsarea, he designed even that the people should be wholly Greek, if not in descent, at least in language and manners. Hebrews were not, indeed, by the laws of the place, excluded, but none were encouraged to dwell there, but such as were willing to call themselves Herodians. And what more or better was to be looked for from a base peasant of Ascalon. But, as you may believe, when the walls of the city were once up, and the port had been enclosed from the sea, and inhabitants began to pour in from every part of the world, — you may well believe the Jew also, — not the Herodian, but the Jew also, was not blind to the advantages which presented themselves here to his industry, nor slow to seize upon them. Large numbers of such as were zealous for the law accordingly flocked hither from all parts of Judea, and especially from Jerusalem, and here pursued their craft, and here built their synagogues. But they were looked upon with an evil eye, — even as they are in Rome or Alexandria, — and quarrels, in no long time, broke out, and served to increase the general hatred, in which Greeks held the Jews, and the Jews the Greeks. This spirit of hate we have inherited from our parents ; and fresh instances of indignity, on the part of the Greeks, have served to inflame this spirit of hatred, and impart to it a tenfold bitterness. It has never died away ; and when there has been an apparent peace, the same amount of angry passion has been running beneath, ready at any moment to break forth. What has within a few days happened, to enrage so our people, you may deem a slight and insufficient cause ; but so thinks not the true and loyal Jew. He will die rather than renounce his ancient rights. Listen a moment longer. No sooner was Cæsarea filled in part by Jews zealous of the law, than, in agreement with their customs, they erected synagogues for their worship, and in process of years they have multiplied themselves in every part

of the city. Now it has happened, seeing that some of our tribe were among the early inhabitants of Cæsarea, that they came to be possessors of lands and houses, which then, indeed, were at the very outer limits of the city, but which now, by reason of its growth, make its very centre. And our chief synagogue, so Providence has willed, stands, as you may have seen, not far from the palace of Herod, upon a rising ground, where it is seen of all who come in or go out, and has long been, for that reason, an occasion of envy to the Greeks. After many fruitless endeavors to deprive us of it, they have devised a new plan, which, because it is made to be a sign of their devotion to Cæsar, Pilate will not oppose, although persuaded that not devotion to Cæsar, but malignity and envy toward the Jews, has moved them. They have declared their purpose to erect a colossus to Tiberius, and beg of Pilate the very spot where stands the temple of our worship, which, they require, shall be levelled with the ground, that the image of a man and a monster, yet whom they will by and by call a god, may stand upon its ruins. Sooner may the great sea rise and sweep, not Cæsarea only, but Judea, from the face of the earth, than that such a deed be done, while a Jew lives to ward it off; that were a judgment of God, and we would meet with open arms the rushing flood; this, but the wrath of wicked men, and, as before against the hosts of Moab, so must we now rise up as one man against the hosts of Rome. This, said Philip, is the condition of Cæsarea, and such the posture of our affairs. It offers little to interest a stranger; least of all a Roman.'

"I told him, in reply, 'that it was not a thing to choose with me, whether I should take part with the oppressed; my nature impelled me that way; that, notwithstanding my Roman nurture, and Roman prejudices, I had still observed with indignation the place, which in Rome had been assigned the Jew, and the manner in which, both by those in power and the common citizen, he had been treated; that nothing there could be done by so few against so many, and I had waited, hoping that time might, in its changes, bring some redress. But I had waited in vain, and I could only cry out against the fortune, which had made me a Roman by birth, but a Jew by blood, and so the heir of a hated and degraded name. Finding myself now upon the soil of my proper country, and hearing what I now had from himself, and what had been communicated by others, I could not but confess that my heart had grown warmer toward

my native land, and I should watch, with interest, the affairs which were now in agitation.' Philip replied, 'that I should do well to examine for myself into the state of the city, and by inquiry upon both sides, learn the exact truth in respect to the particular dispute of which he had spoken. He hoped that I should dwell with them a while, and from that point, as a centre, make my observations. But if, upon a short survey, I found myself a Roman still, I should do well, within a few days, to take my departure, since with the same certainty that Pilate adhered to his present resolution, would there be uproar, violence, and bloodshed in Cæsarea.' I said, 'that no prospect of such an event, even though I should remain neutral, would drive me from Cæsarea, if for any other reasons whatever it should be my wish to prolong my residence, for I was a lover of anything else better than a state of repose, and should choose to stay to see the conflict carried on to its end. But, if I might judge from my present feelings and convictions, and if nothing adverse should occur, I should be ready to take part with him and his friends in any measures they should think it proper to adopt.'

"I can see an approving smile light up your countenance, my mother, as you read these words, just such a smile as came over the features, stern and dark as they were, of Philip. He took my hand with passion as I ended, saying, 'he hoped God would confirm me in my present purpose, and turn my heart wholly toward the deliverance of Judea. What was about to happen in Cæsarea was truly a small matter, but it might prove the beginning of mighty revolutions. A spark had set whole cities on fire. What shall be done here, may stir up those of Jerusalem to deeds of the same sort. They especially bear Pilate no love for insults put upon them many years ago. Now will be the time for vengeance. If I judge not our people amiss, they need but such an example as we shall set them to show themselves worthy of their fathers.' I assured him, as he said this, 'that I should now remain in Cæsarea till the present affair was ended, putting off my journey to Beth-Harem; and though I shouldn't consciously interpret falsely the signs that might appear, I should not be sorry if I felt myself bound to remain here rather than go farther. I was a stranger to those in Beth-Harem, as well as to all else in Judea, and my only tie was that which now bound me so agreeably to Cæsarea.' 'Are you, then,' asked Philip, with eager-

ness, 'on the way to Beth-Harem, and do you know the great Onias, who truly may be called the prince of that region?' He was both amazed and overjoyed when he learned that Onias was the brother of my own mother; amazed, as he said, that I should to so late a period have remained a stranger to one so great as he, and my own uncle, and overjoyed that through me possibly he might be able to draw Onias over to take part in their affairs. 'Yet,' he added, a shade passing over his countenance, 'it will not be much that a Roman, or at best, but a half-Jew, can do for us with Onias. There is only one thing Onias scorns more than a Roman, and that is a Herodian.' I told him, that, perhaps, before I should see Onias, if I saw him at all, I might, by the events here in Cæsarea, be converted to a veritable Hebrew, one whom he would not disdain to take by the hand and admit to his counsels, in which case my services should not be wanting. Philip hoped it might be so; and then, after more conversation of the same sort, he rose, and taking me first to different parts of the extensive garden, brought me at length to the house, where we found the mother and daughter awaiting us, at a table spread with the best hospitality of the East.

"I enjoyed the repast, my mother, I must confess, not less than some of those in Rome, at which Drusus has presided, and where I have reclined upon patrician couches. Never, indeed, did I enjoy myself or my companions more. Yet am I the same person who say this? Am I he, who but so little while ago shunned a Jew as a Jew shuns a leper? Am I he, whose highest ambition hitherto hath been to ape the Roman, talk like him, walk like him, dress like him, smile like him, frown like him; and who now am the inmate of Jews, — Jews, not of Rome, who are somewhat, but Jews of Judea, who are the refuse and offscouring of the earth, the loathing of the Roman, the scorn of the Greek, the hatred of all men; a people fit but to be the drudges and slaves of politer nations? Truly, I doubt if I be Julian, the son of Alexander, who but so late left Rome on his Eastern travels, the bosom friend of Quintius Hirpinus and Appius Lucretius, his fellow-travellers, both sons and companions of princes, and have not been, by some strange power, changed to another nature, and another person. Of another nature I certainly am, — at least of another mind; or rather, perhaps, I have come or am coming to a knowledge of my true mind, which in men oftentimes lies buried, as I think,

out of sight, till events, or the will of God reveal it. Well, most beloved mother, of one thing I am sure, that whatever change of this sort has come upon me, thou art the happier for it. Now thou hast hopes that I shall not forever bring shame upon my descent and my kindred ; that I shall now, at length, perhaps, set before me the great and excellent of my native land for my examples, in place of those of Rome ; some holy David, or Ahab, if my memory be right, and try upon such steps to mount up to honor and fame in the eyes of my proper countrymen. May that come to pass, whatever it may be, which shall impart to thee the greatest pleasure.

“ I have now passed in this ocean capital, this Jewish Rome, two days ; and they have not been wholly barren of events or pleasures. But what chiefly they have impressed upon my mind is the speedy certainty of riot and violence within the city. The mutual hostility of the different portions of the inhabitants, I find to be bitter to an extreme degree. The signs are many, and distinct enough, of approaching tumult. No Jew passes a Greek, but he must take an insult ; and if it be returned, it then comes to blows, and others join, and the fight rages till they are separated by the Roman horse. The synagogues, often beautiful with marble, or sculptured wood, have been defaced by filth, which the licentious rabble have hurled upon them, when protected by the night. So, too, have the houses of the principal men among them been dealt with in the like manner. Yet, of all this the Roman power takes no note, but looks on, apparently pleased with the violences and indignities which are put upon the barbarians, or their only care is that there shall be no general combats ; and to this end, the guard of the governor has been doubled, and ere the decree to raze the devoted synagogue shall go into effect, a legion, it is so reported, will be drawn from Jerusalem. Philip, in the mean time, with others of the principal citizens, is working in secret to make ready, in the last resort, such a defence as shall, perhaps, strike Pilate as too formidable to be trifled with. Yet, it is their purpose, that no general resistance by arms shall be made, till every other means shall have been tried to soften the obstinacy of the governor.

“ The Jews, after a consultation among those who are chief among them, have resolved upon another and more numerous deputation to Pilate. Five hundred of their number, headed by the priests and elders of the synagogues, are appointed again to

present themselves before the governor, and intercede for the people and their religion. All have agreed in this measure, but it has been chiefly urged by the Herodians, who are unwilling that the present peaceful order of things should be disturbed. They are for quiet and peace, on whatever terms of submission, and for adopting, to the farthest extent possible, without the absolute surrender of their national religion, the customs and usages of both Roman and Greek; it being with them, as it hath been with others whom I could name elsewhere, a point of vanity to strip themselves of everything, that by its strangeness should proclaim them Jews, retaining little but the name, and a very slight observance of their sabbaths, fast-days, and other laws and institutions of the like kind. They advocate forbearance and delay now, for the reason especially that the games of Herod are just about to be celebrated, and ought not to be disturbed. The more zealous Jews have united with them, because, for the most part, they would sincerely deprecate a general quarrel, in which the affair now seems likely enough to terminate, and hope, by a fair show of temperance and patience, to carry their end against the Greeks. But, among these last, there is a small number, compared with the whole, but composed of men who set their religion before all other things, and who will suffer nothing to be done, which shall so much as seem to cast contempt upon it, if even by the sacrifice of their lives the evil can be averted. These are men the most singular I have ever yet met with. Their religion is to them, as they say, and as one sees, more than life; yet do they seem filled with the darkest, fiercest passions. The very temper and soul of the assassin seems lodged within them, so that, to defend some ceremony or law of their worship, from slight or insult, they would not pause to involve a whole city in war and bloodshed. Philip, I need hardly say, is one of these; while his mother and sister, though belonging to the number of the zealous, yet are truly desirous to avoid open violence. He rather desires it, that he may revenge himself and his religion upon such as have oppressed and injured them. If, my mother, thou wouldst know upon what side, and leagued with whom stands thy unworthy son, who as yet may be termed little more than a proselyte of the gate, — he can hardly to-day inform thee. He is at present rather a looker-on than an actor; and in which ranks he will by-and-by find himself, he pretends not to say. Of one thing, however, is

he certain, that he will stand guardian in any time of danger over the widow of Sameas and her dark-skinned daughter. Anna thinks thus, and she makes pretensions to a great gift of discernment; 'Julian,' she said to her mother, 'seems little enough of our side, if one judges by the costume, the air, and words that lie on the surface of discourse. But by the motions of his countenance last night, when he sat listening to the words of Simon, am I sure that his heart must ever be on the side of the injured; and by what he did not say, am I sure that, either because of the early instructions of his mother, or because of his very nature, it is only the God and the faith of Moses that will ever give him rest. He wants more than he has. And where shall he find it but here among us?' So said the wise and penetrating Anna. Her mother smiled, and nodded, as if assenting. I only said something that implied my thought, that, among the Jews as among the Romans, there was too much in their religion of what was only ceremonial and barren, that too many seemed to think it enough to meet the letter of some dead ritual, while the practice of virtue was overlooked. She only looked sad and sorrowful, as I said this, which was to me as if she had confessed that it was true enough of great proportions of her people. In her own heart, I knew it was sufficiently otherwise, though I could not say so. There is, I am sure, truth and faith enough in her to save a city.

Cæsarea is now filling with the numbers of those from the country round about, who are pouring in to witness the games of Herod; numbers greater than usual, drawn now not only by a desire to see the sports, but by curiosity and interest concerning the present difference. Philip assures me that the zealous are arriving from great distances.

"When some new events have happened, I will write again; till then, farewell."

In this slight vein, in those days of my more than Egyptian darkness, did I open myself to my mother; who did not, thereupon, deny and disown me, as she might justly enough have done, but had patience with me, and by her timely counsels strove, and not wholly in vain, to carry up to a full and perfect growth those feelings of love toward my native country which then just began to show themselves. In this manner, also, like a child, did I suffer myself to be afflicted, by the general hatred

entertained toward our people by the other nations of the world ; a hatred of which I had more reason to boast, seeing that it had its birth in those religious distinctions which exalted us above every other people. Had I possessed any power of reflection, also, or any knowledge of their writings who anciently had discoursed of the Jews, I should have perceived that all of this hatred and contempt, that had not its natural origin in envy of our superior advantages, was to be charged upon the lies, which, first engendered in the brain of the execrable Manetho, — fruitful of lies as the Nile of reptiles, — had then descended an inheritance of falsehood and error through succeeding generations, but which had ever been greedily seized upon, and with unabating malignity constantly transmitted to those who were to come after. Even the Romans, notwithstanding their greatness of character, and notwithstanding so many families of our nation had lived among them with distinction, and had even been entertained as favorites in the very household of the Cæsars, were not ashamed to treat us with the like injustice, and continually reproach us with our origin and our laws. But the wickedness and injustice were not greater on their part, than were both the vanity and the baseness on mine, so manifest in my courting the favor and regard of those who, at the very same time, so openly despised the people from whom I sprung. As you shall soon learn, however, I was presently cured of a folly, which, I doubt not now, made me to be scorned by the very persons who seemed most to flatter me ; for he can never be held as worthy of a real esteem, who appears to be ashamed of his own kindred.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF MR. CHARLES HAYWARD, JR.,
AND MR. SAMUEL T. HILDRETH.

SINCE the last Commencement at Cambridge, the University has been saddened by the loss of some of its most gifted sons. Two officers of its government, and two students, have fallen victims to the same disease. Sickness has been unusually prevalent, death fearfully busy, in that little world. The lesson has

again been enforced, that neither youth nor high hopes, neither outward beauty, nor inward purity, nor the promise of usefulness, can be depended upon for protection against their fearful attacks.

The students mentioned above were called away in the first months of their College course ; — before time had been allowed for them to be well or extensively known, — before their appearance had become so familiar as to cause their absence to be often noted and painfully felt. But these remarks apply in no degree to Mr. Hayward and Mr. Hildreth, who had been connected with the University more than five years, and to whom a charge in its government had been committed. Nor can any apology be needed for laying before the public the facts contained in the following pages. Cut off in the midst of youth, when visions of extended usefulness were just opening upon their view, they have left to surviving friends a rich inheritance in the example they set of benevolence and purity, and in the pleasant and holy associations with which their memories will ever be coupled. We would not willingly give them up to the remembrance of private friendship alone ; for theirs were characters whose influence must have been felt far beyond the limits of any narrow circle.

To one who considers the objects to the furtherance of which our pages are devoted, there will appear a peculiar propriety in our commemorating the lives of Mr. Hayward and Mr. Hildreth ; since the highest hopes had been formed of their future eminence and usefulness both as religious teachers and as literary men. In their loss the public has the deepest interest ; for in those like them must it ever, under Providence, put its trust. No events in private life are more deeply afflictive than such as thus destroy the hopes of man ; no dispensations of God more mysterious than such as thus call away in the morning of their days those who seemed born to extend the blessings of the Gospel of Truth.

The lesson taught by the well-spent lives and early deaths of these young men ought not to fall to the ground. Nor can it ; for in a pure and spotless life lies the highest of teachings. On their careers death has now set the signature of completeness. Their agency has been cast like a seed into the field of time ; and its fruits can never be entirely lost. For no man can live in this world without exerting a great influence, either for good or for evil. The influence of a man of genius and

education, then, must be quite incalculable. No matter how narrow the stage, or how short the duration of the life-drama, this is something which can never die. In commemorating the virtues of Mr. Hayward and Mr. Hildreth, we believe we are merely giving honor where honor is due. Future years will point out this and that man, who were influenced by them, as public benefactors; when, perhaps, were the secrets of hearts unveiled, and the truth known, we should find that we ought to look upon them as the authors of the blessings for which we thank others. We know that fellow-students will always regard their departed friends as most important instruments in the formation of their characters; that pupils will long and often recall a kindness which relieved unpleasant tasks of their irksomeness, at the same time that it encouraged to perseverance.

There were many coincidences in their lives, which make it proper to introduce their names in connexion. They were classmates; associated together as editors of a literary periodical while undergraduates; alike respected by their instructors at College, alike honored by their fellow-students at their departure from it. They were personal friends; for years sate at the same table, and day after day were side by side in the recitation-room and chapel. They were born in the same year, and each lived a few weeks beyond the age of twenty-one. If so many circumstances in their lives were alike, some accompanying their deaths were not less similar. The same disease, as was mentioned above, proved fatal to both. As if forewarned of the future, each had examined his papers, arranging some and destroying others, only a few days previous to the commencement of his illness. And each, from the first attack, was strongly impressed with the belief that he should not recover. Both expired just as the stillness of the Christian Sabbath was giving place to the bustle of a new secular week. Farther, and more than all, both were animated with the same high hopes of usefulness as teachers in the Church, — both died in the faith of Jesus.

The writer of these pages is not unaware that, in speaking of his departed classmates, he cannot present the higher phases of their characters, — cannot so speak of them that those who knew them better shall feel no deficiency; — cannot portray their excellencies so but that the very highest in their natures shall seem unrecorded. Class-feeling is undoubtedly among

the good things of our University ; — to be reckoned as a main instrument of its culture ; — for some minds a more effective incitement than any attention on the part of an instructor, or any honors held out to the diligent. But it is not often a sentiment of a very elevated or deep-reaching character. Even friendship, which frequently grows out of it, does not, and by the nature of the case cannot, meet the higher social wants of the soul, or provoke entire confidence. The time for old Grecian friendship has passed away with the introduction of “ the fireside religion of the Gospel,” — with the blessings of a Christian home, — with the elevation of woman to her proper rank as a social and intellectual being. If one of our most “ determined students of human nature ” has “ long since given up the hope of ever fully understanding any man,” how impossible such a task to one whose opportunities of observation have been limited to a few, and those not the highest, aspects of character.

Yet the friendship of classmates is often deep and pure, and attains a strength which bids defiance to time and death. Hence the danger, in writing a sketch like the present, of giving partial representations and undeserved encomiums. The author of these pages, aware that ignorance and zeal are oftenest the parents of falsehood, has tried to avoid all exaggeration, and has also endeavored to get such an understanding of the characters of his friends, as might ensure accuracy as far as he should go. The following sketches make no pretensions to completeness. A few of the most important facts in the lives of each are given, with as many words from their pens as our limited space will allow. Mr. Hayward, who was earliest called to a higher state of existence, will here be noticed first.

Charles Hayward, Jr., was born in Boston, on the 8th of September, 1817. After the usual preparation, he entered the Latin School of that city in 1828 ; and was thence removed to the University in Cambridge, in the autumn of 1833. Among his classmates he was noted from the first for his diligence ; nor were his studies confined to the prescribed course. He found time, and wanted not inclination, to make himself acquainted with the choicest literary treasures of our language, besides sustaining a most honorable rank with his instructors. The goal where many stop was to him but the starting-point for further progress. Though surrounded by the most trying circumstances, as a member of the lowest and most inexperienced class

during a period of unprecedented excitement and violence, his conduct was unexceptionable. That he felt for his classmates, could excite no surprise in the Faculty. That he should lend a hand to the criminal extravagances which sometimes so sadly disgrace our halls of learning, was never expected of him by his fellow-students. That was not his way of expressing his feelings. Considerations of duty would have restrained him; and leaving these out of the question, his taste must have dictated another course.

He brought to Cambridge a fondness for Dramatic Literature and exhibitions, which had been early awakened in him. Many of his childish sports were prompted by this passion. One who heard him speak of his early visits to the Theatre, could not fail to be reminded of Lamb's exquisite essay, "My First Play." And to a child of a warm imagination and generous feelings, who, moreover, has no idea of what a hell upon earth is around him, few scenes can be conceived more attractive. We are aware that many would regard it as a cause for regret, if one of their young friends betrayed any love of the drama. For theatres, indeed, such as disgrace our cities, and corrupt so many of our young men, not a word can be said. But we do believe that a better order of things might be created. We conceive that the drama is as rational and effective a means of public improvement, as many which claim a proud superiority over it. We rejoice, therefore, when a young man of principle and genius becomes interested in it. We look with longing eyes upon his endeavors, and ask whether this may not be the builder of our future stage. The wider the chasm which divides ideal excellence from the reality, the nobler we feel his self-devotion to be, who precipitates himself, Curtius-like, into the gulf.

It was about the middle of his College course that Mr. Hayward commenced his Tragedy. He called it "The Albimonti." It was finished when he was nineteen, and brought out at the Tremont Theatre in Boston, at the close of the second term of his senior year. The evening of its first performance was a proud one for his numerous friends, from whom the deficiencies of the play were hidden in their affection for the author, or lost in their admiration of its excellencies. Though this production was not without great merit, being graced by some brilliant passages, and containing many good conceptions of character, we have reason to believe that the author was far from satisfied with it. He wrote it before his mind was fully matured; and

before his ideal of dramatic composition had attained the elevation which afterwards characterized it. He had sketched the plan of another Tragedy, in which he probably would, had his life been spared, have embodied many higher conceptions and the fruits of deeper study.

Yet we cannot but think that the drama was not the province of literature, in which his manly strength would have chosen its arena. This was an early love of his, but many reasons make us think it would have proved a temporary one. Though in commencing his studies at Divinity Hall, he distinctly entered his protest against the renunciation of so many opportunities of doing good as are common among American clergymen, yet his mind must there have been so drawn to other pursuits, as to allow him, to say the least, slight leisure for gratifying this early fondness; and in entering upon professional life, other scenes of duty would probably have won his heart, and claimed the devotion of all his powers.

The *Harvardiana* had been started by the students at College in 1834. At the close of their junior year, Mr. Hayward, Mr. Hildreth, and a friend from whose labors as Professor of Philology in the Exploring Expedition much information is expected with regard to the language of the South Sea Islanders, were chosen editors. The last was soon called away from College by his appointment, and the whole care of the periodical was devolved upon them. One who knew the circumstances under which nearly every piece was composed, who understood something of the state of mind which gave rise to each, and was perfectly familiar with the little allusions which give such a zest to the literature of College days, should not trust himself in an estimate of its merits; and therefore we forbear all attempts to characterize the third volume of this Journal. We merely subjoin the following extract from Mr. Hayward's *Life in the Class-Book* : *

“ Among other petty sins which will sometimes rise up against me, I have assisted in editing, during our senior year, a College periodical; a fact only worthy of mention, in that it has made

* A Book in which each student, about the end of his College course, records the day and place of his birth, with such autobiographical sketches as he may choose to impart to his classmates. It is deposited with the Class Secretary, who annexes to each “*Life*,” the time and place of the death of its author.

me more intimately acquainted, than I might otherwise have been, with several of our class who have assisted us, and with two individuals whom I shall regard with affection long after the pages of 'Harvardiana' have been hidden with dust."

Mr. Hayward's public performances in the University had always been marked by eloquence and good sense. And when the time for the separation of the class arrived, he was selected for the duty of pronouncing the farewell address. His election was not unopposed; for this is esteemed at College the highest honor attainable; — the testimony of a class not only to intellectual excellence, but to eminence in all the social virtues. The intimates of others, however, could not be displeased, if the election was not to fall upon their candidate, that it fell upon him.

At the Commencement in 1837, Mr. Hayward took his Bachelor's degree with the honors due to his industry and perseverance. Soon after this, he sent to the press his "Life of Sebastian Cabot," in which he had embodied in an abridged form the information contained in the documentary work of Mr. Biddle, besides collecting many facts from old authors relative to his subject. The greater part of it was composed during the vacation immediately preceding his graduation. It forms a part of the ninth volume of Mr. Sparks's Library of American Biography; and shows, in connexion with other performances, a versatility of talent, which promised excellence in many departments of literature. At the time of his death, he was a contributor to the Knickerbocker. In the number for July, 1838, may be found a slight fictitious composition, which was the fruit of a few leisure moments snatched from the study of law; for this was the pursuit which engaged him during the first year after leaving College. And in that profession he hoped to find the leisure for literary tasks which was so necessary for his happiness.

The love of nature, of the country, and of rural enjoyments, were sentiments which were strong in his bosom from childhood. In his Class-Book Sketch, he mentions it as his "good fortune" to have been "enabled to follow his natural inclination" in this respect. He adds, "The quiet of Cambridge I shall be sorry to forsake; I hope I have learned from its many beauties of scenery to regard the natural world as something higher than mere trees and stones, — to see something above the material in the beauties around us." A part of the last summer of his

life was spent in a beautiful and secluded spot, about fifteen miles from Boston ; and it was there that, in communion with Nature and her God, he determined to forsake all lower ambitions, and to devote himself to His service.

He entered the Divinity School in the autumn of 1838, taking charge, about the same time, of the Sunday School connected with the Rev. Mr. Young's Church, which place of worship his family attended. Thus to studying and teaching the truths of religion the last days of his life were consecrated. And though he was called away when his labors were scarcely begun, we cannot but feel that they were blessed to others and to himself. His last day of health was spent in composing an address for his Sunday School, which was delivered, October 21st, in spite of considerable indisposition. He returned to Cambridge again, however ; but on the Tuesday following took a final leave of the place. Thirteen days after, November 5th, he died. His disease was typhus fever. It was perhaps caused, undoubtedly rendered more severe, by his excessive application. He had tasked himself beyond his constitutional strength, upon the Hebrew Studies requisite for entering his class. His diligence was unremitting. The whole morning was given to his professional studies ; and afternoon and evening generally brought a change, not a cessation from labor. From industry like his what was not to be expected ? Yet it was, perhaps, ordained that it should defeat its own object.

We subjoin an obituary notice, first published in the Boston Atlas, and must then hasten to speak of its author :

"Mr. Hayward was a member of the class which graduated at Harvard University in 1837. At the time of his death, he was connected with the Divinity School at Cambridge, which he entered a few weeks since. At College he ranked among the first in point of scholarship, and his classmates can all bear testimony to his pure character and high moral worth.

"From a large circle of friends and relatives, one has been taken away, whose presence was ever joyfully welcomed among them, and whose loss cannot but be severely felt. To his fellow students, who are now far separated from each other, the news of his death will be in truth sad intelligence. They will remember that on leaving Cambridge, a little more than a year ago, no one among their number could look out upon the future with a fairer prospect of long life and eminent usefulness, than seemed to open before him, whose career has been thus suddenly checked.

"To those who knew him well, Mr. Hayward was endeared by a thousand little traits of character, which cannot be described by words. In a motion, in an expression of countenance, or a significant tone, they had their peculiar development. By these his society was always rendered agreeable; but Mr. Hayward was something more than a pleasant companion. His aims, his hopes, his wishes, were above this world. He spoke of Heaven; he believed in the soul's immortality. He strove for a higher life than is shown in the common actions of men. Yet the strength of early manhood, the attachment of friends who held him most dear, deep parental affection, of which he was a cherished object, could avail nothing. With the bright summer that has just gone over us, he too has irrevocably passed away.

"Amid the storm of politics, in the crowded street, in the noise and bustle of life, his departure will be unnoticed; but, in hearts which have once known and loved him, there is laid up for him a long and kind remembrance."

Samuel Tenney Hildreth was born at Exeter, N. H., Nov. 17th, 1817. His father was the Rev. Hosea Hildreth, an apostle of the temperance reformation, and one of the first movers in a cause to which his life was devoted. Probably few individuals can be named, whose agency was greater in this reformation, or whose labors to advance it were more signally blessed. In attempting to sketch the life of the son, we shall use his own words chiefly. The simple grace and truthfulness with which he tells the story of his childhood in the *Class Book*, are beyond the need of comment or of addition. It opens thus;

"My life has not been one of incident. The only occurrences that have diversified it have been those of the world within. All the thousand thoughts and feelings, which throng and swell in the bosoms of the young, were ever and are now busy in my own. My plans of future happiness, my hopes and fears, I have told to no one, and to write them coldly upon paper my heart forbids. Even if I should do so, it would only serve to create a smile, and he who might read them would imagine I had brought up a shadowy array from the land of dreams. Let them go, — if they are merely ideal, time will soon convince me of their unsubstantialness." * * * *

"I have vivid recollections of my early years. The old tenement in which I first saw the light, the tall spire of the village church, beneath whose roof I was baptized, and the broad elms, in whose shade I have passed many a summer's afternoon, are all distinct in my memory. My thoughts, too, what were they?

Beyond my happy home, and the long yard in front of the venerable mansion, perfectly yellow as it was with a profusion of buttercups and dandelions, my wishes never strayed. And there was no reason why they should, for no one was ever blessed with a kinder father and mother, with dearer brothers and sisters than myself." * * * *

"When I had reached my seventh year, my father, who had been for about fifteen years instructor in mathematics at Exeter, took up the clerical occupation, and left my native village for Gloucester, Mass. Here a new scene was presented. I had before seen the ocean once or twice, and had read many stories of its wild storms, its mighty waves, and fathomless depths. I had heard of mermaids and sea-monsters of all sorts, and listened with rapture while some one was telling me of the strange, unearthly music, that often floated over its wide wastes, and of sounds fearful and startling, sent at midnight from its heaving bosom. But a ship I had never seen. How shall I describe the emotions that filled my breast, when, at the close of an autumn day, just as the twilight was setting in, after having ridden a long journey, my father turned round to me and said, 'There, boy, is your future home. Look at the ocean, and those rough hills too, — they are in Gloucester.'

"True enough, there *was* the ocean, and many a white sail glimmered in the fading sunshine. There was the rocky shore, from which I could hear the murmur of the billows, and there too the bleak summits, on whose ragged cliffs I have since often wandered, and recounted with a smile and a tear the joyous sensations which I then experienced. For some time I was completely lost in the scenes that surrounded me. My new home, I thought, was a chosen spot of the earth; there I must be ever happy. No king, when grasping the toiled-for object of his ambition, no poet, when seizing the blest vision that imagination has brought down from the clouds, feels a prouder pleasure than swelled in my own heart, as I rambled alone by the sounding sea, or gazed upon the full-sailed ship, bounding over the dark waters. Then, then, my dreams of bliss were more than realized.

"But everything has a change. The freshness of early impressions gradually dies away, and we are not the creatures that we were. I soon became familiarized with the objects about me. They seemed a part of myself; I ceased to regard them with wonder."

His early days at school do not seem to have been happy ones. He says, "a schoolroom then was my utter abhorrence, and my heart sunk whenever I crossed its dark threshold." At

a somewhat later period, he attended his uncle's school at Derry, N. H., and then went into a store at Gloucester ; where, however, he remained but a short time, as "merchandise, gold, and silver soon lost all charms for" him. In his thirteenth year, he was sent to the Academy at Exeter.

"How pleasant was the appearance of my native village ! When I entered after a long absence its peaceful fields, and wandered over my favorite haunts, all the indifference to study which formerly characterized me entirely vanished. By degrees, I seemed led back to the love of learning. Dr. Abbot, the principal of the academy, is a man worthy of all regard and affection. Under his kind instructions, I made praiseworthy improvement ; and here I am, ready to bear testimony to his generous nature and noble heart.

"Of the three years spent at Exeter, I could write much. But 'full hearts, few words.' I only say, that they will ever be considered among the most important and the most happy of my life. There I formed acquaintances and made friends ; friends, who have grown dearer to me as time has elapsed, and acquaintances, whom I shall ever regard with the highest esteem.

"In my sixteenth year, I entered college. I have here found many generous and noble souls. I can truly call 'Old Harvard' my 'Alma Mater ;' for she has brought me up amid high examples, and cherished me with as much, aye more, tenderness than I have deserved. I have spent my time pretty much as I wished ; and, on a review, can see many things, which should have been otherwise. By the kindness of friends, I have been enabled to remain here during the last two years. I was on the point of leaving in my sophomore year, as my parents felt themselves unable to support me any longer. To those, who have thus assisted me, I feel the deepest gratitude, and hope to show my thanks by the course of life which I shall endeavor to pursue.

"To my classmates I bid an affectionate farewell ! There is not one among them in whom I do not feel great interest, and for whom I do not call down the richest blessings. Whenever in the world I may meet them, it will not be with coldness ; the memory of our by-gone days will bring up a throng of cherished associations.

"I expect to take the office of a teacher for two or three coming years. Where I shall be located is as yet unknown to me. After my school-keeping days are over, I intend to study Divinity ; but this is very uncertain. No one can be more fully aware than myself of the importance and sacredness of this office, or of the responsibility of undertaking it. It is not a summer task,

which we can lay aside or resume at pleasure, but an awfully solemn labor, requiring clean hearts and clean hands, an ardent zeal, an unwavering faith !

“ I do not expect a long life ; I only hope that mine may be a useful one. But, wherever my situation may be, how rosy or flinty soever the path in which I must tread, still I shall not forget the many obligations that bind me to my classmates, their kindness and their love.”

From the first days of his college life, Mr. Hildreth took the highest place in the affections of his companions, and the esteem of his instructors. He was one whom all delighted to honor, and no opportunity of showing this delight was ever lost. When, in the senior year, his eyesight failed him, there was almost a contest among his young friends for the pleasure of reading aloud to him the tasks of the day. And none who then, or later in his life, performed little kindnesses of this sort for him, will soon forget the happy hours so spent. Great draughts were made upon his time to meet the wishes of so many friends as he had ; but this was cheerfully given, unless when higher duties forbade.

His industry was great, though directed to other objects than those of most of his fellow students. In point of scholarship, he was among the highest in the class. He spent much time in studying the works of the great masters of song. Byron was at one time the “ god of his poetical idolatry,” and undoubtedly exercised a great influence in the formation of his intellectual habits. More lately Coleridge, and Wordsworth, charming him by the healthy and natural tones of their music, won him in a great degree from the fevered page of Byron. Milton and Shakspeare he always loved, from the time that he attained a proper age to read them. Among the classics, he valued most Homer, Virgil, and Horace, which he regarded with true love, after his school and college tasks therein were finished. Many happy hours were passed in poetical composition. Some of his poems were published in the *Harvardiana* ; some were read before different societies to which he belonged ; many, perhaps the most, never saw the light. They were the records of certain states of mind ; and when he had lost all sympathy with those states of mind, the records were destroyed.

We give below an extract from the Class Poem, which was delivered on the same occasion as Mr. Hayward’s oration. We

observe, merely, that, in the space to which we are limited, we can give no idea of the merits of the piece. It contains an imaginary history of a student ; not of a bookworm, or a pedant, but of a student of nature and of men ; not of a successful hunter after honor and praise, but of one whose every hope and aspiration were doomed to be crushed by unkind fate. It is not a little singular that the closing scene in the career of the ideal character should, in more than one particular, have resembled the last moments of the author's life.

“ His lips were hushed, his dark eyelashes closed,
A heaven of silence on his face reposed,
His hand released its grasp, — his fingers grew
Cold and unbending in their last adieu !
His brow so calm, so fair, each gazer felt,
That death had gently with his victim dealt ;
While the full drops, which o'er his forehead rolled,
Would to that heart, if still it throbbed, have told,
Remembering yet those pledges of the past,
At least *one* friend is faithful to the last !

“ 'T was thus he lived, — thus died, — the very spot,
Where now he slumbers, is almost forgot.
There are, a few kind ones, that knew him well,
Who still upon his memory love to dwell ;
Who guard each little gift with pious care,
Who think of him when bowed in secret prayer,
Smile blessings on his head, whose lips proclaim
What virtues clustered round that humble name,
And almost look approval, when they seek
In commendation of his faults to speak !

“ When man forgets, the ivy vine will learn
To fold her arms around the lonely urn !
When for the slumberer tears no more are shed,
The conscious dew-drop glistens o'er his head,
And bending low the sylvan mourner weaves
The votive coronal of greenest leaves !

“ These gentle ministrations only prove
How watchful for her child is Nature's love !
But when, unmindful of his brother clay,
Man turns with cold indifference away,
Oft grieving Nature withers at the sight,
As if she faded with untimely blight !
And e'en I saw, when last I rambled by,
The willow boughs were growing old and dry ;

The flowers had vanished, and the well-heaped sod
Looked not so verdant as the common clod !
The mouldering plank, that spans the streamlet's bed,
Quivered and bent beneath my lightest tread ;
All seemed to join the waters in their flow,
And say, half mournfully, ' we too must go,'
Not long mementos frail as these can stay,
One after one they slowly fade away ;
And soon nought else his resting place can mark,
Save vague tradition, or conjecture dark,
When the old sexton, leaning on his spade,
Will tell you where he guesses he is laid ! ”

So ends the story of our student. It is an idealized portrait of a character not uncommon in an age of unbelief. How often does the world see men of fair promise and noble ambition quail like children before the blasts of seeming ill, and renouncing their high vocation as “ speakers of the word or doers of the work,” give themselves up to the utterances of despair. The fate of such men, and Byron and Burns are among their number, is the most solemn warning God gives to his creatures ; as the life of the pure and holy is the most effective stimulant.

Immediately after Commencement, the care of the elocution department in the University was, much to the surprise of Mr. Hildreth, offered to him. He afterwards learned, that his performance at Commencement had ensured an appointment, about which there had been some hesitation, on account of his extreme youth ; for he was not yet twenty. But, though he became a teacher of the higher classes, at an age inferior to that at which many enter the lowest, the friends of the institution never found reason to regret the step for a moment ; and its students delight to bear witness to his unaffected kindness, and unwearied exertions for their improvement. The situation was, in many respects, a desirable one to him ; as the weakness of his eyes, which delayed attention to professional study, had here, from the slight use which it was necessary to make of them, some chance of cure.

In the performance of the duties of this office, filling up the intervals of teaching with composition, and listening to reading, he remained till a few weeks before his death, which took place, Feb. 11th, 1839. It was caused by a fever, which so suddenly took a fatal turn, as not to allow the presence of his family

during his last moments. He rests at Mount Auburn, long the scene of his summer rambles, in a beautiful spot, which overlooks the groves of his Alma Mater.

Though none who knew him can help feeling sorrow at his early departure, yet they will feel that they mourn for themselves, and not for him. For in the death of one so pure and elevated, what other room is there for sorrow? And here let them remember that he lives even for them; lives in every kind word or holy thought he gave utterance to; lives in every high purpose he fostered in those around him; in every recollection that inspires new ardor in the performance of duty; in those desires to be with him in brighter worlds, amid purer intelligences, which force upon them the conviction that such happiness can only be granted to those of a like pure spirit. They are, indeed, deprived of his immediate presence, and no longer hear from his lips the words of affection or of truth. But the memory of the past is blessed to them. The saddest thought of all is, they cannot witness and profit by that further development of intellect and moral power, which they had counted so much upon. But reason and revelation alike teach, that it is going on where the departed is encumbered with fewer hindrances, and that they will, if found worthy, enjoy the results in eternity.

We would not speak of Mr. Hildreth as having realized the idea of duty which revealed itself to him in the sanctuary of his soul. To say so would be simply to disparage the beauty and elevation of his conceptions. Undoubtedly, he had his conflicts, his victories, and his defeats. But they were carried on upon heights unknown to most. He speaks, indeed, in one of his letters, of feeling "often the jar and discord of low passions;" but he seemed almost unconscious of the existence of the temptations which are a snare to so many. And, if he ever was called upon to contend with them, his "victory was so complete as almost to hide that there had ever been a struggle." Of surpassing loveliness and beauty of countenance, of the most winning manners, and persuasive eloquence, he was gifted with all those outward graces, that ensure to truth the welcome which it so frequently fails of finding. But these should hardly be mentioned, when we might speak of an affectionate disposition, of generous feelings, of true independence of character, of an intuitive love of the good and beautiful, of an intuitive hatred of the low and false. More than all, we should

commemorate his zeal for truth, his faith in God, and his purpose of devoting himself to his service.

It is possible, indeed, that Mr. Hildreth's purpose of studying divinity might have been frustrated by the physical weakness before alluded to ; which must, at any rate, have prevented the usual attention to many branches of theological study. He hoped that the affection was only temporary. Had it proved lasting, it is not unlikely that he would have accepted the Professorship at Cambridge, which we have learned, since his death, would probably have been offered to him. But, in either or any place, his Maker would have commanded the highest service of his powers. Alluding to his weak eye-sight, he says, in one of his letters ;

“ When Nature is so harmonious, and vocal only with love and praise, why should my soul feel often the jar and discord of low passions ? Each day reveals to me new knowledge of myself ; each day have I to accord some new string, that will not vibrate in unison with the great harmonies of the world. When I see others around me, laboring and striving in depths of knowledge which are shut up against me, it causes an involuntary sadness for the moment. But this I believe, that, if here I am not able to gratify my love for study, in another sphere of being I shall not fail through the weakness of a physical constitution. Here, at least, can I worship the Ideal, here can I strive after and imitate it.”

The following paragraphs, extracted from his letters, will show some of the feelings with which he regarded life and death.

“ Jan. 10th, 1838. — It was a beautiful evening when I arrived in Boston. The streets were crowded with people, some returning home from the day's toil and business, others wandering for pleasure with loud voices along the sidewalks, and others with sad hearts returning to their miserable dwellings. There is something, I know not what, which almost always affects me to tears, in such a sight as I then witnessed. I thought, as I looked up at the tranquil stars, and the still moon, which were gazing from their far depths at the restless, busy multitudes beneath them, how soon these loud tongues and merry bosoms, these aching hearts and weary hands would be silent, and at rest. Another generation, and yet another would succeed, as happy, as careless, as wretched as that which had gone before. Man dies, moulders, is forgotten. A stranger treads where he has trod, — a stranger sits by his fireside, and repeats not his name.

But ah ! from those bright worlds, from the pure sky above me, and more audibly still from the deep recesses of my own soul, a voice cried, — It is not so ; man lives ! You may miss him from this visible scene of things, you may lay his body in the dust, but he lives ; lives where there are no heads made hoary with white hairs, where no arms are spent and weary with thankless, bitter toil. More than this, far more, he lives with Christ and God a *spiritual* life.”

“ Feb. 17th. — If we acknowledge a revelation of God’s goodness and power in the external world, in the material forms around us, if we say that these are good, (and cold, lifeless, and ungrateful must he be who denies this,) still more do I believe that there is a revelation of the same love and power in the spiritual nature of God’s noblest works, the heart and soul of man. If, in the world of sense, he has not left himself without a witness, I know that here also he speaks, and loudly.”

“ March 2d. — The doctrine is a cold, heartless, and false one, that all the enjoyments of life, all happiness and bright hours, are limited to childhood and youth. There is for every age a store of delights reserved, if we are not unjust and untrue to ourselves. As though this beautiful world, these blue skies, these clouds and winds, these woods and rivers, were only intended to give pleasure to the few first years of our dwelling among and beneath them ! As though the stars did not ever call us to God, and fill the soul with love and adoration ! As though sunrise and twilight did not speak to us in their silent grandeur, and bid us be glad, and feast our hearts with beauty, sublimity, and high hopes ! As though we could not, when we please, go back in memory to by-past hours, and live them all over again ! God is good ; if we are unhappy, *He* does not make us so ; of that be sure. Besides the ever-varying scenes of beauty that the *external* world displays to us, have we not *moral* perfection and beauty to contemplate and strive after ? Has Jesus lived and died in vain ? Have all good men given us their examples for no use or benefit ? Have we not powers to develop and cultivate ? affections to cherish and enlarge ? Let us not, then, talk of unhappiness, when there is so much glorious work to be done ; so many heavens around and within us, if we will but look about and examine ourselves.”

“ March 10. — I was much surprised to hear of Mr. G—’s death. The ways of Providence are truly incomprehensible. Yet do we not believe that all is right ? Do we not believe that there is a just and holy and merciful God, to whose word we should bow with all humility and reverence ? Would that my faith were increased and strengthened.”

The thought of his own mortality was often present to Mr. Hildreth's mind. How vividly so must it have been to have prompted the following sentences. At the end of his "Life," in the "Class Book," he had written, "Died ——— —, 18—, ——— ;" leaving blanks for the insertion of the time and place of his death. With what an emphasis must this warning strike upon the ear, borne as it were from beyond the grave !

"Stop, thou ! whoever thou art, that recordest the day of my death. Stop ! and ere thou writest the fatal word, breathe one prayer of peace to my parted spirit ! Have I wasted my life in a vain pursuit after phantom pleasures ? Have I left nothing for the good of my fellow-men ?

"Not so do thou ! The bubble pleasure breaks in thy grasp, and study is a weariness to the flesh. There is but one way for thee, the narrow path ; but one burden, the yoke that is easy and light. If I have been mistaken in my choice, and I tremble while I write it, thou art not left without warning. If thou hast chosen aright, this warning will cheer thee onward ; — if wrong, oh ! let it call thee back with a thunder-peal. But if all is well with me, I pray, classmate, it may be so with thee."

The present writer must repeat, in conclusion, that he did not undertake to give any complete account of the lives of his friends ; he has tried to present that aspect of their characters, which was most familiar to him. He has not attempted to describe the filial piety which graced the fireside of home, or to paint the visions of future enjoyment in their society, which the Providence of God has so mysteriously dispelled. Still less could he look into the sanctuary of their souls, and listen to those communings with their Maker, which, to be without alloy, must be unknown to all created beings. What was most affectionate and holy in their hearts is left to the conception of those like them in spirit. The purity of their outward lives must have flowed from a pure source within. "They both died young ; but who can say that either died untimely ? Rather be it thought, that they had done *their* work ; they had fitted themselves for immortality ; and as for the work of the world, what God purposes, God will do, using indifferently the agencies of good and evil, as of day and night, sunshine and storm." *

C. S. W.

* Hartley Coleridge.

NOTICES AND INTELLIGENCE.

The School Library. Published under the sanction of the Board of Education in Massachusetts. — We received, a short time since, the Prospectus of this Library, issued by Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb, Boston. More recently we have been permitted to look over the Introductory Essay, which is to preface the whole work. And the more we see and think of this great enterprise, the more do we admire it, and anticipate the highest and best results. But its success will depend mainly on the reception and encouragement given it by the community. It is important, therefore, that the plan should be fully understood.

In April, 1837, the Legislature of Massachusetts authorized by law a certain expenditure, by each school district in the State, for the purchase of a District School Library. The Board of Education promptly decided to cause to be prepared a collection of books for this special purpose, to be called THE SCHOOL LIBRARY. They determined that no work should be admitted into this Library, unless approved by every member of the Board, — that the best writers in the country should be employed to prepare either original or selected works, — that the plan should embrace every department of science and literature, — that no works of a sectarian or partisan character should be admitted, — that the taste and pursuits, the instruction and interests, of all classes should be consulted in the selection, — and that the mechanical execution, as well as the intellectual character, should be specially regarded, so as to furnish uniform volumes, in fair and durable form, and at a moderate expense. These are the general features of the plan. And having seen one volume already printed, and a list of those that are to follow, we have reason to believe that all that is promised will be performed. The entire Library is to embrace two series of fifty volumes each, one 18mo. the other 12mo. The first, or *Juvenile Series*, is intended for children of ten or twelve years of age, and under, — the other Series, for those older, and for parents. They are to be, not class or text books, but *reading* books, such as will interest and instruct children, and occupy their leisure hours. It is intended to draw particularly from the departments of History and Biography, preference being given to works relating to our own country. The plan will also include such branches of Natural Philosophy and Natural History as are most practical and generally useful, and regard will be had to the theory and practice of agricultural and mechanical pursuits, on which infor-

mation is greatly needed. Each volume will be accompanied with ample illustrations, by maps, engravings, glossaries, &c., where the nature of the work requires it. And to put the whole within the reach of every School District, even those whose annual funds are most limited, the two series are to be issued in sets of five and ten volumes at a time, with considerable intervals; the larger at seventy-five cents per volume, and the smaller at forty cents, "which the publishers advisedly declare to be cheaper than any other series of works that can be procured, at home or abroad, bearing in mind their high intellectual character, and the style of their mechanical execution." Moreover, the Prospectus tells us that a "Book-case, with a lock and key, will be furnished *gratuitously*, to all who take the Library."

We are thus particular in giving the details of this novel scheme, both because we think it a noble one, and because the time has come when school committees and teachers should give it the patronage it deserves. We understand the publishers will not send the books to any who do not *order* them, and we hope they will not suffer from any want of application. The first ten volumes of the large series are now ready for publication, and are the following: — I. *Life of Columbus*, by Washington Irving, a new edition, revised by the author. — II. *Paley's Natural Theology*, two volumes, with selections from the Dissertations and Notes of Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell; the whole newly arranged and adapted for the School Library, by Elisha Bartlett, M. D. — III. *Lives of Eminent Individuals, celebrated in American History*, three volumes; selected from Sparks's Biography. — IV. *The Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons*, four volumes; by Rev. H. Duncan, D. D., of Ruthwell, Scotland; with important additions, and some modifications, to adapt it to American readers, by Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, of Boston. — These ten volumes are to be followed by separate Lives, original or prepared, of Washington, Franklin, Distinguished Females, The Reformers, &c., — with works on Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Astronomy, Botany, Agriculture, Pursuit of Knowledge, Useful Arts, Geology and Mineralogy, Statistics of the United States, Internal Improvements, and a Familiar Treatise on the Constitution. These are already promised, and in the course of preparation by some of our first writers; as Story, Sparks, Wayland, Silliman, Olmsted, Potter, Bigelow, Jackson, Upham, Elton, &c. Indeed, if we may rely on names and appearances, we do not know that greater securities, in regard to authors, revisers, and publishers, could be given for the satisfactory completion of one of the largest and most important enterprises of the day.

And what day has seen a better promise for Education? In every civilized and some half-barbarous lands, there is a spirit awake and a work in progress, which must effect revolutions greater than any yet seen. Take our own country, and take but three of our States, Massachusetts, New York, and Ohio. The two last are said to include about one-fourth of the population of the Union, and their present provisions and efforts for the thorough education of all classes are magnificent. New York has ten thousand five hundred School Districts, and besides other large appropriations, has applied the immense sum of \$110,000, each year, for six years, to the special object of purchasing libraries for those Common Schools. Ohio, young as she is, has over eight thousand School Districts, with an active and able Superintendent, and the prospect of a similar appropriation for the same object. What Massachusetts is doing, our readers know. Several other States are but little behind. Let the work go on, and some of the worst fears entertained for our country will be relieved; especially as there is an increasing disposition to make this popular education *moral* as well as intellectual. There is wisdom and warning in the pithy exhortation of William Penn, which we find in the Introductory Essay of the School Library:—“For learning be liberal. Spare no cost; *for by such parsimony all is lost that is saved.* But let it be useful knowledge, such as is consistent with TRUTH and GODLINESS.”

Means and Ends; or, Self-Training. By the author of Redwood, &c. Third Edition. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb. — It may not be known that this popular book is part of the *School Library* just noticed, and that we are indebted for it to the projectors and publishers of that Library. It was written for them on their application, and they have sent it forth by itself on account of its peculiar character and well-known author. It is now so generally in the hands of readers, and has found such favor even at the hands of reviewers, that our commendation can be little needed. We have been amused, however, by the fact, that the only charge which we have known to be brought against it, has alleged opposite degrees of the same fault. A Boston Review thinks it not democratic enough,—a New York Review thinks it too democratic, much too radical. For ourselves, we were not troubled with either quality. We read it, and have read it twice, without thinking anything about democracy or aristocracy, radicalism or conservatism. It is an agreeable, plain, matter-of-fact, truth-telling book. In its plan, we think there are some defects; and its execution is not re-

markable for Miss Sedgwick. Still it has her great excellencies of perspicuity, directness, naturalness, and pleasant illustration drawn from real life. It touches almost every branch of education and living, self-training and the training and treatment of others. Of course, it is very general on all topics, and on some very imperfect. There is less originality than common, though enough for the character of the work. Of narrative and fiction, there is almost none; but the use of brief anecdotes and actual experiences is most pertinent and practical. The chapter on *Manners* and the use of the *Tongue* ought to be read, and re-read, by every man, woman, and child, that knows how to read, — especially in our own strange country. And the chapter called *Sine qua non* (we are surprised to see this printed *Sine que non*, in the contents of every edition,) short as it is, is enough to pay for the volume. The whole should be read with the recollection that it is dedicated by the author to her “young country-women,” and is designed “for girls from ten to sixteen years of age.”

This book is to make the first volume of the Juvenile Series of the School Library. It will be followed in that Series by New England Historical Sketches, by N. Hawthorne, — Conversations and Stories by the Fireside, by Mrs. S. J. Hale, — Failure not Ruin, by Horatio G. Hale, — Tales in Prose, by Miss Lee, of Charleston, S. C., — The Poor Scholar, by Mrs. Embury, of New York, — Biography for the Young, by Miss E. Robbins. Separate volumes of Selections from the writings of Jane Taylor, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Holcroft, Dr. Aikin, and others already engaged, — enough to show what we may expect from this second department of the plan we have presented.

The Rollo Books. A new and uniform Edition, in six volumes. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, & Co. — These are little books, but they already fill a large place in the reading of that large portion of the community, whom we call children, — some of whom may be pretty old, if we can judge from the pleasure we ourselves have taken in looking over these volumes. Their author is well known as Jacob Abbott, and that alone has found, or will find, for them a reception in most families. They deserve it of all families. As a whole, they make the most important series of Juvenile books that have appeared, to our knowledge, since Miss Edgeworth. They are very unlike those, and yet they resemble them in some prominent features; especially in making it their chief object to be *pleasing*, and thus gently and imper-

ceptibly opening a way for *instruction* to the mind and morals, without obtruding or forcing it in the least. For this the books before us are remarkable. They are entertaining throughout. The interest never flags, and yet there is no seeming attempt to sustain it. There is little continuous story, and no plot or romance, or grown-up folly, such as fills half of the *young* novels now made for children. Here is a little boy, who is first induced to learn to *talk*; and in order to this, he is made to see objects for himself, and think about them, and ask questions. Next he is taught to *read*; to effect this, he is candidly told that learning to read is not play, but work, and at first dry and hard work. It soon becomes easy, however, because it is undertaken in earnest, and then it becomes pleasant; and parents may take a hint from this, when they are afraid to allow letters and learning to wear any form but that of playthings and pastime to their children. In the third volume, Rollo is at *work*, in the fourth at *play*; and the morals of both play and work are as easily and pleasantly insinuated as we have often seen. There is constant occupation in both, and constant natural opportunities of learning the duty and the advantage of feeling and doing right, and thus seeing the evil of feeling and doing wrong. For Mr. Abbott fully carries out, in these books, the great principle which we rejoice to see advanced in the Preface to one of them, namely, "that it is generally better, in dealing with children, to allure them to what is right by agreeable pictures of it, than to attempt to drive them to it by repulsive delineations of what is wrong." The fifth volume presents Rollo at *School*, and the last his *vacation*. They keep up the interest, and advance in maturity of thought and illustration, as the boy advances. The *School* is, we think, decidedly the best volume of the course, and one of the best of the kind in the language. Teachers and parents may well take a lesson from it, in the management of children.

If we were to find any fault with these books, it would be, that they are too minute and diffuse, errors to which their author is prone. There seems sometimes rather an excess of mere *play*, and too much time spent in descriptions of common implements and the most familiar events. This error, however, is better than the opposite. We are particularly glad to see that, in the use of words, the writer does not sacrifice everything to childish simplicity, like many of our juvenile works, but leaves something for the reader to ask and to *learn*. We recommend the entire series cordially, and this edition particularly; for, unlike former editions, and unlike most books in the beautiful but perishing binding of the day, these are strongly bound, neat, and well embellished. They are suitable for all places and all classes.

Sabbath Recreations, or, Select Poetry of a Religious Kind; revised American edition. Edited by JOHN PIERPONT. Boston: 1839. — It is becoming common to publish selections of poetry. Many of these selections the world would be quite as well without; but from the sweet songs and rich lyric pieces, which abound in our language, all will allow, a rare and valuable volume might be collected. Such a volume, in many respects, is the one before us. It is simple and unpretending; and though some of the pieces are probably familiar to most readers, and some are not remarkable for their excellence, yet they all breathe a pure and elevated spirit, and here and there is an exquisite effusion of genius, which answers to the holiest wants of the soul. It would have been well, if some of the noble sentiments of the earlier English poets could have been inserted, and it is a little remarkable, that, while there are several common-place pieces by modern writers of ordinary merit, there is not one line from either Brainard, or Dana, or Hillhouse. Still the volume is, on the whole, good, and contains much that must be satisfactory to the lover of sacred poetry.

Not only great pleasure may be derived from such a volume, but lasting and useful impressions. Many are keenly alive to the harmony of verse, and the fresh outbursts of poetic feeling, who would pore with delight over such a volume, and many might thus be won to high thought and serious reflection. There are hours, when the soul is peculiarly alive to the soft and melodious strains of true poetry, and such hours often occur on the Sabbath, when the very works of Nature seem to partake of holy influences. At these times, when the mind longs to see its own glowing emotions worthily expressed, such a volume as the Sabbath Recreations might give refreshment and delight.

The History of Greece, by THOMAS KEIGHTLEY, to which is added a Chronological Table of Cotemporary History, by JOSHUA TOULMIN SMITH, &c. Boston: Hilliard, Gray & Co. 1839. pp. 490. — The whole aspect of the history of Greece has been changed in many important respects, within the last quarter of a century. The researches of historical inquirers, particularly in Germany, where every topic arising out of every part of the subject has been discussed with unparalleled industry and learning, have called many traditional views in question, thrown light upon matters formerly obscure, and subjected the political institutions, the philosophical systems, and the leading characters of the Greeks to the closest scrutiny, and the severest skepticism. The poetical enthusiasm of Gillies, the agreeable superficiality of

Goldsmith, and the crabbed toryism of Mitford, to say nothing of his bad spelling, have been alike set aside. These works are read, it is true, and new and handsome editions are published every year, but for other than historical purposes. Mr. Bulwer has also spared some time from the composition of bad novels, shining with false glitter, and filled with the fantastic conceptions of worn-out sensuality and hypocritical liberalism, for the writing of what he affects to call a history of Athens, in the worst style of his novels. It is really surprising, that even so absurd and affected a creature as Bulwer should have failed so completely of giving his work the faintest tincture of historical truth, and of breathing into it the slightest inspiration of the classical spirit. His language is tawdry, his learning is picked up for the occasion, his translations from the Attic poets are in his most meretricious manner, and his discrimination and taste in judging the historical phenomena of the great "Democratie" of antiquity, are precisely what might have been expected from the radical dandy who wrote Paul Clifford.

No attempt was made in English literature to write the history of Greece in a proper spirit, until it was taken up by Mr. Thirlwall. His work is rich in learning, but defective in lucid arrangement. He pauses in his narrative to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of disputed points, of which, since the credulous age of Goldsmith and Gillies, a countless multitude have sprung up; and, though he always shows extraordinary ability, yet the impression left on the reader's mind is, on the whole, unsatisfactory. We can hardly tell whether we have been reading a history, or an antiquarian discussion, when we get, if we ever do get there, to the end of the chapter. Still, a great advance was made, — or rather will be made, — whenever his work is completed, towards supplying the long felt want of an authentic history of Greece.

In this state of the matter, Mr. Keightley has undertaken to draw up a summary of Greek history for the use of schools, and mere general readers. He has drawn from the original sources, and turned the learning of the Germans to good account, in illustrating them. His work is too brief to present a satisfactory solution of all the knotty questions in Greek history; but, as far as he goes, he gives faithful and clear views of the matter in hand. He divides the whole history into three parts, which he denominates the Aristocratic, the Democratic, and the Monarchic periods. This division is not strictly accurate, inasmuch as the term *aristocratic* does not well characterize the Heroic age, nor does *monarchic* apply very well to the period of the conflicts between Philip, and Alexander, and the Athenians, the period of

the great Attic orators and statesmen. The intervening period is more correctly designated by the epithet, Democratic; and yet, the modern notion of a democracy of equal rights must be wholly discarded from the term, as applied to any of the states of ancient Greece. Taking this division, however, as a mere convenient arrangement for the classification of the facts in Greek history, it answers well enough; and by means of it Mr. Keightley has, as we said above, given us a very intelligible outline of the marvellous picture of ancient Greece.

The work, it must be confessed, sometimes shows a little of the patchwork character. We see here and there the seams, where the different historical pieces are sewed together. A little more skill and labor in reducing the whole texture to uniformity, would not have been misapplied. The narrative is not always clear, as it ought to be. Incidental or secondary matters are thrust into the text, which might have been thrown into notes, with more propriety. A great many terms are taken bodily out of the Greek language, and give the English page an anomalous and foreign aspect; sometimes where there is little or no necessity. The Greek orthography of names is adopted, instead of the Latin or Anglicized forms, which have been familiarized by custom. We do not think there is much advantage gained by thus departing from established usage, in unessential particulars; but, if such a principle is once adopted, it ought to be adhered to. If we copy the Greek diphthong *ει*, we might, with equal propriety, represent the diphthong *ov* in English. Mr. Keightley has done the former, but omitted the latter. The sketches of Greek literature, at the close of the chapters, are quite too meagre, to answer any good purpose. They might have been essentially improved, without materially increasing the size of the book; but, faulty as the book is, we might go farther and fare worse for a manual of Greek history.

The Northmen in New-England, or, America in the Tenth Century. By JOSHUA TOULMIN SMITH, author of "Progress of Philosophy among the Ancients," etc. Hilliard, Gray & Co. 1839. pp. 364. — It is the object of this volume to show that New England was discovered and explored in the tenth century, that is, about five centuries before the voyage of Columbus, by a colony of Northmen, or Norwegians, settled in Iceland. The original documents, on which this conclusion is founded, are contained in a work put forth in 1837, under the auspices of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians of Copenhagen. This is a ponderous work, in Danish and Latin, accessible, therefore,

only to the few. Mr. Smith, with the zeal and industry of a scholar, appears to have fully mastered his materials and his subject, and has presented the argument and his conclusions, strongly, clearly, and in a popular form. He has illustrated his work with maps, and by carefully comparing the descriptions and the notes of times and distances in these old chronicles, with the outline of our coast, and the actual face of the country, he is very confident in designating the points of territory which those adventurers visited, and temporarily occupied.

Having little knowledge of the subject, except such as we have derived from Mr. Smith's book, we are by no means competent to say that he has established his positions beyond controversy ; but he has supported them with much ability and ingenuity, and made out a very strong *prima facie* case. He is an adept in this curious old lore, an indefatigable inquirer, and a good reasoner ; and if he is wrong, it is not every reviewer or historian that is qualified to prove him to be so.

The subject of this volume, however, possesses not so much an historical, as an antiquarian interest and importance. The enterprise of those Northern navigators led to no permanent results. No fruits remain. They came and went, and left no sure traces of their presence behind them. The fact of their coming, if it be a fact, is an insulated one, and is hardly to be regarded as a link in the historic chain which connects the new world with the old. To Columbus will still belong the honor of having accomplished that enterprise, the first of an uninterrupted series, by which this continent was so rapidly put into the possession of its new inhabitants, and brought so completely within the range of European civilization. The names of Columbus and Cabot are, and must continue to be, at least more fortunate ones than those of Heriulfson, Thorvald, and Thorstein ; yet these last are worthy of all honor, and the story these hardy old Northmen, now first put within the reach of the general reader, has in it enough of daring and romantic adventure to reward a perusal, and to procure for Mr. Smith the thanks of scholars and the public.

Third Annual Report of the American Physiological Society, together with the Proceedings at the Annual Meeting, June 1, 1839. — So far as it is the object of this Society to reduce the diet of the human race to hasty-pudding and milk, or bran-bread and pea-soup, — to compel us all, by the moral despotism of opinion, to eat our meats without gravy, our bread without butter, our cake without eggs, or to renounce eggs, cakes, and meats altogether, so far do we hold the Physiological Society to be

a very just object of ridicule. It deserves no more mercy at the hands of the wits than do the temperance reformers, when they would bind down all men by solemn pledges to the use of cold water, as the only healthy or moral drink. An association, the object of which should be to reform the costume of the day, and simplify the dress of summer to a single envelop of factory cotton, and the dress of winter to a double one of woollen blanketing, would be quite as worthy of our respect. Such a society would never succeed in changing the prevailing fashions, however a few individuals might parade our streets, decked in their more economical, more natural, more philosophical attire. Neither is there any better prospect, we apprehend, of converting our community to the adoption of potatoes, or bread and salt, as the only article of food, nor to the use of cold or warm water as the only beverage, if we may apply so rich a word to so thin a drink.

The temperance cause, as it was in the hands of those, who, in this city, first started it, was a project as wise and noble as wise and noble men ever set on foot. It was not only a project which approved itself to the soundest reason, but it was, at the same time, a legitimate exemplification of the principles of genuine Christianity. What the wise began, the weak and foolish took up and carried on; and by their ultraism have done almost irreparable injury to a cause, which still has too much of the divine in it ever to be more than temporarily obstructed in the accomplishment of its great work. It will shake itself free of its false friends, by and by, and take up its march again on its original principles of a rational Christian moderation.

We do not believe there has been, or is, the same occasion for a "Physiological Society," as for a temperance society. Meats are not so dangerous as drinks. There is no alcohol among solids. Still, we doubt not it may be of great service, — not, however, by prescribing minutely as to particular articles of diet, — but by disseminating by books, periodicals, and reviews, useful information, or rather information the most necessary and essential, concerning the "house we live in." So far as this is a principal object of this association, it has our respect, and our best wishes for its success. But, that our readers may judge for themselves, we offer them a few extracts from the present report.

On the fifth page, it speaks as follows;

"We, therefore, aim and design to open among ourselves and the community generally, a new and powerful interest in the all-important subject of human anatomy, physiology, and pathology, — a knowledge

of the living body, of its organization and structure, and the great and immutable laws of life and health. We expect to show that all disease, of whatever kind, in the body or mind, is the result of a violation of some of those laws of the Creator, which are as fixed, as wise and as benevolent as the law of gravitation; and that we can no more violate the former with impunity, than the latter.

"We lay down the grand principle, too, that every violation of the laws of our physical being is, in some measure, an injury to our intellectual nature, and our moral powers; that, however imperceptible to common observation, it is yet true, that such an intimate and insuperable connexion exists between our physical and our moral natures, as renders every injury done to one, is in some kind and degree an inroad and outrage upon the other.

"If this be true, — and we have satisfied ourselves on this great point, — we may well be pardoned for attaching a great and indescribable importance to the cause of physiological inquiry, and may with propriety be released from any charge of temerity and presumption, in asking for this cause a place in the affections and sympathies of all those who are struggling in any department of moral reform and human improvement."

And again, in conclusion ;

"In closing our Report, we must be permitted once more to caution the public against two errors, very widely received. That our efforts are limited to a reform in the mere matter of dietetics, and that we have a peculiar system to which, as to the iron bed of Procrustes, we would trim, and pare, and compress the whole community. Both these errors we repel with our whole souls. We aim at a reform in the department of physical education, and physical management generally, but especially do we urge this upon Parents and Teachers, — they, to whom God has committed the destinies of the young. We urge them to a strict attention to the importance of air, temperature, clothing, exercise, sleep, the state of the mind and heart, and a thousand other things besides diet and drink, and this, too, not so much for the sake of bodily health alone, as an end, as for the sake of that spiritual health, which we are sure must always come far short of what might be, as long as we are the tenants of crazy and miserable bodies; and especially as long as we are trained to be so. But, as to imposing on the world any system, even the 'Graham System,' excellent as we believe that to be, — a system, by the by, in which the subject of dietetics makes about as conspicuous a figure, as Massachusetts in the Federal Union, — we have never intended it. Our object is to excite one and another, and the world, to make diligent inquiry, what truth is in this great department; and to practise what of truth they already know. We expect them to seek to know and obey the whole law of God, natural and revealed, and to labor to glorify him 'in their bodies and spirits, which are his.'"

ERRATA.

Page 26, 8th line from bottom, for Taber read Faber.

" 34, 10th line from top, for first read just.

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NOVEMBER, 1839.

- ART. I. — 1. *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. BY VICTOR HUGO.
2. *Picciola, or, Captivity Captive*. BY M. D. SAINTINE.

THESE two works give a pretty good idea of the two principal schools in the Romantic Literature of France. The great popularity, which they have had with English readers, shows that our tastes are not unlike the French. It is hardly necessary to say, that the *Hunchback of Notre Dame* is lawless and monstrous enough to be regarded as a type of the whole race of novels to which it belongs. The readers of *Picciola* among us, and they have been numerous enough to demand a second edition, need not be told of the simplicity, faith, and love, that characterize this beautiful creation of genius. It is not our present purpose to criticise these productions; so much as to speak of two great tendencies in modern literature, from which these works spring, and which they characterize.

It is justly the glory of our age, that it is the era of Freedom. And yet side by side with our best blessings, our worst evils have come, arrayed alike in the garb of Liberty. If in government, the age has shown the noblest specimens of free institutions, ever granted to man, it has also seen the vilest anarchy; if it has had its Washington, it has also had its Robespierre. In society, if there have been those, who have looked beyond the petty artificial distinctions of social life, and recognised the true law of social brotherhood, binding alike

upon all classes, there have been others, who have merely quarrelled with life's outside distinctions, and breathed nothing but discord and hate. In philosophy, if the brighter intelligences have seen through the errors and prejudices of many old opinions, and nobly vindicated truth from the follies, that have been wrapped around it, there have been others, so mad to destroy these follies, as to deny or forget the sacred truths, of which these are but the accidental appendages. If in morals, the better spirits of the times have explored the foundations of human duty, and found moral obligation to have a far deeper basis, than the authority of man, or the mere customs of society, there have been others, who have carried their inquiries no farther than to see the shallowness of worldly morality, — to call all virtue, but a pretence, and to acknowledge no duty, save that of seeking the greatest amount of animal gratification. And in religion, if many noble souls in all lands and all denominations have vindicated Christianity from the attacks of its foes and its false friends, — shown, that it is something more than a device of the despot or tool of the bigot, and asserted a faith sublimely spiritual and plainly practical, free, and yet strict, alike true to revelation and accordant with science, — there have been others, who have used their liberty of thought only as an occasion of licentiousness, — have carried their free inquiry no farther, than to examine and war with the human abuses of religion, and to pride themselves either in a sensual philosophy, that degrades man to a brute, or in a vague mysticism, that rests all faith in mere sentiment and all duty in fleeting impulse.

In literature, which is generally a faithful mirror of the times, we may see the good and evil tendencies of our free age clearly imaged forth. In literature a large class of minds, and in many respects a noble class, impatient of the shackles of old authorities, and the formalities of artificial life, have rushed with rapture towards freedom, and ended only in rebellion and lawlessness. Other minds, and these of a nobler order and a happier lot, have been equally ardent to join in the free movement, but not content with warring against old errors and fretting at former bonds, they have persevered to the end and attained an independence, that is serene and reverential, and a liberty, that is founded upon law. The former class of minds may be justly called the *Satanic School** in literature. It is

* We believe that Robert Southey, in the preface to his *Vision of*

to a consideration of this Satanic School, and to the nobler class of minds, that have sprung up to be its reformers, that our attention will now be given. The bane and antidote are both before us.

Although the influence of the Satanic School is evidently on the wane, it cannot be denied, that it has been the most popular literature of the age, and has exerted the most effect upon the minds of the rising generation, especially upon those of a more impassioned temper. It has made its way into all places, and been found in almost all hands. Its novels have been found alike in the parlor and the bar-room, — on the student's table and in the steamboat library ; its philosophy has been heard in the conversation of the grave theorist and in the harangue of the mad demagogue ; its poems have been favorites in the ladies' boudoir and in the profligate's den ; its songs have been yelled forth in the midnight orgies of bacchanalians, and warbled on gentle lips at the piano.

It is much less hazardous to speak of the characteristics of the Satanic School, than to mention the writers by name. For many writers, who are great favorites with the public, are not free from the Satanic taint, and several, whose later influences have been pure, have in early life been foremost in the rebellious host. Indeed, in many of the impassioned minds of the age, the higher and lower elements of nature are so conflicting, — the dust and the deity so warring, faith alternating with denial, and rebellion with reconciliation, that it is often hard to say which preponderates. All of these are of a noble race, and even in their rebellion and degradation show features like those of " Arch-angel ruined." It may be said of almost the whole school what Byron, himself one of the leaders, perhaps the very Coryphæus of the band, says of his Manfred ;

" This should have been a noble creature ; he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled ; as it is,
It is an awful chaos, — light and darkness, —
And mind and dust, — and passions and pure thoughts,
Mixed and contending without end or order,
All dormant or destructive."

Judgment, was the first to use this term. But the term has a meaning in itself independent of any particular application. It represents one of the movements of the passing age.

The characteristic of the Satanic School, which first strikes the mind, is its impatience of all restraint, — its wild, rebellious spirit. It mocks at human authorities, — it has no reverence for man, or his dignities; the principles of some of its chief names, such, for instance, as Rousseau, have been watch-words on the lips of those, who have sought to overturn modern thrones. Shelley, in so far as his opinions can be gathered from such works as his *Revolt of Islam*, would seem to scoff at all human laws, and place his Utopia in a state of nature. The wayward Byron scorned every restraint, whether social or moral; he satirized his king, ridiculed the laws of his country, and delighted in detracting from the glory of her proudest victories; he was indeed an ardent champion of the liberal party, and this in itself was well; but his republicanism savored more of Cataline than Brutus, — more of the piqued and disappointed aristocrat, than the patriot and lover of man.

There has been enough in the political institutions even of our age to provoke the more generous to rebellion, and there is much true nobleness in the strains of proud defiance, in which the master spirits of this rebellious literature treat the pretensions of human authorities. But their defiance does not stop here, but extends to almost every cherished social institution, and every moral rule. It jests at the sanctity of the marriage bond, and ridicules the idea of giving permanence by law to connexions, that have no just rule, but that of impulse. It delights, as well it may, in stripping off the mask of pretended morality, — in revealing the selfish hypocrite under the solemn robe of the Pharisee. But in warring with pretence and formality, it often wars with the real virtues, of which these are the counterfeit garb; it casts down the moral law, and enthrones in its place a Proteus code, called impulse. It delights in confounding the common notions of virtue, by showing the noblest sentiments beating in the hearts of those whom society has branded with infamy; and this would be well, if the effect were to teach humility to boasted virtue, or to make the reader glory to see the lineaments of a common humanity in the most depraved bosom. But the tendency has often been to confound good and evil, to exalt the robber, like Paul Clifford, into an hero, — a murderer, like Eugene Aram, into an interesting enthusiast, — a faithless woman, like Rousseau's Julia, into a fascinating sentimentalist.

The rebellious spirit has even ventured to scorn the holiest

truths of religion; and although in gifted natures, the soul cannot be utterly defrauded of her rights, and in the page of Byron and of Shelley, strains of the loftiest religious sentiment are found, these strains seem like the voices of fallen angels, singing, in a dream in the lower world, one of the not yet forgotten chants of heaven, and when the fugitive dream has fled, again joining in the rebellious shouts of hell. The choice and mode of treating of such subjects, as Cain and Prometheus, show that these two master-spirits of the Satanic School, do not feel that Faith is wiser than doubt, and Reverence is nobler than rebellion.

Another characteristic of the Satanic School, and nearly akin to that already mentioned, is its discontent. Impassioned, as most of its authors are, and keenly sensible to enjoyment, they seem to have ended all their searches for happiness in fits of disgust. Rousseau was weary of society and even of life, before he quitted it, and died not without suspicion of suicide; and the school of French novelists, who have copied his worst features and left unapproached the nobler elements of his singular nature, delight in tales of suicide; and the tide of the river Seine and the annals of the Morgue show, in the number of weekly victims, how successful these romancers are in teaching the worthlessness of life and the glory of self-murder. The same disgust, that haunted the poor garret of Rousseau, has not spared the most favored of his disciples. A coronet, a fame which threw all titled distinctions into the shade, the adulation of all society, the wide range of the world, the delights of Italy, the glories of Florence, and the pleasures of Venice, could not take from Byron his disgust at life; the intoxicating bowl lost its power to excite him, and his expedition to Greece seemed but a desperate effort to find stimulus enough to cure the discontent, which death at last relieved. His restless and diseased mind had tried every fountain of worldly joy, and found no abiding refreshment; love, fame, every pleasure and every excitement, — all had been tried: —

“Each idle, — and all ill, — and none the worst, —
For all are meteors with a different name,
And death the sable smoke, where vanishes the flame.”

These words well express the bitter moral, which existence taught the noble poet and his school.

Of course such impatience of all restraint, and such restless

discontent could not be accompanied with a taste for the simple pleasures of life. And in fact the Satanic School is distinguished by a disrelish for common joys, common scenes, and truths; and alike in the lives of its authors and in their literary productions, it exhibits a constant craving for strange excitements, a constant tendency towards exaggeration. They care little for life's every-day joys and affections; home is a word to them without meaning, unless it be synonymous with stupidity. No calm love of nature, however much of delirium at views of nature in storm or lightning, and in scenes of fearful convulsion. They delight in portraying the fearful passions of the soul, rather than its ordinary affections,—they glory rather in painting monsters, than faithfully exhibiting the common lineaments of humanity. In this indeed they fall in with the tendency of the age, while at the same time they add to the tendency. The age seeks exaggerations,—delights in storms and monsters. This taste appears in the prevailing tendencies of the drama, and of romantic literature, as well as of the periodical press. It is shown in the extravagancies and prodigies, with which newspapers are filled,—it appears in such tales of monstrosity, as Victor Hugo is deluging the world with, as for instance, his *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, and in plays like those so well caricatured by Dickens in his description of "*The Hatchet of Horror, or the Massacred Milkmaid.*" Our popular novelist, Bulwer, is far from being free from this fault, even in his later works, which are by no means liable to such grave objection, as his earlier productions. There is something artificial and extravagant even in his greatest beauties; and it is a relief often to lay down his page and turn to nature, as it lies around us; it is like quitting the gorgeous splendor of the lamp-lit theatre, and looking on the moon and stars;—or like leaving the close air of a hot-house, and walking abroad in the free fields among flowers, whose fresh and simple beauty is more delightful, than the brilliancy of far-fetched and forced exotics.

The same spirit that gives the Satanic School its rebellious, restless, and extravagant character, makes it peculiarly a literature of the passions. Here the passions rule as if the rightful sovereigns of the heart, and arrogate the right to dictate to reason and conscience. The same prerogative is assumed for them, which the Antinomians assumed for the divine principle of faith; and as certain enthusiasts in the time of Cromwell pro-

fessed to be guided by a heavenly principle, which made them superior to the beggarly elements of justice and humanity, so these modern sentimentalists justify their heroes from all vices on the ground of their generous impulses. Rousseau was the prince of sentimentalists in France, if not in the world, and had a wondrous power in giving a charm to passions, that seemed to rob vice of its grossness : — as a kindred spirit has said of him ;

“ he threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence.”
“ yet he knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling, as they past,
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.”

In Germany, Goethe was the first to wake this impassioned literature, and in his far-famed Werter gave the mania of sentimentality to his nation, while he cured himself of it by the utterance. “ If,” says one of Goethe's worthiest disciples, “ If Byron's life-weariness, his moody melancholy, and mad, stormful indignation, borne on the tones of a wild and quite artless melody, could pierce so deep into many a British heart, now that the whole matter is no longer new, — is indeed old and trite, — we may judge with what vehement acceptance this Werter must have been welcomed, coming, as it did, like a voice from unknown regions, the first thrilling peal of that impassioned dirge, which, in country after country, men's ears have listened to, till they were deaf to all else. For Werter, infusing itself into the core and whole spirit of literature, gave birth to a race of sentimentalists, who have raged, and wailed in every part of the world ; till better light dawned on them, or at least exhausted nature laid itself to sleep, and it was discovered, that lamenting was an unproductive labor. These funeral choristers, in Germany, a loud, haggard, and tearful class, were named the Kraft-männer, or Power-men ; but have all long since, like sick children, cried themselves to sleep. Byron was our English Sentimentalist and Power-man ; the strongest of his kind in Europe ; the wildest, the gloomiest, and it may be hoped, the last.”

Such are some of the characteristics of the school we are considering, — rebellion, disgust, exaggeration, impassioned sen-

timementality ; and when we add, that this literature is reflective, and has a philosophy of its own, enough has been said to describe it. Its philosophy, however, rather delights to find mysteries and enigmas in human life, than to solve them, — to show the many contradictions in the world, and the utter insufficiency of all human pursuits to satisfy the boundless cravings of the soul, rather than to reconcile those contradictions, and lead the craving spirit to its true happiness.

The great power of this stormful literature comes from the fact, that it represented the age, — the age that is now passing away. The heart of man, restless and dissatisfied, at war with itself and struggling with outward bonds, heard its own secrets uttered by master-spirits, who spoke with power, not only because genius was theirs, but because they spoke their own hearts. The age too is reflective, and every individual has been prone to think about his own nature, and to marvel at the enigmas of his being, — the conflicting elements in the heart, and the contrast between the actual world, and the good, which is the soul's ideal and desire. Human feelings, the passions, that display themselves in every heart, have become more interesting, than stories of battles or discoveries ; and the place, held by the *Iliad* and *Æneid* in ruder and warlike times, is now possessed by romances of social life, tales of the passions, confessions of the heart, — those thousand epic poems of our modern life.

That the minds of the great body of readers have been diseased, fevered by this impassioned literature, cannot be denied. And the question is often asked, where shall the antidote be found, which shall resist this bane ; and the antidote has been sought in different ways.

Many treat the whole matter with ridicule, laugh at all that savors of sentiment and romance, and advise us to give up reading or thinking about the feelings, and regard only practical matters, or what appertains to bread and money making. But such advice amounts to very little ; for man has a heart ; and the heart has some wants higher, than what bread can quiet or money can satisfy. Literature, especially the literature of sentiment, is one of the permanent social needs, and the need must and will be met either by a healthful or harmful supply.

Others look with grief upon the inroads made by the Satanic School upon old ideas and forms, and think that the only

safeguard from utter anarchy alike in moral, social, and religious ideas and forms, is to be found by abandoning the movement party, and placing all hope in the past. Thus in Germany the Romantic School, of whom the Schlegels are chief, seek to calm the rebellious spirit of literature, by reviving the spirit of Catholicism, and making the church the great idea, around which all others shall cluster, and borrowing their themes from ages, which Catholic faith has hallowed. In France Chateaubriand and La Martine, in all their works, show their horror at the havoc, which the age has made with old ideas and feelings, and cherish their own reverence and faith by dwelling among the monuments of elder times, the glories of the middle ages, the days of chivalry, of loyalty, and piety; and many of the purer minds among the French rejoice to throw aside Victor Hugo and George Sand, — to turn away from the godless manners of the irreverent throng, and to linger with Chateaubriand among the ruins, which the Genius of Christianity has consecrated, or to wander with him and La Martine through the Holy Land, there to *dream* of that faith and loyalty, which they think have deserted the earth. It is not strange, that in revolutionary France, the more popular poets should be those, who look upon all revolutions with a sigh, who have like faith in loyalty and in the gospel, and regard a throne destroyed, as an altar overthrown.* Such reactions spring from a natural law. England and our own land show specimens of them. In England tory writers in abundance are singing their doleful dirge over modern reforms. Men like Robert Southey, beginning life furious radicals, end it as timid conservatives; the eulogist of the rebel Wat Tyler becomes Poet Laureate, and in his *Vision of Judgment* utters denunciations of the Satanic School, that must be powerless, while he sings the apotheosis of a monarch like George the Third. Such croaking over the present, and worship of the past, cannot be the spirit which is to correct the disorders of modern society, or heal the diseases of modern literature.

The age need not retrograde, it must go forward, in order to rid itself of its evils. The movement, that has produced the Satanic School, is not all wrong, — it is the outbursting of a noble spirit, which, impatient of one class of evils, has run into an opposite extreme; and the highest names in the purer and

* See Charles Nodier's Preface to De La Martine's *Meditations*.

rising literature, are those whose earlier years have shared the madness of the convulsive and transition era. Coleridge and Wordsworth, those bright names in the new literature, the literature of reconciliation and faith, were in early life led away by the predominant revolutionary fever; and in spite of their toryism, are far from being false to the free spirit of the age. In Germany, Goethe and Schiller are the greatest names in the new school, as well as the brightest in the national literature. Schiller's sun rose indeed upon the world in a storm-cloud, but it broke through the cloud, and shone ever after to warm and to illumine. The frenzy that burst forth in the play of the Robbers, and spread such a mania among his countrymen, was soothed by the very utterance of itself; and the later works of Schiller are remarkable for their calmness, lofty virtue, and cheerful faith. Goethe broke upon the world in a cry of woe in the Sorrows of Werter; but his woe was healed by the free expression of it, and now his name is placed by his admirers at the very head of the literature of calmness and reconciliation; and his enemies, instead of classing him with the rebellious Satans of the age, accuse him of indifference.

To speak of a countryman of Goethe, and a more loveable genius than he,—Richter; in him we have a man, whose imagination is unsurpassed in power and strangeness even by the wildest of the Satanic band, and yet whose spirit is placid and childlike. Many of Richter's lesser pieces are familiar to the English reader in good translations. Any one, who has met with his *Atheist's Dream*, or his *Vision of New Year's Eve*, will recognise a genius as wild, as that of the author of *Queen Mab* and *Prometheus Unbound*, and at the same time a calm love and faith, unknown to Shelley, which remind us of the gentler spirit of Wordsworth. Richter indeed delights in the tempest, but on its wild wave he loves to see, as he ever does see, the halcyon bird calmly floating,—its darkest clouds are gilded with light, and the falling shower ever gives rise to the Bow of Promise. His gifted genius enjoys the beautiful wish contained in one of his works;—"may your life have no clouds, that the sunshine may not gild,—no rain, that may not form a rainbow." The objects of nature, that fill other minds with sadness, fill him with joy. The falling blossoms of spring speak to minds of the Byron school, only of hopes blighted and joys faded. The genial German, on the contrary, sees in their fall the promise of summer's rich fruits, and a

beautiful emblem of that humble worth, which, in the mother or the teacher, or the quiet and unnoticed benefactor, gives blessings to the world, and dying, seems to say, like the spring blossoms, "Willingly we die,—for before we fell off, we gave birth to the fruit."

"Ye quiet men,"—these are his words,— "early taken from the earth, who sit unnoticed writing in your chambers; ye, who, little thought of by the world, labor in school rooms; ye noble benefactors of our race, who have no name in history, and ye unknown mothers of the great and good; be not discouraged at the sight of those, who glitter on the high places of the state, who sit on heaps of gold,—or on triumphal arches built over bloody battle-fields,—be not discouraged, for—ye are the blossoms."

Richter's death was worthy his life. He died while composing a work on the immortality of the soul. On the bier of the soldier they place the sword and banner,—on the pall of the noble they emblazon the titles of ancestral rank. Well was it, that on the coffin of Richter they laid his unfinished work on the immortality of the soul, and bore to his grave the token of the purity of his genius, and an emblem of that destiny, which can never be fully comprehended upon earth.

France, though more backward than Germany, shows that a purer literature is rising in the nation, and atoning in part for the many evils, which the morals of literature have suffered at her hands. The popularity of such works as Aimé Martin on the education of woman,—of such romances as Picciola, that witching story of the influence of a flower in touching the heart of a noble prisoner, and turning his misanthropy into benevolence, and his skepticism into faith,—well shows that a better spirit is abroad, and gives us cause to hope that the licentious novelists, who belong to the school of Ashtaroth rather than of Satan, will soon find a poor market for their stuff. The philosophy too, which is now prevailing in France, encourages the hope that the land of Helvetius and Diderot is soon to rise from her grovelling sensualism, and a Cousin and Jouffroy will more than revive the days of Malebranche and Descartes.

In Italy, the rising and most popular literature is full of faith and hope. Pellico's mournful cry from his Austrian dungeon has revealed what a spirit there is in some Italian hearts; and the spirit of Manzoni and his school is as pure as Pellico's

Prison Hours, and far more 'hopeful and manly. On one account Italy may be congratulated. "Since 1800," says one of her sons, who though exiled loves his country, as a patriot and scholar should, "there has not been an immoral book, of note, printed in that country, not even one, not conscientiously directed to a severe reformation of moral principles. The Italians have no such teachers of morals, as Byron, Moore, or Bulwer; Paul de Kock, or Victor Hugo."

The literature that now most interests the English and American public is of a pure and exalted character. Wordsworth is the bright and rising star of our poetry, and shines placidly where Byron's lurid metéor before glared. His power over the more reflective and refined minds has been great, and through them will be diffused through common literature. Although his muse is too intellectual and passionless to please the common mind, and he is rather too much of a tory in his politics to respond to the free spirit of the age, he has for the world words of meaning, that must be heard. Already has he been in many a mind a priceless minister of reconciliation between beauty and goodness, aspiration and content, sentiment and duty. Little did Lord Jeffrey, when he ridiculed Wordsworth's nursery rhymes, as he called them, dream, that ere long the mention of that poet's name would raise a shout of enthusiasm in the assembly of Britain's legislators, and there would be some, not unskilled minds, who should rank this poet of the baby house with Chaucer, Milton, Spenser, and Shakspeare, one of the five starred constellation of England's bards. Scott, of course, is the most popular writer of the age, but he does not deserve much notice in the present connexion, however much in other connexions; for although he charms by his narrative and soothes by his good humor, he has exercised little influence over the opinions of the age, however much he may have moved the sensibilities. A reflective age demands philosophy, and Scott pretends to none. The age looks with hope to the future, while all of Scott's hope is in the past.

In our land, the rising literature is cheerful, hopeful, and pure. It has become more republican; less disposed to ape foreign fashions; not rebellious and destructive, but benevolent and creative; free not like the Satan, who scorned law, even Heaven's, but free in that subjection, which is perfect freedom. Already we have a rising school of poetry, history, and romance, that is free and yet reverential, — glowing

with feeling, yet devoid of any unhallowed fires. No brighter name has opposed itself to the Satanic movement in any land than our own Channing. Already his name in literature, morals, and religion, like Washington's in government, is becoming a symbol for that freedom, which is inspired by law. He scorns all arbitrary restraint, but it is because he obeys the law of God. Every truly human feeling lives and glows in his works, and instead of breaking forth in unhallowed passion, or being deadened by formal piety, all emotions breathe a life, that is as intense as it is pure, harmonious, and serene.

But the man, who is exercising the strongest influence upon the tone of literature amongst us, and soothing the rebellious Satanic Spirit, alike by his introduction of the best German literature, and by the productions of his own pen, — is Thomas Carlyle. Many laugh at him, and yet delight to read him. He has been called a prophet in a harlequin's dress: if it be indeed so, it were unwise so to scoff at the motley robe, as to leave unheeded the prophet-words. Yet with all the ridicule at his style, Carlyle is the most popular, or the most sought for of the philosophical writers of our day. It is a somewhat singular coincidence, that in our country, the two Reviews, which stand at the extremes, — the most conservative Review and the most radical, have lately put forth highly eulogistic notices of the author of *Sartor* and the French Revolution. One has well called him the poet of the age, — combining Shelley's fiery imagination with Wordsworth's placid faith. Of course, if he be this great poet, then the Epic poem of our times is his French Revolution. One fault corrected, his influence would be without reproach. In his rage against Cant and his love for nature, he is too apt to worship living and real power, even if it tend to evil. It is to be hoped, that he will rise above this mania for originality, and that the taste he shows for such Titans as Mirabeau will be done away by the love of that calm and symmetrical majesty, which he so idolizes in Goethe.

No man wars more with human arrogance and boasted dignities than Carlyle. He is the greatest radical of the age, and yet he has nothing of the destructive spirit of the Satanic School. He is reconciled and reverential, — he looks with cheerful faith upon the darkest scenes in human history. The littleness of men does not fret him, but only makes him more enthusiastic in his love for a true man. The grovelling habits of a Utilitarian age provoke him not to wrath, but to a noble de-

fence of the worth of the spiritual nature ; and his insight into the spiritual beauty of Christianity is such as might shame the pretensions of many a proud divine.

The names we have mentioned, as belonging to the new and better school of literature are not very often brought together, yet there are among them many points of resemblance, and they unite in their opposition to the Satanic School. Widely as men, like Wordsworth and Carlyle, differ from each other, they yet have the same philosophy of man's nature, and hold a place in the new literature of the age.

To the wild spirit of rebellion, the new school opposes a spirit of reconciliation. It does not cease warring with hostile powers, because it is weak and slavish, but while it has manfully thrown off all shackles upon its freedom, submits to the evils which are inevitable, and glories in a liberty which is subject to law. It does not quarrel with fate, nor, like a caged beast, tear itself against the iron limits of necessity. It acknowledges, that limitation is the lot of man ; that the feeling infinite cannot find full scope and happiness in this world, and most aspires, while it most submits.

It is calm not with the quiet of stupidity, but the serenity of intense and harmonious action. The spirit to which it aspires, is like that, which Carlyle attributes somewhat too enthusiastically to his idol, Goethe. "The stern and fiery energies of a most passionate soul lie silent in the centre of his being ; a trembling sensibility has been inured to stand without flinching or murmur, the sharpest trials. Nothing outward, nothing inward shall agitate or control him. The brightest and most capricious fancy, the most piercing and inquisitive intellect, the wildest and deepest imagination, the highest thrills of joy, the bitterest pangs of sorrow ; all these are his, he is not theirs. His faculties and feelings are not fettered and prostrated under the iron sway of Passion, but led and guided in kindly union under the mild sway of Reason ; as the fierce primeval elements of Chaos were stilled at the coming of Light, and bound together under its soft vesture into a glorious and beneficent Creation. This is the true rest of man, the dim aim of every human soul, the full attainment of only a chosen few."

Thus calm and reconciled, without being dull or slavish, this better literature is also free from the disgust at common things, which marked the Satanic School. It honors common life ; it loves the calmer aspects of nature ; it glorifies the fa-

miliar home; it asks but life and health and the common blessings of existence to make its happiness. How widely in this respect, the strains of the contented dweller at Rydal Mount differ from that noble poet, who found nothing in home, or foreign pilgrimages and pleasures, to give him peace. The one turned from the richest joys the world can give with disgust, — the other finds delight in the most ordinary scene. The simplest flower wakes thoughts to him too deep for tears. He could say: —

“Long have I loved what I behold,
The night, that calms — the day, that cheers;
The common growth of mother earth
Suffices me — her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

“The dragon’s wing, the magic ring
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray;
And with a soul of power.

“These given, what need I more desire,
To stir — to soothe — or elevate?
What nobler marvels, than the mind
May in life’s daily prospect find,
May find or there create?”

The respect which Wordsworth and like spirits show for common things, does not originate in a mind common-place, and a spirit tame and prosaic. They find great principles in common objects. As the philosopher owns the same sublime law in a drop of water, which he sees in the shape and movements of the heavenly orbs; so the heart’s true philosopher discerns sublimest truths in simplest things, and to him all nature and life are rich with meaning. The spirit of beauty appears in the mountain daisy as in the rose gardens of Eastern princes; for him every forest has a charm as well as the shades of a Vacluse. He need not seek the Alpine storm, nor list to the live thunder, as it leaps from crag to crag, that he may hear the voice of God; for God whispers in every breeze, and beams in every star. To him common humanity is interesting, and in every man he owes the marks of that nature, which was so brightly revealed in a Shakspeare and Milton, and once tabernacled the Deity in Mary’s Divine Son. The works dictated by such feelings have already had much effect on the public mind, and given interest to common scenes and char-

acters. Some of the most fascinating of recent poems record but the simple annals of the poor; and the most distinguished fiction of the present year, and which is alike a favorite in humble homes and brilliant halls, paints the sorrows and the final happiness of a pauper orphan.

But the crowning excellence of this better literature lies in the beauty with which it clothes practical life, the worth it gives to duty above passion. In its ear, duty is the harmonious accord of all faculties and all feelings. It dignifies the common virtues; it is believing, humble, calm, contented, active, conscientious; but its faith is something better than credulity, its humility is not tameness, its calmness is not stagnation, its content is not stupidity, its activity not worldly routine, its conscientiousness is not the death of genial impulses, but rather their harmonious utterance. It points to a practical life, as a good school for the ideal muse, and regards ideality as the beautifier of daily experience. Its steed is no tame hack-horse, but a fleet Pegasus with foot for the earth and wing for the empyrean, and he soars on sublimer pinion for walking in the lowly meadow, and resting in this working-day world. The highest flights of the imagination are not only compatible with, but even aided by, a dutiful and practical life; and the most glowing sensibilities may find scope and nurture by the quiet fireside. Poetry is thus no longer the swan-song of agonized and dying feeling, but the cheerful music that gladdens daily life, and in its saddest tones but chants the pensive aspiration after better worlds. The bard of Rydal Mount sings of Duty as well as Immortality, and his life seems true to these strains. A wild genius like Richter is not dulled by regular habits, but in all he wrote, shows that his soul of flame was steadied by a regular life, and kept pure and glowing in a happy and virtuous home. At home he wrote, and there found inspiration enough; while Shelley, and such as he, sought it in startling scenes and wild abodes, now invoking the muse among the deserted and flower-grown ruins of Rome — now finding a home in the roofless recesses of the Pisan hills, and now tossed by the winds and waves of that wild Bay, in whose rocky caves the midnight moon often lighted his reveries, and in whose waters he at last found a grave. If Richter so differs from the Satanic band, much more the serene Goethe; and the most prominent lesson, which the chief of the German Parnassus utters, bids us lead a life of efficient action, if we would enjoy the fulness

of the heart's sensibilities, — to seek for constancy and ardor of feeling in vigor and steadiness of occupation, — to keep faith in the ideal, and yet not lose sight of the actual world; and instead of fretting at things as they are, or rebelling in Satanic pride at the limits that restrict our efforts, and the disappointments that mock our aspirations, cheerfully set ourselves to the duties of our sphere, and whatever our hand findeth to do, do it with our might.

Cheerily, then, let the pilgrim wend his way, and while he travels the busy road, he may enjoy all the better for his activity the verdure around him, and the sky and the stars above.

“Thy lot is appointed, go follow its hest;
Thy journey's begun, thou must move and not rest,
For sorrow and care cannot alter thy case,
And running, not raging, will win thee the race.”

S. O.

ART. II. — *Oliver Twist*; by CHARLES DICKENS, (Boz.)
Author of “*Pickwick Papers*,” &c. Philadelphia: Lea &
Blanchard, successors to Carey & Co. 1839. 8vo. pp. 212.

It is not often that books of such sudden popularity afford much for profitable remark. They are quickly read out of the world. A work, which is to endure, men are not in so great a hurry to see. Silently and slowly it forms itself, amid the noise and glitter of life's ephemeral attractions, and is recognised only by the few of truer sense and insight, until at last, upon the strength of their enthusiasm about it, the world comes to honor it, as ignorantly as it does Shakspeare, and all great authors, who are famous, but by no means popular. Indeed very wide popularity is commonly a presumption against a book, while it is new; since it is only requisite for such success, that it be something which can be idly read, or that it contain something wicked, like Lady Bulwer's late novel, to stimulate the malicious curiosity of the many. It was a long while, therefore, before we yielded to the fashion and began to read “Boz.” We were charmed against our will. And, what is more, the charm lasted while we thought over the dream. As we read

along, pleasant amusement deepened into intense and pure emotion; and, after these were gone, there remained a substantial product in our hands. Our faith, as well as our knowledge of the world, had grown. We had been seeing worse sides of human life exposed than had ever entered our thought before, and exposed in such a way, that we could still see the evil subordinated to the good, and that there is yet more to be hoped, than to be feared, for man. We had been led through the labyrinths of a great city by a true and wise observer, — one who goes everywhere into the midst of facts, and does not get lost among them; one who dares to look into the rotten parts of the world, and yet forgets not its beauty as a whole, but still has faith enough to love this human nature, whose meanness he knows so well. Truly, thought we, the work deserves to be admired; and, that we may get all the good we can out of it, we will try to tell wherein it is truly admirable. We are not going to judge it by received or assumed laws of criticism; but, having felt that here is something genuine and effective in its way, we would, if possible, unfold its great excellencies, and seek in them their law. For, really, it is not worth the while to criticise a work, which is not significant enough to give law to the critic. Accordingly, we shall take this story for what it is, and find no fault with it for what it is not.

"*Oliver Twist*" is the story of a parish boy, so named, who first saw light in the work-house of an English village, whither his young mother had come, a forsaken wanderer and a stranger, to die in giving him birth. His infant experiences are dismal enough. Not brought up, but "dragged up," as Charles Lamb would say, among paupers, to be starved, beaten, and abused by every body; a stranger to smiles and every genial influence; taught from the first the stern reality of hardships, solitude, and total want of sympathy; with everything conspiring to cure him as fast as possible of childhood's charming sins, simplicity and trustfulness; he was made to appreciate, through all its details and refinements, the admirable economy of the pauper system of England, which does so much to discourage paupers, and so little to prevent men from being born into that condition. These wretched scenes, true to the life, yet relieved by much exquisite humor in the caricatures of the petty officials, the "Beadle" and the "Board," those more shrewd, than kind dispensers of the public charity, and by many little touches of natural affection here and there, form the first portion of the

story. Oliver, pure as an infant saint, and preserving all his natural piety, and affectionateness, for which he scarcely finds an object, interests us more and more, and seems to cling to us for the love, denied him by all about him.

Turn now from the *poor-laws as they are* to the *consequences*, from the village work-house to the dens of London. Oliver, after first serving a short apprenticeship to the lowest bidder, the undertaker of the village, escapes and makes his way to London. Here he is decoyed into the haunt of an old Jew and his expert young pupils, who carry on a systematic trade of robbery in his employment. They receive him with such warm, fantastic cheer, that, half-starved and simple as he is, he has no suspicion of their real character until it is too late. He is completely their prisoner, dependent for all the sorry comfort which he had ever had in life upon beings busied in corrupting him, and doomed henceforth to know only the vilest scenes and characters of London, where thousands, like himself, are almost necessarily led by want, by example, and by lack of public sympathy, into the worst ways of crime. The "merry old gentleman" sets about training him up in the way of his other pupils, with the most benevolent and disinterested hope of seeing him become an honor to his profession. Here is a specimen of the training.

"When the breakfast was cleared away, the merry old gentleman and the two boys played at a very curious and uncommon game, which was performed in this way:—The merry old gentleman, placing a snuff-box in one pocket of his trousers, a note-case in the other, and a watch in his waistcoat pocket, with a guard-chain round his neck, and sticking a mock-diamond pin in his shirt, buttoned his coat tight round him, and, putting his spectacle-case and handkerchief in the pockets, trotted up and down the room with a stick, in imitation of the manner in which old gentlemen walk about the streets every hour in the day. Sometimes he stopped at the fire-place, and sometimes at the door, making belief that he was staring with all his might into shop-windows. At such times he would look constantly round him for fear of thieves, and keep slapping all his pockets in turn, to see that he hadn't lost anything, in such a very funny and natural manner, that Oliver laughed till the tears ran down his face. All this time the two boys followed him closely about, getting out of his sight so nimbly every time he turned round, that it was impossible to follow their motions. At last the Dodger trod upon his toes, or ran upon his boot accidentally, while Charley Bates

stumbled up against him behind ; and in that one moment they took from him with the most extraordinary rapidity, snuff-box, note-case, watch-guard, chain, shirt-pin, pocket-handkerchief, — even the spectacle-case. If the old gentleman felt a hand in any one of his pockets, he cried out where it was, and then the game began all over again.

“ When this game had been played a great many times, a couple of young ladies came to see the young gentlemen, one of whom was called Bet and the other Nancy. They wore a good deal of hair, not very neatly turned up behind, and were rather untidy about the shoes and stockings. They were not exactly pretty, perhaps ; but they had a great deal of color in their faces, and looked quite stout and hearty. Being remarkably free and agreeable in their manners, Oliver thought them very nice girls indeed, as there is no doubt they were.

“ These visitors stopped a long time. Spirits were produced, in consequence of one of the young ladies complaining of a coldness in her inside, and the conversation took a very convivial and improving turn. At length Charley Bates expressed his opinion that it was time to pad the hoof, which it occurred to Oliver must be French for going out ; for directly afterwards, the Dodger, and Charley, and the two young ladies went away together, having been kindly furnished with money to spend, by the amiable old Jew.

“ ‘ There, my dear,’ said Fagin, ‘ that’s a pleasant life, isn’t it ? They have gone out for the day.’

“ ‘ Have they done work, sir ? ’ inquired Oliver.

“ ‘ Yes,’ said the Jew ; ‘ that is, unless they should unexpectedly come across any when they are out ; and they won’t neglect it if they do, my dear, depend upon it.’

“ ‘ Make ’em your models, my dear, make ’em your models,’ said the Jew, tapping the fire-shovel on the hearth to add force to his words ; ‘ do everything they bid you, and take their advice in all matters, especially the Dodger’s, my dear. He’ll be a great man himself, and make you one too, if you take pattern by him. Is my handkerchief hanging out of my pocket, my dear ? ’ said the Jew, stopping short.

“ ‘ Yes, sir,’ said Oliver.

“ ‘ See if you can take it out, without my feeling it, as you saw them do, when we were at play this morning.’

“ Oliver held up the bottom of the pocket with one hand as he had seen the Dodger do, and drew the handkerchief lightly out of it with the other.

“ ‘ Is it gone ? ’ cried the Jew.

“ ‘ Here it is, sir,’ said Oliver, showing it in his hand.

“ ‘You’re a clever boy, my dear,’ said the playful old gentleman, patting Oliver on the head approvingly ; ‘I never saw a sharper lad. Here’s a shilling for you. If you go on in this way, you’ll be the greatest man of the time. And now come here, and I’ll show you how to take the marks out of the handkerchiefs.’ ”

“ Oliver wondered what picking the old gentleman’s pocket in play had to do with his chances of being a great man ; but thinking that the Jew, being so much his senior, must know best, followed him quietly to the table, and was soon deeply involved in his new study.”

Oliver’s progress under these auspicious influences, his temporary escape, and recapture by the Jew, the conflicts of his soul with the dark destiny that seems to overhang him, his successful resistance to temptation in circumstances which scarcely seem to leave to virtue any breathing-place, are intensely interesting. He keeps his purity throughout, and grows more beautiful, the more the dark influences thicken around him. This portion of the story introduces us into all the worst haunts of London, and makes us acquainted with low life and rascality, in all their details, — a hideous combination of the wretched and the droll. This is *the Poor-Laws carried out*.

Next, we have the happy delivery of Oliver. The scene is entirely changed, to sweet rural life, among kindest friends of means and refinement, who educate him, and love him. Meanwhile the plot thickens. In the background hovers ever and anon the shadow of a certain man called “Monks,” who seems to have known Oliver, and been interested all the while in procuring his destruction. He it seems is at the bottom of the old Jew’s tenacious affection for Oliver, through whose admirable guardianship he hopes to make a villain of him, that so he may come to the gallows, or, at least, by his blackened reputation forfeit his inheritance. For it now appears that Oliver is the younger brother of this man, and stands between him and property, which he means to make his own.

The detection and final catastrophe of the Jew and his gang, where the horrors of conscience are portrayed with terrible reality ; the apprehension of Monks ; the identification of Oliver through the efforts of his new friends, among whom, to his glad surprise, he recognises his nearest relations, — bring the whole to a happy close.

This very meagre abstract may give some idea of the variety of material wrought into this story.

In seeking now what qualities go to the making up of such a work, the first thing which suggests itself is, the writer's astonishing power of observation and description. We are tempted at first to imagine that he owes it to a much greater amount of experience and rarer opportunities of seeing the world, than fall to the lot of most men. And experience, more than most of us, he has had, in the truest sense, but not in the common sense of the word. For time is not the measure of experience; nor has he necessarily got most of it, who has lived longest, been in the most places, and seen the most men. One person may experience more in an hour, than another in a year, by reason of the superior activity of his faculties, he living much, while the other only lives in the midst of much. Mr Dickens, we are told, is a very young man, and cannot have seen much more of the world, though he evidently has seen it better, than many other observers. His sketches from real life (and such are all his works) are so vivid, reflecting the characteristic features always, and that with such ease and freedom as to betray no art or conscious effort; his groups fall together so naturally; his characters stand out so distinct and individual; his lights and shades relieve each other so undesignedly; his most burlesque extravaganzas so serve to bring out and emphasize, without exaggerating, the significant points in every-day sights, that we wonder why this obvious faculty should be his alone; it seems as if we all should have it, since we too have eyes, and memory, and language, and a world about us to draw from. There seems to be no creation about it, but only the opening of one's lips and writing from nature's dictation. Here are the things, the scenes, the characters: why can one man only in an age describe them? A second thought informs us, that the true see-er is indeed a creator in his kind; that nothing short of fine faculties, finely disciplined, and possessed constantly in their full force, can give a man a true eye. This writer's great power, which lies not so much in any ideal invention, as in strong and accurate perception of *things as they are*, betokens a rare tendency, and one still more rarely favored by our modes of education: for it seems to be taken for granted that in the use of our eyes and ears we may be purely passive; such a thing as an education of the senses is hardly dreamed of.

This writer is one of the very few, who *see things*. Think how much this implies. In the first place, a full, harmonious *activity* of all one's faculties, such as is only found in

childhood, and there only under the conditions of a fine organization, health, and genial influences from without, — an activity, not, as in most cases, occasional and forced and waiting for motives, not restless and self-exhausting, but forever of its own accord diffusing itself about, like air. Then *interest* in men and things, collectively and singly, — a something deeper and better than curiosity, — a power to shut out the dogging phantom of one's own egotism, while he enters into every little group or corner, and lives in it till it becomes a world to him. Then a great deal of *Faith*; a cheerful, hopeful, trustful spirit; a wise and uncomplaining *optimism*, that can afford to linger among the depravities, petty limitations, and exceptions in life, merging such refractory details in its boundless confidence in a principle, that ultimately all is good, and never allowing itself to get belittled and drawn down by them into the cold fog of sneers, censoriousness, and small hope.

To these qualifications of the true observer must be added others, to enable him to see things so as to reproduce them in description. He must have *Fancy*, that livelier modification of *Memory*, which, while it remembers, also recombines images with more or less vivacity of choice. This versatile spirit plays over the surface of *Fact*, till it robs it of all its miscellaneous character, and, by its fond and rapid detection of fine analogies and contrasts, literally transforms histories into *novels*. And, to complete the artist, he must have *Imagination*, to animate his given materials into a living whole, so that his work shall seem no chance or choice affair, but a necessary product out of the Soul of all things, a true creation, justified by the like necessity with Nature itself.

Such powers go to a just perception and representation of nature. Few men see things well. Given the object immediately before us, yet it is not the same thing to every one who looks upon it. To most it stands there dull and miscellaneous, and means little; or at best, each one sees in it only what *he* happens to have an eye for, and that, too, warped, miscolored, and exaggerated by his prejudiced and interested way of viewing life altogether. A literal copy of actual life were as impracticable, as it would be superfluous and unsatisfactory. To seize the right aspect of a scene to make a beautiful landscape, the right features of an event to make a readable history, story, or romance, is the difficult matter. One of Goethe's favorite expressions was, how to

"win" from an object its poetic and representable side. Actual life gives us no histories and novels ready made; the artist must win them from it. Life presents us a confusion of materials; we must look them into shape and unity.

These powers to some considerable degree are implied, when we say that the author of "*Oliver Twist*" is of the few, who *see things*. Perhaps "*Boz*" would not understand all this, any more than the child understands your fine talk about simplicity. We would willingly part with the power of saying it, could we be privileged to illustrate it as well as "*Boz*."

The qualities above mentioned this writer in some degree certainly possesses. His are not, to be sure, creations in the highest sense; they tell more of his true perceptions of the actual, the local, the conventional, than of his aspirations to the Ideal. His pictures surprise us by their fresh reality, more than they charm us by their spiritual significance. They show more of fancy than of imagination, more of the Rembrandt than of the Allston. Over them rests the every-day sunlight; not that mild glorification with which the ideal artist transforms the facts of a day into "*things forever*," making them emblems of the eternal soul. But he is a genius in his way. He sees things with his own eyes. There is fine integrity and healthfulness in his perceptions. Objects make their whole impression upon his open senses; he accepts the whole without evasion, and trusts it, inasmuch as it is real; and he paints it to us again in quick, bold, expressive strokes, with a free manner, marred by no misgivings, yet always modest. He is as objective as Goethe could desire. It is the *thing* which he gives us, and not *himself*. He is neither egotist, nor imitator. Not from books of poetry or romance, from the classics, or critical codes founded upon them, does he take his suggestion and his model, but from his own vivid observations, from what he has seen and lived, and this, too, keeping his own personality in the background, thereby escaping the fault of many of the most genuine writers of the day, the stamp of genius upon whose pages is not enough to reconcile us to their morbid self-consciousness. He has the health and many of the best qualities of Scott, only not his learning and fondness for the past.

And so he has produced a work, which all must hail with joy, a romance which is purely modern, — modern in its materials and in its ideas. To classic, oriental, fairy land he has not felt it necessary to go for poetic material; nor to persons of rank

or genius, nor to events world-renowned, for tragic interest. But here about our feet he has developed romance enough; and in the annals of a parish poor house, in the calendars of crime, in the dullest dregs of artificial life in London, where men are crowded together so as apparently almost to crowd nature out, he has found nature and poetry enough to interest the heart, the imagination, and all within us, which poet or painter by any skill can touch.

Viewed simply as *history*, such a work as this really records more of the significant features of this age, than whole folios of history in the old style, filled with kings and battles, and names and events, but telling us nothing of the heart and marrow of the times they talk about, nothing of the people, nothing of what is fermenting in the depths of society, till it finally purify or explode the whole. There can be little doubt that the picture, which Mr. Dickens gives us of low life in London, is true to the fact. In such subjects nothing can out-caricature the reality. Where men are so crowded together, and are all so much the artificial products of a system of society, the individuality still inherent in each will struggle out in most grotesque forms. Look at what meets you every day in Washington street, as if you were looking at a picture, and what could be more droll, more absurdly disproportioned to our ideal of humanity? Much more so must it be in that great metropolis of the world, that "fermenting vat" of civilization.

It is in subjects of this kind that our author chiefly excels, — in describing low life in great cities, and in hitting off the conventionalisms and pretensions of all classes, which are amusing enough to one who looks through them, and yet has health and hope enough to be patient with them. Beautiful nature, and characters of sentiment and genius, show not so life-like upon his canvass. Yet the star-like purity of Oliver, which the clouds can only obscure, but never change; the sweet episode of little Dick, and many more such redeeming spots of sunshine, scattered along the pathway of this tale of crime and woe, show that he has felt what moral beauty is.

In nothing does his genius appear more than in the wonderful individuality of his characters. He makes us know them all. They have each a character, as distinct as possible from all the others; and all that each one does or says is characteristic. They come up continually in the reader's memory like *bonâ fide* acquaintances. We could tell one of them, if he

brushed by us in the dark. They are *persons*, in the strictest sense; and there are so many of them! Even those, which play the most subordinate parts, the mere supernumeraries to complete a group, whom we almost overlook while occupied with the central figures, come up again in memory with the rest, each with his own unique expression. No one of them is so eccentric, so flattened or elongated in description by the humorous mood of the writer, that we do not recollect the like of him somewhere. And yet are they, all, beings by themselves; they are all creations; they were not, and never could have been, merely copied. A copy, to have life, must also be an original in some sense. We do not wonder that Cruikshank's sketches are in general so apt: how could the artist fail to take the idea of characters, which came from the writer's mind in form too individual and palpable to be mistaken? If in any class of characters he fails, it is in those of sentiment and higher culture. There is most life in his knaves, his drolls, his vulgar officials, and eccentric folks. But his gentlemen and ladies are almost characterless. Rose Maylie and her lover, though they relieve the lowering, lurid monotony of a tale of so much guilt with a little sunlight, yet are, it must be confessed, rather tame in themselves. This part of the book would never be read for its own sake. Their images do not present themselves before us in our vacant hours; while the Beadle, the whole-hearted doctor, good Mr. Brownlow, and his crusty old crony, Mr. Grimwig, with his worst side out, and the whole group of the Jew and his associates, are portraits hung up in a very strong light in the chambers of our memory, which we look at daily as we pass.

Scenes and places, too, are brought before us with the same distinctness. We shall not forget to seek out those decayed old tenements, when we go to London. And should we ever chance to pass upon a stage-coach through the village of Oliver's birth, we shall recognise it at a glance, and think how Mr. Bumble here disported in the glory of full-blown beadle-ship; alas! the uncertain tenure of human greatness!

A man of so much observation must of course have an eye for the ludicrous. Of the humor of "Boz," we cannot trust ourselves to say the fitting word. It seems to be the natural posture of his mind. All his thoughts flow out in humor. All his portraits are steeped in it. Over all his descriptions hovers this quaint presiding genius; — it waits outside, not far aloof,

when the most tragic scenes are going on. This aspect of things has its truth, as much as any other. There is a comic side to everything. And there *is* a fondness of this side of things, which is not heartless, and which does not interfere with reverence. Indeed the perfection of humor, and the most of it will be found in the most earnest and loving souls. And in them it exists in intimate connexion with the pathetic, and seems to flow some how from a common source. It is not a superficial faculty; but flows from the inmost character of the man, and is part of his inspiration. We have remarkable illustrations of it at this day. Is not modern English literature rich, when it can boast at once of three such rare funds of exquisite humor, as Charles Lamb, Carlyle, and "Boz"? and the humor of each so genuine, so entirely his own, and unlike that of the others?

We have already hinted at the optimism of humor. In whomsoever we see this tendency we are assured that they have a good sound healthy faith at bottom, that all will come out right; and so what annoys feebler minds, amuses them. This is not the whole explanation of this faculty, nor can we presume to give its philosophy. But we cannot refrain from suggesting one other fact always discoverable in humor. Humor is essential to the health of very active minds. It enables them to keep their balance, and to recover themselves continually for new effort. It keeps the intense mind buoyed up above a too personal interest in things, and the danger of growing morbid. All successful geniuses have more or less of it in their composition. Where genius is without it, or without that, whatever it be, from which it flows, it works only to consume itself, or rusts, afraid of its own activity.

All intense passion finds vent in it. What does the angry man do, but jeer and caricature his adversary? Violent grief laughs at itself; for it cannot help seeing in the midst of its agony, that, in mourning what *must be*, it is setting itself against what *should be*; and so by an unwilling joke, shows that it is returning to reason. So that humor seems to be the natural companion of great activity of mind. It makes activity endurable. Else the nerves, so violently strained, would snap.

Mr. Dickens's humor is such as might be supposed to accompany great activity of the perceptive powers, in a man otherwise in harmony with himself, of good sense, and loving

everything genuine, like himself. Accordingly, it is in the *not genuine*, as contrasted with the genuine; in the queer figure which all real individual character makes while struggling with too powerful conventionalisms; in the lies, the pretensions, the vanities of an artificial state, so minutely aped from the highest standard of "society" down through all orders to the lowest, — that he finds his food for mirth. His quick eye cannot but detect the signs of this all around him. And a great city like London is the very place for it. He looks round him and sees everywhere men strutting in assumed characters, studying to appear, anxiously imitating one another, forgetting to *be* something; he sees men, willing to part with everything, only not with the pleasure of calling themselves "respectable," as if that were the thing we live for. He sees the distressed complacency of would-be great men. From one to another he traces the practical lie all through. Too buoyant and full of health to be sickened by it, he takes it simply as a phenomenon, without judging it, and it becomes irresistibly comic. This is the truest and most effective kind of satire. Its arrows fly straight to the mark, because winged by truth and not by personal feeling. Modern society was never more successfully exposed. In the "Pickwick Papers" our author has done this best, though perhaps in the extreme style of caricature. Nevertheless it is a true picture. Mr. Pickwick and his gentlemen followers are a company of mere "respectables," nothings in themselves, made altogether by society, whose life consists in appearing, and whose tragic sufferings spring from their failure to do this well. The humor of the book consists in contrasting these gentlemen with genuine people of the lower sort; in using them as foils to show off the real "mother wit" of such decided characters, as Sam. Weller and his father. The author's fondness for his characters, however, is such, that Mr. Pickwick cannot stay nothing, and becomes more and more of a decided *person* before we get through. In the present work no humor of which we know in literature, exceeds that of the courtship of Mr. Bumble.

In the pathetic, "Oliver Twist" yields to no novel. No hero of fiction ever took stronger hold of our affections than this poor child. This writer understands the affections. Through all the dark scenes of his story he continually strikes hidden veins of natural goodness, which is a light to itself; he finds gleams of the imperishable *heart* everywhere. Our interest in

Oliver lies wholly in this. He is not much else, but he is a pure heart.

Of the great tragic power of this work we could say much, had we room. It abounds in the finest tragic situations. The essence of the tragic is in the conflict of the individual with destiny. The highest form of it is where a man struggles not merely with an overruling destiny from without, but with a destiny that works from within and through his own character, as in *Hamlet*. Our author is not subjective enough for this. His attention is more given to the outward. Yet he rises above the vulgar, merely physical tragedy. The "Flight of Sykes" in this book can hardly be matched for moral power. The old Greek "*Furies*" of Orestes were not more tragic, than the horrors of conscience which here hunt down the desperate murderer. This scene is worth all the sermons about retribution ever preached.

And this leads us to speak of the moral tone and tendency of the book. Though a cool and impartial observer, this writer sees things from no centre of indifference. His pictures of society judge society. He delights in exposing all that is false, conventional, and hollow in common life; the lies, which we are living, high and low; the imitation of one another's respectable vices. This he does without levity or malice, with no sneer, and in no morbid spirit. What charms us most is the healthy tone of this writer, as far from indifference, on the one hand, as from any idiosyncratic exaggeration on the other. Deeply as he goes into disgusting details, mortifying to the pride of human nature as are his sly winks at all our little vanities; much as he dwells among the most revolting scenes of a corrupt society, showing at what an expense of loathsome realities all this decency of appearance is kept up; openly as he paints us the worst, which hitherto only sneering skeptics have dared to do; — yet he does it in faith and cheerfulness. We see that he still loves man, and hopes for man. There is, in spite of all these sickening details, a something corrective in the general atmosphere of his pictures; he never lets us forget that poured round all is the blithe air of the Universe still, — that up above us there the sky is clear, and smiles down upon our scene of misery as if it knew, but forbore to tell, the solution of the riddle which torments us, — that the stars are there, that God is alive, and that this world is good. We have said that this work is *modern* in its ideas. This writer

connects himself with the movement tendency of the age. The love of man shines on his pages. He is a reformer, and believes in making society better. The inference from his story is inevitable. It shows us how much crime in England is a direct and necessary product of their oppressive Poor-Law system, and how crime and depravity everywhere come, more than we think, from our want of sympathy with the poor, our small respect for man as man, our violation of the natural pledge of brotherhood. This drives men into iniquity. Beware how thou judgest the depraved, whom thou perchance hast helped to make!

J. S. D.

ART. III. — *Tracts for the Times.* By Members of the University of Oxford. Four vols. 8vo. 1833–1838. London: Rivingtons.

EZRA tells us with what parade and joy the captive Israelites returned by the decree of Cyrus to their desolate cities. As was natural, sorrow at the devastation and pollution of their sacred places, filled their breasts when they again beheld them; but this soon gave way to the labor of renovation. When the work was accomplished the prophet says, "All the people shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the House of the Lord was laid. But many of the Priests and Levites, and chief of the Fathers, who were ancient men that had seen the first House, when the foundation of this House was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice." The ark, the shechinah, the tables of the covenant, Aaron's rod, and the manna, the riches and the boast of the former temple, were gone, and only their holy associations remained. It has often occurred to us that the fathers and ancient men of the English hierarchy must have experienced something of the same feeling, when they compared the latter temple of their land with the former. The unity of doctrine, truth and discipline, the unyielding and all pervading authority, and the august ceremonies of Catholicism, have left merely

their shadows in the Protestant Episcopacy of England. These were the symbols and the facts which made the former Church a reality, putting it above the arguments of heretics, and attaching to it the unquestioning faith of its disciples. It seemed indeed to be built upon a rock. Its priests gave titles to kings, its revenues drained and then beautified the land, and its offices were associated with every event and hour of life. The perfect consistency which then existed between the theory and the practice of Catholicism, is the basis of the most solid of those arguments, by which its supporters still vindicate its authority, and labor zealously for its restoration.

Charles Butler has thus given the points of resemblance between the Churches of England and of Rome.

“The former has retained much of the dogma, and much of the discipline of Roman Catholics. Down to the sub-deacon it has retained the whole of their hierarchy; and, like them, has its deans, and rural deans, chapters, prebends, archdeacons, rectors, and vicars; a liturgy, taken in a great measure, from the Roman Catholic liturgy, and composed, like that, of psalms, canticles, the three creeds, litanies, gospels, epistles, prayers, and responses. Both churches have the sacraments of baptism and the eucharist, the absolution of the sick, the burial service, the sign of the cross in baptism, the reservation of confirmation and ordination to bishops, the difference of episcopal and sacerdotal dress, feasts, and fasts.”*

These are indeed points of resemblance. But where is the spirit of unity, where the obedience of subordination, where the bold pretence of infallibility, where the secrets of the inquisition and the confessional, where the august sacrifice of the mass, where the terrific sentence of excommunication? Ichabod, is the name of the English hierarchy, for its glory has departed. So should we conceive it to be a matter of regret to the dignitary of the English Church, or for one who passed the pleasant life of a scholar within the walls of its more ancient University, to compare the latter with the former temple. And now that it is said, with some measure of truth, that the ancient faith is erecting its monasteries, abbeys, and chapels in the land of Cranmer and Latimer, it is found that nobles and plebeians are likewise making the same comparison.

If we have not mistaken the tenor of these Tracts, and of

* Butler's Confessions of Faith, pp. 194, 195.

the mass of publications for and against them, which they have called forth, they owe their origin to this same contrast between the former and the latter temple. Rome stands single in its haughty pride of refusing to lower its standard one tittle to allure protestants. It has never given its sanction to one attempt of this kind, not even to those of Richelieu or Bossuet. Even of late years, when in compliance with the spirit which has led the world to seek for a remedy for all social evils in democracy, the Abbé de la Mennais recommended the same democracy to the Pope, as the means of regaining his lost ascendancy, Gregory the Sixteenth looked upon his adviser with a very suspicious eye. This was his answer: "Religious toleration, though under certain circumstances prudence requires it as the less evil, should never be represented by a Catholic, as a good or a thing thing desirable." — (*Affaires de Rome*, p. 156.) This unyielding adherence without fear or favor to all its primary principles, is another attribute of Rome, which many of the Reformers were from the beginning sorry to surrender, and the loss of which many English dignitaries have since lamented. But Dissent, the enemy of Episcopacy, has shorn this attribute of its strength, and the State, the friend of Episcopacy, has aided in levelling it to a mere pretence. It is no wonder, therefore, that some of the champions of the Church of England should endeavor to revive this pride of unchanging stability. Hence is engendered a tone of argument which many men look upon as the worst form of bigotry. This apparent bigotry therefore, together with the mournful sense of the departed glory of the church, will give us a key to the intent and character of the famous Oxford Tracts. The place of their origin glories in the character which it has ever labored to maintain, as the resolute opponent of all innovation in religion and politics, as the close adherent to tradition, ancient usage, and established forms. On every question which has agitated England for the last three centuries, ask which is the older side of it, and there you will find Oxford. It issued an edict against Wickliffe, and twice refused to sanction Henry the Eighth's divorce. Up to the present day it shows to its visitors the prison door which closed upon Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and the spot upon which they suffered martyrdom. Oxford resisted the Parliamentary commissioners, and again opposed the popery of James the Second. It well nigh exhibited symptoms of madness in resisting the repeal of the Test

Act, Catholic Emancipation, the admission of Dissenters, and the exclusion of sectarian principles of religion from education. Here it was that Gibbon became a Catholic. See what compliments he passed upon his Alma Mater.

“ These venerable bodies are sufficiently old to partake of all the prejudices and infirmities of age. The schools of Oxford and Cambridge were founded in a dark age of false and barbarous science ; and they are still tainted with the vices of their origin. Their primitive discipline was adapted to the education of priests and monks ; and the government still remains in the hands of the clergy, an order of men whose manners are remote from the present world, and whose eyes are dazzled by the light of philosophy. The legal incorporation of these societies by the charters of popes and kings had given them a monopoly of the public instruction, and the spirit of monopolists is narrow, lazy, and oppressive ; their work is more costly and less productive than that of independent artists, and the new improvements so eagerly grasped by the competition of freedom, are admitted with slow and sullen reluctance in those proud corporations, above the fear of a rival, and below the confession of an error. — It might at least be expected, that an ecclesiastical school should inculcate the orthodox principles of religion. But our venerable mother had contrived to unite the opposite extremes of bigotry and indifference ; an heretic, or unbeliever, was a monster in her eyes ; but she was always, or often, or sometimes, remiss in the spiritual education of her own children.”*

There has ever been a broad distinction between the divines of Oxford and Cambridge. While it has ever been the aim of the former to cherish antiquity, the latter has befriended progress. The Cambridge school of divines, among the founders of which were Cudworth, Henry More, the Platonist and friend of Milton, Whichcote, and others, have labored to renew the ancient union between philosophy and religion, and by infusing the spirit of piety and the dignity of learning into English Episcopacy, to make the faith worthy of the scholar and the thinker. These men are called Latitudinarians, and the Oxford divines are called Papists. They make the foundation of the two great parties in the Church of England, and both seeming to be of Lord Bacon’s mind, that, “ things alter for the worse spontaneously, if they be never altered for the better *designed-*

* Memoirs of My Life and Writings, Chap. III.

ly," both attempt to guide the ever running current, whose motion they cannot stay.

The Tracts which have of late given such prominence to Oxford, are well understood to come from four distinguished members of the University, namely, Dr. Pusey, Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christ Church College; Rev. J. Keble, Professor of Poetry; Rev. J. H. Newman, Fellow of Oriel College, and Vicar of St. Mary's; and the Rev. J. Williams, Fellow of Trinity College. We are to understand, that these authors write in their own individual character, not as representatives of the University. They have not, however, been careful enough to put forward this distinction, which they might have known would be disregarded by some of their opponents, and thus serve for the basis of an attack upon them, as making an improper use of the opportunities of their station. The *Christian Observer*, one of the organs of the Church party which is most scandalized by the Oxford Heresy, thus speaks.

"The Oxford Tractators have so studiously affected a close connection with the University, addressing the Schools and regulating their issues by the academical year; and their influence has found its way so assiduously to the University pulpit, and has rendered their plans and systems so prominent in the general intercourse of Oxford society, that we wonder not, though we grieve, that public opinion has identified their proceedings with the University, and that the Church of Rome is boasting that Oxford is throwing off the principles of the Protestant Reformation.*

If the remarks which we have made, and those which we have quoted above, be true, they will prove that this charge, whether right or wrong, exhibits in the University and in her sons, the same principles for which they have been famous for centuries.

The design and character and contents of these Tracts we will state as clearly and as faithfully as possible. We confess to no little wonder at finding some of the proudest disciples of the proud Church of England, having recourse to Tracts, the humble invention of Voltaire for teaching by short stages and in sweet variety, and for captivating those numerous small readers by whom a great book is like a hill by an old road,

* June, p. 343.

always to be dodged. The other part of the title, too, which alleges that these Tracts are for *the Times*, has in one way or another connected itself in our minds with a general suspicion of everything which is got up for an occasion. Good physicians tell us, that summer beverages are to be blamed for many summer complaints. Constantine established the Christian Church by law, and then Christians began to search in the Scriptures and in tradition for authority for what he had done. The Church of England has imitated this example. But from the day, or rather from the series of years, when by a gradual process England severed herself from Rome, up to the present moment, there have not been wanting some arguments of expediency to support the theory of Episcopal discipline and legal Establishment. Some of the wisest lights of the English Church have been content to rest upon this sole basis of expediency. If we have read the history of that Church aright, this has been the prevailing and all powerful argument in its support among the affections and interests of the mass of its adherents. Recognising this wide spread view, Milton attacked Prelacy, in his splendid Essay, not only on the ground of its want of authority in Scripture and in the Fathers, but with equal eloquence, and with far seeing wisdom, on the ground of its inexpediency likewise. Erastianism has ever been lurking in the minds of English Churchmen. Hallam says, "The ecclesiastical constitution of England is nearly Erastian in theory, and almost wholly so in practice." He also quotes Baillie, as saying, "The most part of the House of Commons, especially the lawyers, whereof there are many, and divers of them very able men, are either half or whole Erastians, believing no Church Government to be of divine right, but all to be a human constitution, depending upon the will of the magistrate."*

This principle of expediency has of late years been diffusing itself most rapidly. The relaxation of Ecclesiastical authority, the repeal of civil tests, and the increase of Dissent, on grounds of doctrine as well as discipline, all along have implied and strengthened this principle. At last it has come to this, that if you ask many intelligent and devout Episcopalians why they uphold their hierarchy, which sits so hard upon some consciences and estates, they will not lisp a word of

* Constitutional History, Vol. II. p. 273, note.

Divine right, but will speak of the dignity and propriety of Episcopacy, of the restraint it imposes upon sectarianism and fanaticism. A sad remnant is this of ancient Catholic dogma; and if the successors of the monks of Oxford feel sorrow at that contrast with which we began our remarks, it is but natural that they should break their thunders over the foe which is undermining alike the walls of both temples. Reluctantly confessing the strength and the prevalence of this feeling of Expediency, the authors of the Oxford Tracts thus announce their design in the general preface to their first volume.

“The following Tracts were published with the object of contributing something towards the practical revival of doctrines, which, although held by the great divines of our Church, at present have become obsolete with the majority of her members, and are withdrawn from public view even by the more learned and orthodox few who still adhere to them. The Apostolic Succession, the Holy Catholic Church, were principles of action in the minds of our predecessors of the seventeenth century; but, in proportion as the maintenance of the Church has been secured by law, her ministers have been under the temptation of leaning on an arm of flesh, instead of her own divinely provided discipline, a temptation increased by political events and arrangements, which need not here be more than alluded to. A lamentable increase of sectarianism has followed.—Doubtless obedience to the law of the land, and the careful maintenance of ‘decency and order’ (the topics in usage among us) are plain duties of the Gospel, and a reasonable ground for keeping in communion with the Established Church; yet if Providence has graciously provided for our weakness more interesting and constraining motives, it is a sin thanklessly to neglect them; just as it would be a mistake to rest the duties of temperance or justice on the mere law of natural religion, when they are mercifully sanctioned in the Gospel by the more winning authority of our Savior Christ.”

It proceeds to charge the ministers of the Church with keeping back some of those consoling principles of the Gospel, which lead Dissenters to seek them elsewhere, such as that, “the Sacraments, not preaching, are the sources of Divine Grace; that the Apostolic Ministry had a virtue in it.” It alleges that the neglect of the daily services and of festivals, insubordination in office, the scanty administration of the Eucharist, and the want of religious societies for particular objects, as a vent to religious feeling, are the reasons why Dissent with

its prayer and bible meetings, and Popery with its solemn and captivating services, are taking such numbers from the true Church, and weakening the love of those who remain. The volume contains forty-six Tracts, of from four to twenty pages each, and eighteen documents, with the title, Records of the Church, extracted from the Fathers. The subjects of the Tracts are upon the Liturgy, Ordinances, the Apostolical Succession, the Doctrine, History, and Authority of the Church. By the Church, we are to understand the body of Episcopalians, just as in a Chinese map of the world, the little village, where the maker of it lives, invariably forms the centre. According to its subject, each Tract is addressed — *ad Clerum* — *ad Populum*, or *ad Scholas*. Their general object is to tighten the bonds of the Church's authority, to arouse its sleeping, to spiritualize its worldly ministers, to establish in the minds of the people an idea of especial and sacred prerogative in Episcopacy, to restore a reverence for antiquity and tradition, the observance of festivals and fasts, and a more frequent administration of the Lord's Supper, to revive neglected usages, to build up even to the clouds the wall which separates the Church from every form of Dissent, and finally to contest with Popery for some of its proudest honors. As to the common rumor and belief that it is the design of the Tracts to bring back the doctrines of Popery, we may as well say at once, that while we find in the Tracts all the spirit and many of the elements of Popery, we cannot discover that their authors have uttered one sentiment, or advanced one doctrine, which is not in perfect harmony with the theory of the English Church. They contain throughout sound theoretical Episcopacy; and if one of the earliest Reformers should suddenly come to life, and find that these Tracts were among the last publications, it would be hard to persuade him that for more than three centuries he had been under the sleep of death. But while we maintain that these documents are perfectly in accordance with the theory of Episcopacy, we assert that their spirit is in contrast with its operation and practice. If the Church of England is what it claims to be, then are the authors of these Tracts fulfilling a most solemn and faithful work. There is need of their labors. The Text quoted on their title page befits their cause: "If the trumpet gives an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" We view the controversy in hand, as confined to that body, which names itself the Church,

and call the warning addressed to it needful and faithful. For in truth, though we admire some of the elements and associations of Episcopacy, and hope to entertain full charity for all its disciples, we are forced to assert that we know of no religious system in which there is such monstrous inconsistency as in this. The English Church has ever wanted consistency with itself, that is, consistency between its theory and its practice, between its pretensions and its operations. This want has been the canker forever gnawing at its roots. Rome is consistent. It asserts equal authority for the unwritten as for the written law, for ceremonial traditions as for Scripture precepts. This is its theory, and it is rigidly observed in practice. The devout Catholic reverences the customs of the Fathers as much as the commands of Jesus. When in old times a priest undertook to exorcise a spirit from a haunted spot, it was a matter of perfect indifference to him whether he held up a Bible, or a volume of primitive divinity. The evil spirit was equally afraid of both. So too Rome asserts that her ministers are the direct and authorized successors of the apostles, and in perfect consistency maintains that they have the power of working miracles. Again, she pretends to hold the keys of heaven and hell, and in perfect harmony with the pretension, she not only announces the terms of admission into either, but she can utter a sentence of excommunication under which her victim shall writhe and agonize from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet. So too are the five points of Calvinism in perfect consistency with each other. But English Episcopacy has veins and arteries through which no blood runs, in some parts of its system the heat rages in a fever, and the extremities tremble with the chill of death. Beginning even with its title, it is ridiculous to speak of the Church of England, as if it were a *national* Church; it is not so, and never was. We should not call a statute against murder, the law of the land, if more than half of the people were allowed to break it, and some of them had premiums from the government for breaking it. The toleration of Dissent, which acknowledges the inability of the Church to maintain its title, proves its claim to be a fallacy. Its proper title would be something like the following, a long one, we grant, because it tells a long and eventful history, — A branch of the Christian Church, one half apostatized by Popery, one half Protestantized by Cranmer, convulsed by inward dissensions, broken into fragments by Commonwealth men, and after

going all the rounds of error, taking the first feeble step back to truth by the Toleration Act of William the Third. Its successive acquisitions of power have been purchased by successive surrenders of its pride, and now when it encloses between its extremes as great differences of opinion as distinguish the whole body from any form of Dissent, it has taken a name which designates what it wished to be, not what it is. — If any of its disciples think this language too strong for charity, they must remember that its claims and pretensions invalidate the authority of the ministry and the efficacy of the sacraments, out of its communion. Nor is the title of the Church of England its only inconsistency. How it has departed from its proud doctrine of the right of private interpretation and the sufficiency of the Scriptures, let the following extract from its most honored organ show. “If our opponent professes to have consulted the records of the past, yet still claims the privilege of judging for himself independently of creeds and councils, he must expect to be told that it is a claim inconsistent with the principles of church membership; and as the worst political subject is the man who professes to be of no party, the most hopeless heresies are those which have originated in private interpretations.” *

So too English Churchmen, in endeavoring to trace a connexion in all periods of their history between the Church and the State, seem, in their eagerness to prove the point, to lose sight of the distinctive character of the Christian Church in its best sense, and of the State in any sense. What is called the Church, has in many periods been so corrupt, as almost to cease to be Christian, and all civil offices and functions have at times been so completely in the possession of ecclesiastics, that there could scarcely be said to be any such thing as a state. Again, after Edward the Sixth had made many changes in the Prayer Book, to suit the consciences of the Reformers, he left a passage in the Preface lamenting that the work of purification was as yet imperfect, and expressing a hope that those who came after would complete it. This some of the Reformers consistently attempted in Elizabeth's time, and besides suffering fine and imprisonment for their pains, saw much of the work which was already accomplished, undone. Again in 1641, the Lords appointed a meeting of some learned divines

* British Critic and Theological Review, Vol. 23, p. 26.

at the Bishop of Lincoln's, to take into consideration the Innovations in the Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of England introduced by Elizabeth into the second edition of Edward's Liturgy. These divines were Archbishop Usher, Bishop Williams, Dr. Prideaux, Dr. Hacket, and Dr. Brownrig, all three subsequently Bishops, Dr. Ward, Professor of Divinity in Cambridge, and Dr. Feately. These Episcopalians made the following complaints, among others;—of reading part of the service at the table, when there was to be no communion; of bowing towards the altar; of turning towards the altar when saying the creeds; they suggested likewise the omission of the Apocrypha, and of the cross in Baptism. Now for merely specifying the same grievances with these Bishops, some of our fathers were obliged to fly to the New England wilderness. Again, that Church is the stern rebuker of any pretensions to individual inspiration. The man or the sect which alleges oracular light or a divine illumination, draws down from Bishops, Priests, and Deacons a solemn reprimand, if not a taunt. How then can they dare to pretend, that a divine interposition specially and exclusively maintains to them the unbroken line of Apostolical authority? The Bishops are in fact chosen and appointed by the Prime Minister, who, since the repeal of the Test Act, may be an Atheist. The large majority of Church benefices are in the gift of private laymen, who may be infidels. Here, indeed, is small ground for claiming especial Apostolical authority. In the *St. James's Chronicle* of May 21, of this year, is the following advertisement. "The advertiser offers £100 to any lady or gentleman, who can procure him a curacy or the duties of a Chapel; his views are strictly Scriptural, but not Evangelical." It would be curious to inquire what those views are, which come from Scripture, but not from the Gospel; we give the extract as a proof of the inconsistency of the Church of England. We will bring one more proof of the same charge. The Burial service expresses hope for the dead person over whom it is read, therefore the Rubric enjoins that it shall not be read over one who dies excommunicated. This would be well enough, but the Church has entirely lost the practice and the power of excommunication.

We think we have substantiated the charge of inconsistency against the Church of England. We may add, likewise, that the following observances enjoined by the Church are obsolete. — The Rubrics are supposed to be impracticable, therefore

their injunctions are not regarded: all clergymen do not, as required, read the services daily in a Chapel or a house to all who wish to attend: excommunication is not enforced: appointed Saints' Days and Fasts are neglected: Communion, enjoined every week at College Chapels, is omitted.

This great inconsistency is realized by both parties in the Church; upon the one party it induces further laxity, upon the other sorrow as for a lost good, and earnest zeal to recover it. We are too apt to suppose that the task of reforming what we believe to be error is to be performed solely by its opponents. But charity and common sense should persuade us that among every body of Christians there is sincerity of belief, constant reconsideration of its grounds, and continual testing of its truth. This being the case, it is wrong for us to suppose that what we consider error can only be exhibited as such by what we shall say and demonstrate. Those who hold it will come to the knowledge of it, and some among them will in time most certainly disclaim it. Some of the Papists indeed burnt the Bible because it was not on their side, but the moment they did so, others of their body perceiving that the act was wrong, made a better use of their Bibles, and we know the result. The Oxford Tracts will inevitably show to the Church its own inconsistency. So far from being chargeable with Popery, or with endeavoring to restore what the Reformers pulled down, they are faithful and true witnesses of what their authors are bound to maintain. The points upon which some of the laxer Churchmen wish reform are these. The omission or alteration of the Absolution in the office for the visitation of the sick; the omission of the Athanasian creed, of the Communion service, and of the Apocrypha. They likewise dispute about the communication of the Holy Spirit to the priesthood at ordination, and the doctrine of regeneration by baptism. There are of course many other grounds of individual or general complaint; such as the obligation to bow at the name of Jesus, and not to any other of his titles; the repetition of the Lord's Prayer so often; the length of the lessons and the whole service, the old version of the psalms for singing; some too literal statements in the marriage service, &c. Besides these, some Churchmen think it hard that they should be discountenanced from entering a dissenting place of worship, or engaging in a dissenting charity; and above all find it hard to believe that their ministers alone are authorized by Christ, and that the ordinances and sacraments, as by

them exclusively administered, are valid. These alone would be reasons enough why those who venerate the letters of the Rubric and the Common Prayer, as the Jews did the Old Testament, should endeavor to resist the sweeping tide of innovation. But danger is apprehended from another quarter likewise. The State has power to make the alterations desired, and any others. The recent suppression by Parliament of a large proportion of the Irish Sees, and the petitions offered and the alterations and innovations meditated, have taught the Church to inquire if she did not surrender too much of her liberty to the State when she obtained its protection. The precise relations of Church and State are these. The State secures to the Church her endowments, and levies for her a tax on all real property, including that of Dissenters, all over the country, for the repair and erection of churches. It allows thirty bishops by right of office to sit and vote in the House of Lords, and excludes the clergy from the House of Commons. Finally, the State engages to arrest and imprison whomsoever the Church may excommunicate. On the other hand, the State has the appointment of bishops, and secures to laymen their right of patronage over benefices, and the Bishops are compelled to accept the nomination, on peril of an action for damages. Again, the State enforces church discipline on this wise. The Church-wardens swear to present to the Archdeacon at his annual visitation the names of all in the parish, who are leading immoral lives. A single presentation has hardly been heard of for a century; so that either the Church-wardens are perjured, or there is not an immoral man in all the parishes of England. Such is the state of things which might well bring gloom to the scholars of Oxford. We confess that it appears to us discouraging. The authors of the Tracts have unflinchingly probed the wounds, and have administered both internal and external remedies. They will not abate one jot or tittle of the Church's authority, and they will not consent to the alteration of one word in the Prayer Book, nor join any communion with the Dissenters. They ask for the old paths, they will have unity before peace, they will rely on faith rather than reason, they will set up the standard of apostolical authority, will vie with Rome in unrelaxing discipline, and will again pervade the year, the week, and the day with fasts and festivals, with matins and even song, and all the extraordinary offices of religion. They will stand out against State encroach

ment, they will demand State protection without State interference ; they will forsake the arm of flesh, and rest upon their divinely appointed discipline, and if deprived of temporal honors and substance, they will but cling the more affectionately to a church which was born and baptized in persecution.

That these motives are the holiest by which erring men may be actuated, we will all admit. But it is impossible for us to enter into their regard for what we believe began in error, and what has long been bearing the fruits of error. Every document we have read, and every act we have witnessed, connected with the history or the practice of any body of Christians, claiming to be the exclusive church, testifies to us that the true church consists of all sincere and faithful believers of every name and sect. This outbreak in England is but one more attestation that traditional usages, when first adopted from motives of holiness, if handed down as authorities, become dead weights upon true piety. Means come to be considered as ends. Thus it would appear that the first volume of the *Tracts* is addressed exclusively to Churchmen. They seek to reform the views and rekindle the interests of those who have professed certain principles of faith. It is understood that at most, only ten or twelve individuals are concerned in the *Tracts*.

It is unnecessary for us to give any further analysis of the contents of the first volume. Some half dozen of the *Tracts* are devoted to the question of altering or shortening the service. This is resolutely opposed on the following grounds. That there being such a diversity of views to be suited, it would be impossible to please all without alarming innovations ; that if the work is begun it must be carried to the extent of satisfying all parties ; that this would unsettle the minds of the clergy and their flocks ; that the precedent would be established for a dangerous practice ; and that the Book of Common Prayer is throughout consistent with the professed fundamentals of the Church. As to the omission of the Athanasian creed, this is opposed, because it can be distasteful only to heretical Churchmen, and because it is a literal and downright statement of a doctrine of the Church. Also to the revival of Fast Days ; this is enjoined, because they are enjoined by the Church and by the authority of Scripture. The Communion should be more frequently administered, because the souls of men need its influences, and the early church made it a weekly, and in some

instances even a daily service. Full two thirds of the volume is devoted to the statement, proof, and earnest enforcement of the divine right of Episcopacy. This is the only subject upon which we feel concerned, and it is the one too, upon which, as we before said, the views of Churchmen have of late become lax. Here too, we praise the authors of the Tracts for a consistent and unflinching assertion of principle. But we must enter our dissent from their argument. We well know how weak minds may be wrought upon by the bold assertion of especial authority on the part of a particular order of ministers. They will tremble at the thought of listening to a preacher, who has no commission to handle the word of God; they will fear to partake of the sacraments as by him administered. This is the secret of much of the remaining hold which Episcopacy has on the affections of its disciples. There are many who think it a sin to enter a Dissenting place of worship, and look upon all who are not ordained by Bishops, as schismatics and intruders. By appealing to this feeling or persuasion, though it is done conscientiously, the Episcopalians do other denominations a grievous wrong. One of the Tracts broadly asserts,

“A person not commissioned,” that is, not ordained by a Bishop, “may break bread and pour out wine, and pretend to give the Lord’s Supper, but it can afford no comfort to any to receive it at his hands, because there is no warrant from Christ, to lead communicants to suppose that, while he does so here *on earth*, they will be partakers in the Savior’s *heavenly* body and blood. And as for the person himself, who takes upon himself without warrant to minister in holy things, he is all the while treading in the footsteps of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, whose awful punishment you read of in the book of Numbers. Compare Numbers xvi. with Jude 11.” *

It is on account of assertions like this, addressed to the multitude, that we feel concerned to oppose this doctrine. Already the same doctrine is taught in our country, and many seize upon it as a place of safety from the thousand forms of sectarianism. From the range of argument scattered over the Tracts we make the following summary. The very brief hints, the mere allusions, and the absence of all explicit arrangements, which confessedly characterize the New Testament, on the

* Tract 35, p. 3.

subject of ecclesiastical organization, does not weaken the authority of Episcopacy. *Intimations* of the Divine will are enough for the true disciple. He will be guided, as the Psalmist said, "by the Lord's eye." Accordingly there is no part, perhaps, of the ecclesiastical system, which is not faintly traced in Scripture, and no part which is much more than faintly traced. Christ has not given his disciples a command without the credentials to execute it with. He promised to be with his Apostles unto the end of the world, and of course, as they could not live to that period, his promise implies successors with the same power. The Apostles then appointed successors, ordained them, and gave them the gifts of the spirit. They in their turn appointed others. Episcopacy, consisting of three orders of ministers, may be traced in the New Testament, and in the primitive church. "Every link in the chain is known from St. Peter to our present Metropolitans." Mingled with the corruptions of Catholicism, the succession was not vitiated. Its unbroken perpetuity and authority amounts even to one of the most powerful arguments for the truth of Christianity. It was rigidly preserved at the Reformation. Calvin and Luther yielded it up with avowed reluctance, and only from necessity. It is the bulwark both against Romanism and Dissent. It is acknowledged by every clergyman at his ordination. "The Bishop is Christ's figure and likeness, when he lays his hands on the heads of children."* The Episcopal Church is "the only Church in this realm, which has a right to be quite sure that she has the Lord's body to give to his people."† Such is the argument which unchurches millions of professing Christians.

To this we answer. The absence of express injunctions and arrangements for ecclesiastical organization is to us an *intimation*, that the Master left his disciples to perfect liberty in the matter, to select whatever forms the prevalence and the necessities of a right spirit might dictate. As to his especial promise to be with his disciples unto "the end of the world," we are satisfied that that period should rather be expressed, "unto the end of this (the Jewish) dispensation." On this, however, we care not to insist, but content ourselves with asking, if the Episcopal clergy exclusively succeed the Apostles in this promise, why they have not likewise the power to tread

* Tract 10, p. 4.

† Tract 4, p. 5.

on serpents and scorpions, and to eat with impunity any deadly thing, as the apostles had? The existence of the three orders of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons in the Apostles' time, we distinctly deny. Neither the words of Jesus, nor the practice of his Apostles can be made to furnish the slightest authority for a hierarchy. Jesus never mentioned these orders, nor the rite of ordination. The seven men chosen by the Apostles, to whom Episcopalians give the office of modern Deacons, were rather overseers of the poor than ecclesiastics. Bishop, Elder, and Presbyter were synonymous terms. In Romans xiii. 4, the magistrate is called "a minister," or, "deacon," for the original word is the same. Paul calls himself and brethren, "deacons of the new covenant," in several places in his Epistles. But if there was such a distinction in orders, it would seem that the Apostles ought to have held the highest. From Paul's statement, that Jesus "gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers," it would appear that there were five orders besides elders and deacons. As to ordination, Barnabas and Saul were ordained by "certain prophets and deacons at Antioch, and Timothy by the hands of the Presbytery." Paul commissioned Timothy and Titus to ordain at Ephesus and Crete, and yet neither is called a Bishop. Indeed Paul tells Timothy to "do the work of an Evangelist." So much for the deficiency of proof in the age of the Apostles, that there were orders in the ministry, and that the power of ordination was confined to them. As to the mode of government prevalent in the churches after the time of the Apostles, there seems in reality to have been no order save that of confusion. Anything may be proved from the Fathers; nothing is plainer than that they contradict each other. This is allowed, even by some of the Bishops of the Church. Doddridge concludes that the Episcopal government prevailed at Rome, the Presbyterian at Alexandria, the Congregational at Carthage. There were not uniformly three orders; some early Bishops were ministers only of single congregations; the power of ordination was not confined to Bishops. This is all that can be proved from that most heterogeneous mass which is called "Patristical Theology."

Again, supposing that all which the Episcopalians claim could be substantiated, down to the Reformation, a serious question might be raised, whether a separation from Rome did not vitiate the succession of authority. True we are utterly

ignorant who were the first seven Bishops of Rome, but if they sent down apostolic power, it included the right to excommunicate, and the Church of England is excommunicated. Who indeed would undertake to trace the holy apostolic gift through the licentious monks and the warrior bishops of the middle ages? But supposing the list complete and preserved in golden tablets, yet the serious question as to the validity of Archbishop Parker's consecration, which is the foundation of the present English Hierarchy, in the time of Elizabeth, and again the confusion at the time of the civil wars, puts the whole matter in doubt. Besides, Archbishop Bancroft and very many other dignitaries of the Church, through its whole history, have admitted the validity of ordination by elders. We have lingered upon this point with the intention of showing that if Churchmen start with maintaining the necessity of an apostolic succession, they have equal reason to doubt whether they or we have lost it. We should say, in passing, that one branch of the English Church professes to believe their organization to be of apostolical institution, instead of apostolical succession. They maintain that St. Paul converted the natives of their island to Christianity, and thus deny the authority which Rome asserts on the ground that Gregory commissioned St. Augustine to preach the Gospel to them, while they were yet heathens.

From the publication of the first of these Tracts, and long before the completion of the year, the cry of Popery in Oxford was raised all over the kingdom. This grievous charge in a measure decided the character of the succeeding Tracts. As we have already said, the charge is utterly groundless. Stern rebukes of Popery, and decided disavowals of all concern in its secrets, characterized the first of the Oxford publications. But still there was a spirit peeping out here and there, which looked like the tail of the great dragon. The other three volumes of Tracts exhibit a singular mixture of censure against Rome for its errors, and of predatory incursions into its records and institutions, to reclaim some elements which are said to belong to the Church Universal. It cannot be concealed that the cloisters of Oxford still breathe some of the air of past ages. There is a solemn aroma of antiquity about its edifices, its libraries, and even its round of employments. The romance connected with the relics of the ancient faith has likewise its effect upon the minds of retired students. And it

is also perfectly right, seeing that the relation of Rome and England is such as it is, that the latter should choose from the former whatever is not inconsistent with its great Protestant doctrine. The whole range of papal literature, as it claims to be the property of the Universal Church, belongs equally to the Episcopacy. Especially do all the customs, usages, and opinions of the primitive church, before its alleged papal corruption, lie open for selection to both parties of her descendants. But such is the state of parties in England, that it might easily be predicted that any delving in ancient lore, would be suspicious in design. The object of the Tract writers now is to show that their "Church is not so much Protestant as primitive." They will not designate it by a merely negative term. An affectionate regard, a kind of sisterly sympathy is shown for Rome. Though its errors of papal supremacy, of transubstantiation, of purgatory, and saint worship are pointedly condemned, we do not find in the Tracts such honeyed language as the following from the third part of the Homily on the Peril of Idolatry: "Rome is not only a harlot, as the Scripture calleth her, but a foul, filthy, old, withered harlot, — the foulest and filthiest harlot that ever was seen, — the great strumpet of all strumpets." The amount of Popery in the Tracts is that the study and authority of the Fathers, of antiquity and tradition, are earnestly enforced; some little devotional treatises, highly flavored with ancient feeling, extracts from the Catholic breviary and ritual, with an account of Roman services and festivals, are published, and prayers for the dead are recommended. Together with these, the doctrine of baptismal regeneration is largely advanced by Dr. Pusey, and Catenæ, or Chains of Churchmen, are quoted as witnesses to the doctrine of the Tracts. They speak of "wresting a weapon from the hands of the Romanists;" "of discriminating and separating off the Roman corruptions from the Primitive Church;" and of "providing matter for our private devotions from the same source from which the Reformers arranged our public services." Now there is a numerous party in the Church of England, which is sternly opposed to all connexion with Rome. They think that the Reformation, both the word and the act which it signifies, has drawn an eternal barrier between them. That crisis in their opinion settled the terms between them irrevocably, and they will not allow even a reconsideration of the controversy. Nothing can be more rea-

sonable and self-evident, than that the authority of tradition and the use of the Fathers are of the first importance to the English Church; but the party of which we have spoken view them both with suspicion. Many Churchmen coincide with Milton in his opinion of the Fathers. "Whatsoever time, or the heedless hand of blind chance, hath drawn down from of old to this present, in her huge drag-net, whether fish or seaweed, shells or shrubs, unpicked, unchosen, those are the Fathers." — "Thus while we leave the Bible, to gad after the traditions of the ancients, we hear the ancients themselves confessing, that what knowledge they had in this point was such as they had gathered from the Bible. Since, therefore, antiquity itself hath turned over the controversy to that sovereign book, which we had fondly straggled from,"* &c.

Here, too, is the opinion of the Lord Bishop Warburton. "The Reformed, though they shook off the tyranny of the Pope, were unable to disengage themselves from the unbounded authority of the Fathers, but carried that prejudice with them (as they did some others of a worse complexion) into the Reformation. The effect of this error was, that in the long appeal to truth, between Protestants and Papists, both of them going on a common principle, that the authority of the Fathers was decisive, the latter were enabled to prop up their credit, against all the evidence of common sense and sacred Scripture."† The authors of the Tracts, therefore, in renewing the use of the Fathers and tradition, for dogmatical uses, are obliged to write with great caution. They evidently have the right upon their side, that is, (as we have all along intended to be understood,) considering the theory of the Church of which they are members. They consider their position against the Romanists as properly but defensive, maintaining against Rome that they are involved in no damnable heresy, and that they have possession of the sacraments. In this view, the Tracts now declare their object to be,

"To erect safe and substantial bulwarks for the Anglican believer against the Church of Rome, to draw clear and intelligible lines, which may allow him securely to expatiate in the rich pastures of Catholicism, without the reasonable dread, that he, as an individual, may fall into that great snare which has bewildered the whole Latin Church, the snare of Popery."‡

* Prelatical Episcopacy. † Introduction to Julian. ‡ No. 72, p. 54.

Thus we have a labored argument to prove that prayers for the dead were an Apostolical institution, but that the doctrine of Purgatory has been artfully and deceitfully grafted upon it by the Romanists. It was because the institution and the doctrine had become thus associated, that prayer for the dead, which was enjoined in the first edition of Edward the Sixth's Liturgy, was omitted in the second. The distinction therefore is apparent, between Catholicism and Romanism. Tract, No. 75, consisting of more than two hundred pages, is "On the Roman Breviary, as embodying the substance of the devotional Services of the Church Catholic." It acknowledges that the excellence of this book is so great, that if it were set before a Protestant ignorant of its origin, as containing the devotions of the Roman Communion, it would raise a favorable prejudice for Rome. This danger is to be met by claiming whatever is good and true, in that book, as the property of the Church Catholic, while its objectionable matter shall be proved by history, to consist of later novelties and additions, and of doctrinal error. The "treasure was ours as much as theirs," it was "but lost through inadvertence." "The publication of selections from it is, as it were, an act of re-appropriation." "Our own daily service is confessedly formed upon the breviary." Then follows a history and analysis of the breviary, concluding with the remark, that, as now received, it has lost its original character, by diminished allowance of Scripture readings, the adoption of uncertain legends, and of hymns and prayers to the Virgin. Then we have analyses of weekly and Sunday and extraordinary services, from the breviary, an original design for a service on March 21, commemorative of Bishop Ken, who died on that day, and another of thanksgiving and commemoration on the anniversaries of the deaths of relations and friends. It is these last two services which have united all the opponents of the Tracts in the cry of Popery; but they do not contain a line, or word, or sentiment of Popery. The proposed scheme may be unwise, and might lead to a revival of tutelary saint worship; but it is not Papistical. The service for Ken's day consists of anthems, hymns, selections from Scripture, prayers, and a sketch of his life and virtues. He is not named, nor individually referred to, except in this sketch, unless it may be by an understood application of Scripture language. The service commemorative of friends is strictly Scriptural, and free from any objectionable matter.

There are two more tracts which require individual remark. Tract, No. 73, is "On the Introduction of Rationalistic Principles of Religion." It is the only one of a personal character, illustrating its doctrine by strictures on the opinions of Mr. Erskine, the Scottish lawyer, author of "Internal Evidence," and of Mr. Jacob Abbott, author of the "Corner Stone," &c. The Tract does not profess to attempt a general and philosophical account of the large subject of Rationalism, but only to define it so far as needful in "directing attention to a very peculiar and subtle form of it existing covertly in the popular religion of the day." This could not well be done "without referring to the individuals who have inculcated them. Of these the two authors above mentioned seemed at once the most influential, and the most original." Rationalism is thus defined:

"To Rationalize is to ask for *reasons* out of place; to ask improperly how we are to *account* for certain things, to be unwilling to believe them unless they can be accounted for, that is, referred to something else as a cause, to some existing system as harmonizing with them, or taking them up into itself. Again, since whatever is assigned as the reason for the original fact canvassed, admits in turn of a like question being raised about itself, unless it be ascertainable by the senses, and be the subject of personal experience, Rationalism is bound properly to pursue onward its course of investigation on this principle, and not to stop till it can directly or ultimately refer to self as a witness, whatever is offered to its acceptance. Thus it is characterized by two peculiarities; its love of systematizing, and its basing its system upon personal experience, on the evidence of sense. In both respects it stands opposed to what is commonly understood by the word Faith, or belief in Testimony; for which it deliberately substitutes System, (or what is popularly called Reason,) and Sight."

It proceeds to illustrate. It is natural that we should endeavor to *account* for isolated facts, and to reduce them to the series of cause and effect: only when this process is pursued *unduly*, does it become Rationalism. When the rich lord in Samaria questioned *how* Elisha's prophecy could be fulfilled — "Though God shall make windows in heaven, shall this thing be?" When Naaman doubted *how* Jordan could cure his leprosy: When Nicodemus asked, "*how* can these things be?" When the Jews asked, "*how* can this man give us his flesh to

eat?" When Thomas doubted the resurrection: When infidels ask *how* prayer can be effectual, *how* Joshua stopped the sun, *how* the manna was provided — each and all have *rationalized*. "Rationalism, then, in fact, is a forgetfulness of God's power, disbelief of the existence of a First Cause sufficient to account for any events or facts, however marvellous or extraordinary, and a consequent measuring of the credibility of things not by the power and other attributes of God, but by our own knowledge; a limiting the possible to the actual, and denying the indefinite range of God's operations beyond our means of apprehending them." Mr. Erskine is quoted as maintaining that the Gospel system is a *Manifestation*, "as if the system presented to us were such as we could trace and connect into one whole, complete and definite." This word, *Manifestation*, is therefore used "as a token of the philosophy under review," and "contrasted with the word *Mystery*, which, on the other hand, may be regarded as the badge or emblem of orthodoxy."

"Revelation, considered as a Manifestation, is a doctrine variously received by various minds, but nothing more to each than that which it appears to be. Considered as a Mystery, it is a doctrine enunciated by inspiration, in human language, as the only possible medium of it, and suitably according to the capacity of language; a doctrine *lying hid* in language, to be received in that language from the first, by every mind, whatever be its separate power of understanding; entered into more or less by this or that mind, as it may be; and admitting of being apprehended more and more perfectly according to the diligence of the person receiving it.

"A Revelation is religious doctrine viewed on its illuminated side; a Mystery is the self-same doctrine viewed on the side unilluminated. Thus Religious Truth is neither light nor darkness, but both together; it is like the dim view of a country seen in the twilight, with forms half extricated from the darkness, with broken lines and isolated masses. Revelation, in this way of considering it, is not a revealed *system*, but consists of a number of detached and incomplete truths, belonging to a vast system unrevealed, of doctrines and injunctions mysteriously connected together, that is, connected by unknown media, and bearing upon unknown portions of the system."

This view is further illustrated by bringing forward the Catholic doctrines, showing the "antirational notion of them," and thus exhibiting "the mysterious bearings and incomplete

character of the Revelation." The conclusion is, that all theorizing and systematizing of religious truth is to be shunned; it is like looking into the ark. Creeds, ordinances, and forms of words, are to be accounted sufficient.

Having made these extracts, we leave it to our readers to follow out the comparison then instituted by the Tract, between its doctrine, and the popular theology of the day. It animadverts upon the attempt to systematize the truths of the Gospel, to illustrate them by nature or reason, to show the *why* and *because* of its doctrines, to leave nothing in religion unaccounted for, and to resolve doctrines into facts. All these attempts it charges upon Mr. Erskine and Mr. Abbott. The latter writer is accused of "approaching within a hair's breadth of Socinianism," of "virtually limiting the Dispensation to Events transacted in this world," of "Defective notions concerning the Supreme Being;" of a "wrong view of the Atonement;" of "degrading and profane conceptions of our blessed Lord," such as attributing to him "a taste for beauty, both of nature and art," an "imagination stored with a supply of images," "boldness and enterprise," "delicacy in not mentioning his services," &c. &c. These are labelled, Mr. Abbott's "most unclean and miserable imaginings." These writings are viewed as signs of the religious temper of this age.

"There is a widely spread, though variously admitted school of doctrine among us, within and without the Church, which intends and professes peculiar piety, as directing its attention to the *heart itself*, not to anything external to us, whether creed, actions, or ritual. I do not hesitate to assert that this doctrine is based upon error, that it is really a specious form of trusting man, rather than God, that it is in its nature Rationalistic, and that it tends to Socinianism." It is "the result of an attempt of the intellect to delineate, philosophize, and justify that religion (so called) of the heart and feelings, which has long prevailed."

Such is a sketch of the most thoroughly philosophical and argumentative of all the Tracts. A certain measure of truth, we can recognise as its basis, but the whole argument is without aim or effect, because beginning with the admission that it is natural for us to account for facts, and that in compliance with Scripture we should have a reason for the faith that is in us, it entirely neglects to define what is that *undue* application of reason, which is irreligious and opposed to faith.

The other Tract, which we thought worthy of individual mention, is No. 80, on "Reserve in communicating Religious Knowledge." If we add to the title, the statement that it proceeds upon the doctrine just before stated, our readers will have an idea of its character. It advises great caution and reverence in the teaching of the solemn doctrines and motives of religion. They are not to be thrown broad cast over soil but ill prepared to receive them, nor so sublimated by the imagination, or frittered down by illustrations and definitions, as to suit the dreams, the fancies, and the weaknesses of all hearers. This doctrine impinges so narrowly upon the Roman theory of suppressing the truth, and graduating the disclosure of wisdom by our own opinion of the ability of others to make a good use of it, that it is not surprising that even the most friendly judge of the Tracts should wish even *this* doctrine had been stated with more reserve and caution.

We have thus endeavored to give an Exposition of the character of these famous Tracts, which should be as fair as our own sentiments and prejudices would admit. There is always a better spirit prompting man, than his best endeavors give proof of. Therefore we believe that a conscientious purpose first suggested the design of these publications. Their lack to meet the consciences of others is but a proof of human imperfections and infirmities. It remains that we add a few remarks as to the controversy which the Tracts have excited, and the various opinions entertained concerning them. They created a great sensation at their first publication. Some further design than the ostensible one was alleged to lurk beneath. It seemed as if their authors were not content with the Bible alone, and would call in extraneous aid, either from tradition, or civil or ecclesiastical authority; to use the language of Milton, "as if the Divine Scripture wanted a Supplement." The "London Quarterly," and the "British Critic and Theological Review" strenuously side with the Tracts, the "Church of England Quarterly," the "Christian Observer," and "The Churchman" as strenuously oppose them; the latter using often more embittered language than that with which they chastise any form of Dissent. An opposition series was started, under the title of "Tracts of the Anglican Fathers," "Plain Sermons" and "Parochial Sermons," "Letters" and "Lectures," "Remonstrants" and "Replies," "Unveiling," "Disclosures," "Charges," and "Vindications" without number. Even Bish-

ops have taken sides. Whole Dioceses have been convulsed. There have been rumors of Jesuitical conspiracies, of correspondence with Rome, of deep conclaves of the initiated, of secret meetings, of mysterious signs, and of innovations and semi-popish usages revived at Oxford. Of all these charges not a shadow of proof is adduced, unless such may be found in the following incident, almost too trivial to mention. The Rubric enjoins "that in the time of his ministration such ornaments should be worn by the minister, as were in the Church of England, by the authority of Parliament, in the second year of King Edward the Sixth." In compliance with this a young clergyman adopted an antiquated piece of clerical apparel, and a report was thereby originated that the Oxford Students had revived the rags of Popery. The Bishop of Oxford thus alluded to the matter in his Charge.

"I have been continually, though anonymously, appealed to, in my official capacity, to check breaches of doctrine and discipline, through the growth of Popery among us. Now as regards the latter point, breaches of discipline, namely, on points connected with the public service of the Church, I really am unable, after diligent inquiry, to find anything that can be so interpreted. I am given to understand that an injudicious attempt was made, in one instance, to adopt some forgotten portion of the ancient clerical dress: but I believe it was speedily abandoned, and do not think it likely we shall hear of a repetition of this or similar indiscretions."

This same Charge of the Bishop of the Diocese is censured by the Christian Observer in connexion with some remarks before quoted. It accuses him of temporizing in the matter, and of doing so in a "coy manner." Directly in opposition to the views of this Bishop, are those of the Bishop of Chester, as expressed in his Charge, which says,

"Under the specious pretence of deference to antiquity, and respect for the primitive models, the foundations of our Protestant Church are undermined, by men who dwell within her walls; and those, who sit in the Reformers' seat, are traducing the Reformation. It is again becoming matter of question, whether the Bible is sufficient to make a man wise unto salvation; the main article of our national confession, — Justification by Faith, — is both openly and covertly assailed, and the stewards of the mysteries of God are instructed to reserve the truths which they have been ordained to dispense, and to hide under a bushel

those doctrines which the Apostles were commanded to preach to every creature."

Rev. Mr. Grimshawe, the Editor of Cowper, who had lately been to Rome, said in his speech before the English Bible Society, that the Oxford Tracts were alleged at Rome, as evidence that England was returning to Popery. Popish priests, likewise, all over the land, are teaching the same fancy in their sermons to their people, quoting the same evidence. Even Caroline Fry has felt called upon to write against the Tracts, in "*The Listener at Oxford*." The writers of them opposed the admission of Dr. Hampden, Regius Professor of Divinity, to his office, on the ground of his heretical opinions, and he has taken up the gauntlet against them in an eloquent and learned discourse on the right uses of Tradition.

The whole Controversy does but prove, what even superficial observers knew before, that the Church of England is a mass of fragments kept in a kind of rattling, sharp cornered union, by the parental authority of the State. The moment the endowments are withdrawn, there will be a scattering worse than took place at Babel. In the meanwhile every legislative measure seems to embroil the Church. The great question, whether or not free and common education shall be allowed to the people independently of the shackles of sectarianism, is not only moving the Church from its foundations, but is piercing the foundations themselves, with a severe and searching scrutiny. Truly one would think that Union and not Discord would be the employment of Churchmen. They certainly are at present setting a poor example to the flock who wait on them as commissioned by the Apostles, as possessing exclusive authority to divide Christ's mystical body, and as professing to belong to the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, whose proof and glory is Unity of Faith and Heart.

G. E. E.

ART. IV.—1. *A Historical Discourse delivered by request before the Citizens of New Haven, April 25, 1838. The two hundredth anniversary of the first settlement of the town and colony.* By JAMES L. KINGSLEY, New Haven: B. & W. Noyes. 1838. pp. 116.

2. *Thirteen Historical Discourses on the completion of two hundred years, from the beginning of the First Church in New Haven, with an Appendix.* By LEONARD BACON, Pastor of the First Church in New Haven. New Haven. 1839. pp. 400.

FEW occasions of a public sort occur of a more interesting nature, than the centennial celebrations, which of late years have been multiplying among us. From that of the second centennial at Plymouth nearly twenty years since to the recent occasion at Barnstable, many of our oldest churches and townships have reached their two-hundredth year, and in none, as we believe, has the return been permitted to pass without due notice. The services that have thus been called forth have been of the most instructive character; and have contributed largely to our stores of civil and ecclesiastical history. Within our ancient Commonwealth, Salem, Charlestown, Boston, Dorchester, Watertown, Roxbury, Cambridge and the College, Dedham, and other places we might enumerate, have celebrated each its beginnings, and the worthy example will, we trust, be followed by all other places, as they reach successively the same period. They, who were so favored as to partake in the delightful festivities at Barnstable, will not soon forget either the pleasure or the benefit. The assemblage, which that event collected from distant quarters, of native citizens returning, some of them after long intervals of years and the various changes of life, to the homes of their infancy and early youth, amidst scenes so cherished, was certainly not the least among the heart-stirring incidents of that glorious day. And consecrated as these associations were, and this in extraordinary measures, by learning and eloquence, by devout and thankful recollections, it is difficult to imagine even the possibility of an occasion more agreeable or salutary.

Our sister state of Connecticut has entered also upon her third century: and in the works before us we acknowledge our obligations both to Professor Kingsley and to Mr. (now also Professor) Bacon, for the valuable history they have given of one

of its oldest and most important settlements. The one furnishes a history of the First Church; the other of the town and colony of New Haven. Of the work by Mr. Kingsley notices have already appeared in our journals; and the reader will not have failed to remark the skill and judgment, no less than the eloquence, with which within the narrow limits of a single discourse he has exhibited the leading facts, and illustrated the principles, which belong to his subject.

In the larger work of Mr. Bacon, comprising no less than thirteen distinct discourses, delivered in the regular course of his pulpit instructions, we have a copious history of the First Church of New Haven. But it is by no means confined to this. So intimately connected in the days of our Fathers were the interests of church and state, that the history of the one is almost identical with that of the other. And accordingly we find here, as in the early accounts of the churches of Plymouth and Salem and Boston, ample notices of the Magistrates as well as the Pastors. Of these, the first and most prominent place is of course assigned to Eaton and Davenport, who to the civil and ecclesiastical interests of New Haven stood precisely in the same relation, as did Winthrop and Cotton to those of Boston. In the absence of the Pastor the Magistrate took upon himself the office of instructing the people, and on all questions of doubt or difficulty, political not less than religious, the people looked to the Pastors for their guidance.* It was

* In the history of the First Church in Boston we find many remarkable instances of this. When Mr. Wilson, the first minister, went on an important mission to England, he in a manner consecrated Governor Winthrop with deputy Governor Dudley to the temporary discharge of the pastoral duties. Again we are told, "On every occasion, where a matter was disputed, Mr. Cotton settled the difference by his public preaching. Mr. Hooker and his friends, for example, were about to remove to Connecticut — this was so early as 1634. Their design was strenuously seconded by some and opposed by others. After the matter had been for some time debated, Mr. Cotton ended the affair by preaching from Hag. ii. 4. And on another occasion within the same year, after the people had chosen seven new selectmen to the exclusion of very worthy gentlemen, who had served them in preceding years, Mr. Cotton interposed at the following Thursday Lecture, and showed that it was an order of heaven to have all such business committed to the elders." "Such," it is added, "was the weight of his authority, that he caused on the succeeding Thursday a new election." — See *Emerson's History of the First Church*.

a condition of things much resembling the Hebrew polity under its founders : and the resemblance has often been noted.

Of the topics presented in these discourses it would be easy, did the limits prescribed to this article permit, to select several for remark. In the characters here delineated of the founders of the New Haven Colony ; in the broad and simple principles of righteousness, liberty, and Christian faith in which they sought to lay the foundations of their little republic ; in the early provision they made for the maintenance of the institutions of religion, and for the universal education of the people ; in the endeavors, as early as 1654, by Mr. Davenport and others for the beginning of a college, which though then premature mark the enlarged and generous views, with which these worthies were animated ; in the subsequent establishment, difficulties, and ultimate prosperity of Yale College ; in the early legislation of the province, marked by its simplicity, wisdom, and regard for the rights of all, and in which we look in vain for the absurdities, and petty tyranny which have been attributed, but here shown to be utterly groundless, to the "Blue Laws" of Connecticut ; in the progress of religious controversy and the divisions among churches, ministers, and people, the fruit more especially of the excitements produced in the days of Noyes and Whittelsey by the preaching of Whitefield, — the reader may find ample materials for reflection. Nor will he fail to admire the patience, disinterestedness, and sustaining faith, with which the trials attending not the commencement only, but the progress through successive years of the colony were endured. On the other hand, in contrasting the bitter animosities and jealousies springing up in the churches after the memorable "Revival of religion" in 1742 with the charity of the present day, he will be slow to believe that the former times were better than these.

In regard to the early legislation, we will here adduce a passage from the discourse of Professor Kingsley, chiefly as it exposes the falseness of the charges which by Peters and others have been brought, and so generally credited, against the colony.

"On examining, says he, the more particular laws, one of the first things which strikes us is a general enactment, intended, without doubt, as a concise declaration of the object and character of the whole system. It is in these words, 'It is ordered by this court and the authority thereof, that no man's life shall be

taken away, no man's honor or good name shall be stained, no man's person shall be imprisoned, banished, or otherwise punished, no man shall be deprived of his wife or children; no man's goods or estate shall be taken from him, under color of law or countenance of authority, unless it be by virtue or equity of some express law of this jurisdiction, established by the General Court, and sufficiently published; or in want of a law in any particular case, by the word of God.' Is there any thing here ridiculous? any thing whimsical? any thing opposed to the dictates of common sense? On the contrary, do we not recognise, in this prefatory statute of the New Haven code, the great principles of free government, expressed in language full and explicit? principles, which have been constantly kept in view from the first settlement of this state." — pp. 36, 37.

Again, in adverting to a fundamental law of the State for the establishment of Public Schools, Mr. Kingsley notices with it a record, "that Thomas Fugill is required to keep Charles Higginson, an indented apprentice, at school one year; or else to advantage him as much in his education as a year's learning comes to." He then remarks,

"Charles Higginson was probably the first apprentice indented in the colony, and this condition of his apprenticeship was recorded, undoubtedly, as an example of privileges to be granted to all in the same circumstances. Here is a proceeding, which marks as distinctly, as any measure could; the views entertained by the leaders of the colony of the value of education, the protection, which ought to be extended to the indigent, and their regard for popular rights. If any one hereafter shall wish to inspect the early colonial records of New Haven, to find subjects of reproach or merriment, let him be referred to the entry by the indentures of Charles Higginson. If all the ridiculous and absurd reports, which have been circulated about the New Haven laws were founded in fact, this single record, in the opinion of the intelligent and unprejudiced, would throw them at once into the shade. Such a course of policy as is here unfolded, such charity for a class of the community, at that time and still, under every European government, but little regarded, would cover a multitude of sins. No suggestion for the adoption of a rule, by which an elementary education was secured to apprentices, could have been received from any law of the parent country. No act of parliament, it is believed, embracing such a provision, exists in England, with all its improvement and wealth, to the present day." — *Professor Kingsley's Discourse*, pp. 39, 40.

The merit of these admirable provisions is in a great degree

due to Mr. Davenport. Both the authors of these discourses unite in their hearty testimony to his generous ardor for the public good, to his firmness of principle and resolve, to his unquestionable moral worth, and to his full claim to be numbered with those, "who are created to govern their fellow men by the divine right of genius and virtue."

"If," says Mr. Bacon, in speaking of this early provision in New Haven for general education — "we of this city enjoy in this respect any peculiar privileges — if it is a privilege that any poor man here, with ordinary health in his family, and the ordinary blessing of God upon his industry, may give to his son, without sending him away from home, the best education which the country affords — if it is a privilege to us to live in a city in which learning, sound and thorough education, is, equally with commerce and the mechanic arts, a great public interest — if it is a privilege to us to record among our fellow citizens some of the brightest names in the learning and science, not of our country only, but of the age, and to be conversant with such men, and subject to their constant influence in the various relations of society — if it is a privilege that our young mechanics, in their associations, can receive instruction in popular lectures from the most accomplished teachers — if, in a word, there is any privilege in having our home at one of the fountains of light for this vast confederacy — the privilege may be traced to the influence of John Davenport, to the peculiar character which he, more than any other man, gave to this community in its very beginning. Every one of us is daily enjoying the effects of his wisdom and public spirit. Thus he is to-day our benefactor; and thus he is to be the benefactor of our posterity through ages to come." — pp. 91, 92.

A most remarkable circumstance in the life of Mr. Davenport is his removal at seventy years of age from the church at New Haven, where he had ministered thirty years, and was still in the height of his fame and usefulness, to the First Church in Boston. He was invited to that station as successor to Mr. Wilson, as "by far the most distinguished of the surviving Fathers of New England." But his removal proved the occasion of many difficulties, particularly of a secession from the First Church, which ended in the formation of the Third or Old South Church. His own people refused to accept his resignation, though they quietly submitted to his departure, and retained for him to his death an unabated affection. Mr. Bacon, in a

copious delineation of his character, which might be selected as perhaps the best specimen of his volume, presents him in the most engaging and venerable aspect, as a prince among preachers, a ripe scholar, a wise counsellor, and among the noblest of men.*

We must here pass over an interval of nearly sixty years, although it includes the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, the ancestor of numerous descendants, who remain among us, and who, in addition to his professional merits, is entitled to notice as among the original trustees and benefactors of Yale College, having exerted his effective influence in its favor, and obtained for it valuable contributions. The ministry of Mr. Noyes, which continued through the whole of "the great Revival" in the times of Edwards, and of Whitefield, was a far more eventful period, to which may distinctly be traced the origin of those divisions, the fruits of which are to be seen in the churches and clergy of Connecticut to the present day. No inconsiderable portion of Dr. Trumbull's History of that state is devoted to this subject. But confining ourselves to only a few general remarks upon it, we can refer our readers with satisfaction to the pages of Mr. Bacon, who, with less indulgence to his personal prepossessions than is betrayed by Dr. Trumbull, has faithfully pursued the history through the ministry of Chauncey, Whittelsey, and Dr. Dana to his own.

Of the two great divisions, which were the consequences in Connecticut, and wherever else it prevailed, of the Revival of 1742, Mr. Noyes of New Haven on the one side, and Mr. Robbins of Brandford on the other, may be regarded as the representatives, as they were also to a large extent the victims; the one for his extravagances, and adoption of what have since been denominated "new measures," such as extraordinary meetings, union with other sects, † &c., the other for

* Such was the opinion of the Westminster Divines of the learning and abilities of Mr. Davenport, that they sent him an invitation to a seat in their assembly. — *Emerson's History of the First Church.*

† The case of the Rev. Mr. Robbins, as he was not among the ministers of New Haven, could not be included in the plan of Mr. Bacon's discourses. But it is exhibited at length in Dr. Trumbull's History of Connecticut, who, indulging his strong professional bias, has devoted a larger part of his work to the religious controversies and sectarian interests of the times, than by most laymen would be thought admissible in a general History. See Vol. II. chapters vii. and viii.; also the whole ch. xxv.

his want of zeal, and his more than suspected Arminianism. In both these instances, though for opposite causes, the arbitrary spirit of Connecticut consociations, afterwards so signally manifested in relation to Dr. Dana, and still more recently, and we must add more wickedly, in the example of the Rev. Abiel Abbot of Coventry, was plainly developed; and to the disgust engendered in the minds of the people by such ecclesiastical tyranny may be ascribed, in union doubtless with some other causes, the altered condition of the Connecticut churches, the rapid progress within that state of dissent, and the dwindling influence of their Congregational clergy.

The Rev. Joseph Noyes became the Pastor of the church of New Haven in 1716; and for many years after his ordination, his ministry seems to have been acceptable and prosperous. He commenced it at that peaceful day of the church, when it was taken for granted, that all ministers, if not all mankind, were orthodox; when it was not dreamed, that a Pastor or his church could depart from the faith of the fathers; when, moreover, a traditional reverence for the clergy furnished a most convenient, and perhaps in this very example, a much needed protection for moderate abilities and exceedingly poor preaching.

Mr. Noyes's position, at the same time, was one of more than ordinary dignity and responsibility. He was the Pastor not only of the First Church of New Haven, but of Yale College. The instructors and pupils of that seminary were a part of his charge; and among his hearers, we are told, were successively such individuals as Presidents Cutler, Williams, and Clap, the celebrated Jonathan Edwards, Eleazer Wheelock, the founder of Dartmouth College, Aaron Burr, afterwards President of Princeton College, and Samuel Johnson, the father of Episcopal Churches in Connecticut. And yet, says Mr. Bacon, "these men left no record of their dissatisfaction that has come down to us:" which, if what he leaves us afterwards to infer of Mr. Noyes's preaching, be true, is to the praise of their forbearance. For it must have been in patience, as well as comfort, that they received the word.

But the preaching of Whitefield was the opening of a new order of things. It brought with it times of searching and reproach, that tried men's spirits, as did in other modes the times that soon followed of the American Revolution. Whitefield full of the fervor of youth brought from England, with other

exceptionable qualities, his bad habit of inveighing against ministers older and wiser than himself, as unconverted ; and one of his followers, the Rev. James Davenport, of fanatical notoriety, imbibed a double portion of his master's spirit. This man came to New Haven, where the memory of his ancestor was still in great veneration, and availing himself of the advantages of his name and family connexions, he made Mr. Noyes, who at first suffered him in his pulpit, the special object of his denunciations. He held him up "as a hypocrite, a wolf in sheep's clothing, and a devil incarnate." He said "that thousands were even then cursing him in Hell for being the instrument of their damnation. He charged all to pray for his destruction and confusion." Such language and conduct, utterly as it must be condemned, was not without effect upon the ignorant and susceptible, and it finally wrought a serious dissatisfaction among Mr. Noyes's own people ; a portion of whom drew up a memorial, declaring, "that they had found by sorrowful experience, that the preaching and ministry of their Pastor had been unprofitable to them, that they had reason to think that he differed from them in some points of faith, and that they desired a division of the society." This request was not granted ; nor, unhappily, was it met in any spirit of conciliation ; and the result was a bitter dispute, that extended itself from the church to the college and the town, and embittered the residue of Mr. Noyes's life.

Some of his own personal friends, and the instructors of the college, who were anxious for the spiritual welfare of their pupils, began to desire an abler, if not a more orthodox ministry, and repeatedly urged, though not successfully, the settlement of a colleague. They then proposed to appoint a Professor of Divinity, who should also be Pastor of the college. This was accomplished in 1755 ; and the Rev. N. Daggett being elected Professor, and the whole college worshipping, as at present, within their own chapel, was withdrawn from Mr. Noyes's pastoral care. In the meantime, Mr. Noyes himself was reviled as an Arminian, and almost, if not quite, a Deist. The language and the whole policy employed against him, and afterwards against his more gifted successor, Dr. James Dana, reminds us strongly of the like measures used by the orthodox of a quarter of a century ago against Unitarians ; when the cry of "Heresy" was sounded far and loud ; when the people were warned against anti-trinitarian ministers as concealing their faith, as wolves in

sheep's clothing ; as denying the Lord that bought them, and whose preaching was fatal to souls.

Unfortunately, Mr. Noyes did not possess the gifts which could enable him to stem successfully this torrent of opposition. Notwithstanding a good share of firmness — not wholly free, however, from obstinacy — and respectable theological acquirements, he was but a feeble preacher ;* and wanted both the intellectual power and personal authority, which sustained Dr. Dana, though not triumphantly yet with dignity, through similar trials. Mr. Noyes, in truth, was a fair example of a numerous class of clergymen in his own and later times, who, with moderate abilities and irreproachable manners, maintain a respectable place in their profession and with their flocks, as long as the churches have rest, but are found utterly incompetent to wrestle with opposition, least of all with the jealous and dogmatical spirit of a Connecticut consociation. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Noyes is entitled to the praise of having “done what he could.” He took care by a timely legal decision to put beyond all doubt the validity of the contract with his people, which some of them had questioned ; and in his successful resistance of an attempt by the college corporation to convict him of heresy, he discovered a generous independence, and a spirit that would not submit to usurpation.

That he should have sympathized with Dr. Chauncey of Boston and other opposers, rather than with the advocates of a Revival, which was the occasion of so much trouble to himself and of division in his flock, was altogether natural. We can perfectly understand, how “his sense of personal injury,” and his disgust at the uncharitableness and extravagances he witnessed, might have tempted him to some extremes, which his sober judgment might not approve. But besides all this, we must believe that he had his deliberate convictions to sustain

* That the complaints against Mr. Noyes's preaching were not altogether groundless appears from a note, appended to these discourses. Having quoted in the text some charitable sentences from Mr. Whittelsey in his funeral sermon on Mr. Noyes, commending his condescension in adapting his preaching to the poor, &c. Mr. Bacon well remarks, “This however well expressed is a poor apology for poor preaching. I have heard the story, that President Clap once undertook to expostulate with Mr. Noyes for not preaching better. ‘You do not know,’ said Mr. Noyes, ‘what an ignorant people I have to preach to.’ ‘Yes I do,’ said the President, ‘and I know that as long as you preach to them in this way they always will be ignorant.’” p. 240.

him in the matter, it being true of him, as it assuredly was of Chauncey and some of the wisest theologians of that day, that he was tinctured not a little with "that good old Arminianism," which to its other excellencies has generally added a love of "good old steady times."

Nor can we wonder in the least, that he should have opposed with all his might the "itinerating ministers," that mischievous sect, "who," in the words of our author, "either having no charge of their own, or without special call forsaking their proper fields of labor, went wherever they could find or force a way among the churches, spreading, as they went, denunciation, calumny, contention, spiritual pride, and confusion. I do not mean," adds Mr. Bacon, "such men as Wheelock, Pomeroy, Bellamy, and Edwards himself, who went where they were invited, and *calculated* [we protest against this use of the word] to demean themselves everywhere with Christian courtesy and propriety, and whose preaching, wherever they went, was much better than the preaching of Mr. Whitefield, for every purpose but popular excitement." Both in this description of the itinerants, and in his just distinction between them and the venerable men he designates, we cordially acquiesce.

The same spirit, that actuated Davenport in calumniating Mr. Noyes, and which afterwards tempted Mr. Brainerd to say of his immediate successor, the pious and humble and accomplished Whittelsey, "He has no more grace than this chair," did not fail to pursue Dr. Dana. It met, however, as we have intimated a far abler and more effectual resistance than it found from the "elder Arminian, Mr. Noyes;" and the issue, after many troubles, was a peaceful return as a hearer to the bosom of that church, who had seven years before "signified to him their will that he should retire from his pastoral labors." Into the history of the opinions and ministry of Dr. Dana we shall not enter. They are familiarly known to many who yet survive. We can just recall his "most peculiar features," as he sat in extreme old age among the Fellows of Yale College on a commencement Day. We might have inferred from his mournful countenance, that he had been no stranger to care; but whatever were his trials or the "disturbing influences" to which he had been exposed, he always preserved, says his biographer, the respect of his own people and of the community. His dismissal from his pastoral charge took place in 1805; and in March, 1806, the Rev. Moses Stuart, who has now for nearly

thirty years filled the professorship of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover, was ordained as his successor; to whom upon his removal thither, though a vacancy intervened of two years, succeeded in 1812 the Rev. Nathaniel W. Taylor. This gentleman in 1822 exchanged his ministry of the First Church for the Professorship of Didactic Theology in Yale College, and has since been known to the religious community, both for praise and blame, by evil report and good report, as the Father of "the New Haven Divinity." In common with many other of "the high places of the earth," his professorial chair has not been to him an undisturbed repose, — neither, as we have seen, was the pulpit he exchanged for it a bed of roses to some of his predecessors. But it is not of the nature of things earthly, and least perhaps of all of controversial Theology, to give perfect peace to those who engage in them. Mr. Bacon adverts respectfully to the buffetings, to which Professor Taylor in maintaining some of his speculations has been exposed. That they have come to him from a better source, than that to which the apostle Paul distinctly ascribes his — (see 2 Cor. xii. 7) — must be charitably believed; and we will venture to express our trust, that both to them who inflict and to them who suffer, and yet more to the great common cause of truth, they may issue in good.

In reviewing the history, civil and ecclesiastic, which is presented in these discourses, many reflections occur to the thoughtful reader, but none so readily to us as that of the bitterness of theological controversy, and of the impolicy, as well as wickedness, of all attempts at ecclesiastical usurpation. Even in Mr. Davenport's day, the dispute as to the exclusive claims of church members to hold civil trusts and to elect magistrates — a claim which in these days would be dismissed in a moment as utterly preposterous — was agitated with such acrimony, and the result was so unsatisfactory, that it tempted that venerable man to complain, that "In New Haven Colony, Christ's interest was miserably lost!" and disposed him at threescore years and ten to exchange that favored scene of his ministry, where he was honored and cherished, for another, to which he was comparatively a stranger. And when, coming down to a later day, — we see consociation after consociation assembling in solemn conclave as at Brandford, the ministers leaving their own studies and flocks, where they might have been better employed,

to "deal with," as they termed it, and if possible; depose poor Mr. Robbins, and rob Brandford people of a pastor whom they loved, and all because he chose to exercise his own ministry, as was his right, in his own way; when we consider the transactions at Wallingford, of which the same Mr. Dana, to whom we have just referred as the Rev. Dr. James Dana, was in his youth the object; and there find the council called to ordain him encountered, the same day and in the same place, by a consociation met on purpose to prevent it; and mark the unhappy issue of the stormy ordination, dividing the town, alienating brethren, producing divisions in other churches and even in the commonwealth; with the arts moreover and disgraceful practices of some individuals of those councils to effect their favorite projects; * — when, in fine, we observe all this, we perceive nothing wanting to settle within us the conviction of the odious nature of ecclesiastical tyranny, and are forced to the belief, that of all communities of men consociations, such as bore sway and flourished in New England in days happily gone by, are the least likely to bless the churches. It is recorded in relation to this, or a similar contest, that an impartial spectator, disgusted by such minglings of earthly passion with the affairs of religion, thus plainly rebuked the parties; "gentlemen! you seem to be serving God as if the Devil was in you."

One other reflection is suggested by this history of a consolatory nature, which might be expressed in the words of the wise Preacher of three thousand years ago. "Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these, for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." Mr. Bacon says more briefly, and offers the axiom as the result of the increased acquaintance his studies had given him with the men, the opinions, and the conflicts of former times, that "*The Golden age is not in the past but in the future.*"

We conclude this article with quoting, though not quite adopting the paragraph, in which he illustrates this sentiment,

* This account of the proceedings at Wallingford is taken from Dr. Trumbull's History already quoted; who closes a chapter of nearly fifty pages, exclusively devoted to this controversy, by the following candid testimony to the character of Mr. Dana, which, coming from one of different religious sentiments, is entitled to much respect. "It is but just to observe of Mr. Dana, that he was a scholar and a gentleman, and a man of very general information, of hospitality, and irreproachable morals." — *Trumbull*, Vol. ii. p. 526.

and with renewing our acknowledgments to him and to Mr. Kingsley for the satisfaction their discourses have afforded us. We should add that the appendixes to both their works contain many interesting and valuable documents, which the curious reader will peruse with pleasure.

“The world is always full of a certain sort of ‘conservatism,’ which places the golden age not indeed so far back as the heathen poets placed it, but just far enough back to make it a constant motive to despondency. You can always find men, who seem to think that the golden age was somewhere from fifty to two hundred years ago, and that ever since that indefinite point in the past, the world, and the Church too, has been degenerating. They are not ordinarily very well read in history, but they have a strong impression, that in those good old times everything was very nearly as it should be. That was the age of orthodox theology; that was the age of revivals without new measures; that was the age of tranquillity in the Churches; that was the age of sound principles in politics; that was the age of good morals. But alas for us! we are fallen upon the most ‘evil days and evil times’ that ever mortals lived in. This class of ‘conservatives’ has been in the world ever since the deluge; and always they have held the same language, like the hypochondriac, who on every day in the year was ‘better than he was yesterday, but worse than he was the day before.’ Against such feelings, so discouraging to faith and to benevolence — so dishonorable to the gospel and to its author, the careful and minute survey of past ages is well fitted to guard us.

“The truth is, that of all the ages since New England was planted, we live in the best age, the age in which it is the greatest privilege to live. The self-styled conservatives of this age are scared at ‘new divinity.’ So was Dr. Dana, in his day, scared at the ‘new divinity’ of Bellamy and Hopkins. They are scared and scandalized at ‘new measures.’ So was Mr. Noyes, in his day, scared at the ‘new measures’ of Davenport and Tennent. They are scared at women’s preaching, taking it for an omen that the world is getting old and crazy, as if there had been in other ages no Mrs. Hutchinson, no Deborah Wilson, no Mary Fisher. They are scared at itinerant agitators, who broach strange and disorganizing doctrines respecting churches and ministers, laws and magistrates; as if some doctrine had been invented more radically destructive than were the doctrines, or had been published in terms more abusive than were the manners, of George Fox and his emissaries. Undoubtedly this age has its evils, its perils, its downward tendencies. It is eminently an age of progress, and therefore of excitement and change. It is an

age in which the great art of printing is beginning to manifest its energy in the diffusion of knowledge and the excitement of bold inquiry ; and therefore it is an age when all opinions walk abroad in quest of proselytes. It is an age of liberty, and therefore of the perils incidental to liberty. It is an age of peace and enterprise, and therefore of prosperity, and of all the perils incidental to prosperity. It is an age of great plans and high endeavors for the promotion of human happiness ; and therefore it is an age in which daring but ill balanced minds are moved to attempt impracticable things, or to aim at practicable ends by impracticable measures. But so long as we have liberty, civil, intellectual, and religious ; so long as we have enterprise and prosperity ; so long as the public heart is warm with solicitude for human happiness ; so long we must make up our minds to encounter something of error and extravagance ; and our duty is not to complain or despair, but to be thankful that we live in times so auspicious, and to do what we can in patience and love, to guide the erring and check the extravagant." — pp. 285, 287.

F. P.

ART. V. — *Selections from German Literature*, by B. B. EDWARDS and E. A. PARK, Professors in the Theological Seminary, Andover. 1839.

BEFORE we enter upon a critical examination of this work we would observe that we are able to judge but imperfectly of its merits as a translation, as the originals from which the selections have been made, are not before us. The Translators say they have attempted a medium between a free and a literal version, as being best suited to the "nature of the undertaking." The method seems to us judicious ; and so far as our memory serves us, and a general impression made by the perusal of the work may be relied on, we think the translation entitled to credit and praise ; though there are passages in it with regard to which we should have wished to consult the original, in order to be satisfied as to the precise meaning of the German authors.

We think it not improbable that the title of the work, *Selections from German Literature*, may disappoint some, who would take it to be a collection of such articles as are commonly found to be interesting to the general reader, whether by pro-

profession he be a theologian, a lawyer, a physician, a scholar, or a man of business. The work before us is composed almost entirely of selections from the *theological* works of some German divines, who are considered as advocates of what is termed the "evangelical system." Only about one sixth part of the whole is a treatise on the life of Plato, by Tennemann. The remainder consists of a treatise on the life and writings of the Apostle Paul by Professor Tholuck, and some of his Sermons; a dissertation on the Tragical Quality in the Friendship of David and Jonathan, by Professor Köster; two essays by Dr. Rückert on Gifts of Prophecy and Speaking with Tongues in the Primitive Church, and on the Resurrection of the Dead; and another by J. P. Lange, on the Resurrection of the Body; and lastly, an article on the Sinless Character of Jesus by Dr. Ullmann. These translations are accompanied with explanatory and supplementary notes, and biographical sketches. The work, although its title may seem too general for a compilation of articles almost exclusively from one department of literature, will be perused with interest not only by the professional reader, but by all who are disposed to engage in theological inquiries when divested of scholastic technicalities. The volume before us, consisting of 472 octavo pages, forms a work by itself; but another volume is promised "which will be entirely devoted to Plato and Aristotle." This promise, which we sincerely hope to see fulfilled, gives to the whole undertaking a somewhat more general literary character.

In the "Introduction," in which the Translators have set forth some of the views and principles which have guided them in this work, we find a decided prepossession for "what we technically call the evangelical system" — together with great liberality toward those who hold essentially the same doctrines, though they have arrived at these results by different processes of investigation and reasoning, and express them in different terms. Much of what is said here of the orthodox theology, and its distinguished professors in Germany, may be read with advantage by Unitarians. It might induce them to "stand still and consider" whether those, whose entrance into the theological world was marked by the promise of a *liberal* dispensation of Christianity, will still go on united in the same magnanimous course, or withdraw from each other the hand of fellowship because the same doctrine concerning God and man is held, by some, on the evidence of miracles and of prophecy, and by

others chiefly on account of its reasonableness, and its conformity with human nature and the constitution of the universe.— We transcribe some passages from the Introduction and the Notes.

“The Bible is one of the freest books ever written. It never intended that men should abridge its freeness, and press it forcibly into the mould of any human compend.”

“There is a strong tendency in the members of every sect to narrow down their faith to the standard of a sectarian creed. Hence the necessity that good men of different denominations should have frequent interchange of thought and feeling.— Wise men and good men have philosophized differently, and yet have had one Lord, one faith, and one baptism. A wise Christian will devote his energies to make all men unite in fundamental doctrine; and will not be afraid of the world’s coming to an end, because men, who agree in faith, differ on its philosophical relations. We believe that some among us are troubled over much about the speculative notions of the day. It is a good thing to give heed lest the spirit of religion be circumscribed or expelled; but it is needless to raise a panic because one man prefers this mode and another that of explaining the one faith. We desire that men may be more true to their nature, as beings of ‘large discourse, looking before and after,’ and neither blown about by every wind of doctrine, nor fear-stricken as though some strange thing had happened, when the mind springs one of its artificial bars.” — *Introd.*

With regard to the preference which is given by some to the external and by others to the internal evidences of Christianity, we quote the following observations by Professor Park.

“The argument, derived from the moral character of the writers and the doctrines of the Bible, appears to increase in its relative importance, as the sensibilities of men become more refined. There are multitudes, whose attention must be aroused by the exhibition of wonders, and whose heart must be assaulted violently, or it will not be benefited at all. But there are others who are more effectually subdued by the still small voice. The argument from miracles, meeting as it does a demand of the human soul, is by no means to be undervalued; and yet this is not the kind of proof to which the majority of cordial believers in the Bible are, at the present day, most attached. They have neither the time nor the ability to form an estimate of the historical evidence, that favors or opposes the actual occurrence of miracles. They know the Bible to be true because they feel it to

be so. The excellence of its morality attracts their souls; and sophistry, which they cannot refute, will not weaken their faith, resulting as it does from the accordance of their higher nature with the spirit of the Bible." — p. 454.

The same liberality of thought and feeling is found in the manner in which the Translators recommend the study of foreign, particularly German Theology.

"There is a strong tendency in the inhabitants of one land to exalt certain terms, which their fathers used, into tests of orthodoxy, and to circumscribe the teachings of the Bible within a few national shibboleths. Hence the importance of looking away from our own land, and seeing phases that truth assumes elsewhere. — We need not shrug our shoulders in proud self-complacency when we talk of German mysticism. We are not called upon to identify every form of nonsense, which appears among us, with the name of transcendentalism. We are not authorized to term every outbreak of error in Saxony or Switzerland with the imposing title of the newest fashion in German theology. We may well spare such demonstrations of our ignorance and self-conceit." — *Introd.*

The Translators give it as one of their reasons for publishing this volume, that they "hope something might be done to break down the wall of national prejudice — and to aid the better feeling which is beginning to spring up between those who speak the German and the English tongues, and to promote that brotherly intercourse which may be made so useful to both parties." They find in the mental character of the Germans a preponderance of the speculative or ideal tendency, and in the English and American a prevalence of the opposite, practical and experimental cast of mind. They would guard against the exclusive cultivation of either of "these two great tendencies in human nature, of which Plato and Aristotle are commonly regarded as the representatives." They think the "peripatetic Englishman and American," the "couriers and carriers of the whole earth," may be benefited by the speculations of the Germans, "the purveyors of mind who carry on a commerce of intellect;" while, on the other hand, "an infusion into the German mind of the old, sound, substantial English sense would be of inestimable worth."

With regard to the boundless propensity of the Germans to "ransack creation for subjects of discussion and speculation,"

Professor Edwards thinks, "we Americans may derive benefit from becoming acquainted with the irrepressible energy of the Germans. We are in little danger of losing our practical individuality, or of adopting what we do not believe. But if we do not, in our fancied perfection, gain any new views of truth or duty, we may receive some recompense in the increased activity of our minds. We may derive benefit by being thrown out of the range of our hackneyed habits of thinking."—p. 304.

The Translators do not suppose that Christianity, and more particularly the "evangelical system," has anything to apprehend from a nearer acquaintance with the biblical skepticism contained in some of the writings of German divines. "A large number of German theologians," they say, "deny the divine authority of the Bible. This is true at the present moment, though the tendency of their minds is in a process of change for the better, and the day is not far distant, we believe, when the result of all their speculation will be a general acquiescence in the fundamental truths of religion." We cordially agree with this hopeful view of the working of skepticism. But connected with this there is another opinion expressed in the Introduction, in which we think we perceive the influence of sectarian predilection, rather than the power of reason—unless it be that our own preconceived notions unfit us for apprehending the sufficiency of the argument. Our authors are of opinion that an argument for the truth of the *orthodox* system may be derived from the fact, that those German writers, "who regard the New Testament as of like authority with the Memorabilia of Xenophon," at the same time declare, "that if they believed the Bible, they would also believe in the correlative doctrines of depravity, regeneration, and atonement." But, in the first place, it is not true with respect to all or even a majority of those German theologians, who regard the doctrines of the New Testament as teachings of human reason, and not as a supernatural revelation, that they coincide with the orthodox in the belief that their peculiar tenets are contained in the Bible. And, on the other hand, though this opinion has been expressed by some distinguished teachers of that class, we hold it to be true with regard to the great body of the rationalists, that it is the supposed existence of these Calvinistic doctrines in the Bible which has led so many to a rejection of its divine authority. Indeed it cannot be denied that, although the authors of the "Selections" have thrown off the chains of sectarian bondage, they

have not yet fully acquired the erect and easy gait of intellectual freemen. The contracting influence of a faith which does not admit the authority of reason, except in as much as it reasons from authority — may be seen in the earnestness of their protest against any inferences that might be drawn from the “unjustifiable freedom,” which the foreign authors have evinced in some passages, which their orthodox translators have had the courage not to omit. The same influence is apparent in the anxious endeavor to vindicate Professor Tholuck from the charge of being a restorationist; and in some other instances, of which one deserves to be mentioned with special disapprobation. It was with regret we noticed that the author of the “Biographical Sketch of Tholuck” has endorsed the imputation of base envy, which some of the partisans of this champion of modern orthodoxy have thrown out against his most distinguished opponent. The decided injury, which Mr. Tholuck’s reputation for profound learning sustained from Professor Fritzsche’s “Review of the merits of Mr. Tholuck as an Interpreter,” could surely not be repaired by charging its author with having been instigated to his merciless criticism by “personal ill-will,” and “by the great body of the Rationalists.” — p. 208. But justice compels us to say that such instances of illiberality in the work before us are exceptions, rendered more striking by their inconsistency with the spirit of justice and candor which pervades the whole, and is honorably prominent in some cases in which sectarian attractions might have caused a variation in the fair course of criticism. The conscientious though groundless fears, which those who have actually emerged from the house of bondage still occasionally betray, should not excite wonder or severe censure. Those who have lived for some time in low apartments will, even after they have left them, occasionally stoop, though there be nothing but the open sky above them.

The subjects of the articles contained in this volume of *Selections* are so important in themselves, and withal so various, that we could not attempt a thorough criticism of the manner in which each of them is treated, without entering largely into the different departments of investigation to which they relate. Our remarks, at present, must be confined to the general character of the work. The different treatises are marked by great variety of style and mental character, from the patient investigation of facts and impartial historical criticism of Tennemann, to the bold physiological conjectures of Lange on the question,

“how the dead are raised, and with what body they shall come.” The theological articles contain much curious and valuable information, together with bold and fanciful conjecture, and often inconclusive reasoning. They exhibit a strange mixture of intellectual independence and strict adherence to authority ; and the boundaries between these two antagonist principles, where they are fixed at all, seem to be marked often by sentiment or fancy, rather than by a just regard to intrinsic differences in the objects of faith or of doubt. If we should venture a criticism on the general character of the various theological investigations and speculations contained in this volume, we should say that their merit consists in their suggestive rather than their convincing power. They excite, although they do not satisfy, a hearty thirst after the highest spiritual truth.

We welcome this volume of *Selections from German Literature* as one of many proofs, that amongst us, in every denomination of Christians, a spirit has waked up which is not afraid or ashamed of a good thing, even though it come out of Nazareth.

The common notion, that German Theology, with all its historical, exegetical, and speculative riches, is but another name for Biblical Skepticism, or Transcendental Mysticism, will give way before a more extensive and accurate knowledge of the subject, which has been greatly promoted by contributions from the Andover Seminary.

Sound principles of Free Trade will prevail in the literary as in the commercial world. The intellectual productions of every country will be placed on the same footing, and come in for their share in the public regard, which hitherto, amongst us, has been bestowed almost exclusively upon the literary commodities of the most favored nation ; and every work of the human mind, whether foreign or domestic, will be valued according to its intrinsic worth.

F.

ART. VI.—*A Discourse on the Latest Form of Infidelity; delivered at the Request of the "Association of the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School," on the 19th of July, 1839. With Notes.* By ANDREWS NORTON. Cambridge: John Owen. 1839. 8vo. pp. 64.

WE doubt whether a sufficient distinction is commonly made between the *facts* and the *truths* of the gospel. By the facts we mean the external events connected with the life and ministry of Jesus, — his birth, miracles, death, and resurrection. These are mere history, — local and temporary. By the truths we denote those great eternal principles which Jesus revealed, — the love, providence, and laws of God, the tendencies of human conduct, the worth of the soul, the doctrines of regeneration, pardon, and immortality. For our own part, we believe that these truths could not have been promulgated and established among men, had they not been connected with the most stupendous series of facts in the world's history; and we therefore can yield to none in hearty reverence for what in current phrase is termed *historical* Christianity. But the conservative party in the church have always claimed for these facts a *kind* of reverence and faith, of which they are not susceptible, — a concurrent jurisdiction with great truths over the heart and life, — a sanctifying efficacy. To take a single example of this, great stress has always been laid on the mere blood of our Savior's cross, as if this material fluid were possessed of an inherent spiritual efficacy, so that it has not been deemed sufficient for the disciple to believe in Jesus as all love and all self-sacrifice, unless he could concentrate all his ideas of self-sacrificing love on the purple current of Calvary. The radical party in theology, perceiving the absurdity of thus substituting the phenomenal for the spiritual in matters of faith, have passed to the opposite extreme of undervaluing or rejecting all that is merely external and local in the records of our religion. This tendency has long characterized the more liberal school of German theology, and has recently manifested itself in various ways in our own country.

We cannot dissemble our belief that much of the Rationalism of Germany deserves no better name than "the latest form of infidelity," and that it would claim no other name, were it not that the profession of Christianity is there essential to the

enjoyment of certain ecclesiastical and literary preferments, as well as of a certain modicum of respectability. It is, we apprehend, this trans-Atlantic pseudo-theology, and not any mode of belief or class of speculatists in our own borders, that Mr. Norton designs to attack in his Address. We cannot regard him as having entered into the arena of personal controversy with any portion of the "Association of the Alumni," before which he uttered himself, but as having discussed a theme in theological literature, with which he and many of his hearers had been long and familiarly conversant. There is not a sentence in the Address, which would have seemed out of place on a similar occasion ten years ago, before *Alumni*, whose *alma mater* had fed them on German fare. Yet we have no doubt that Mr. Norton was led to the choice of his subject by certain novel speculations, which, grouped together as they have been inaccurately enough under the name of Transcendentalism, have been recently rife among us. Several popular writers, agreeing in nothing else, have concurred in attacking the generally received notions with regard to the miracles of the New Testament. One author has denied their validity and worth as evidences of a religious system; another has attempted to reduce them to the level of natural phenomena; while a third cannot receive them in the form in which they have been transmitted to us, because they are monstrous, — fall not in with the analogy of nature. The blended braying of their trumpets has given too uncertain a sound for one to gird himself to the battle with them. The highly spiritual characters of these authors themselves have indeed kept their pages pure from the impious absurdities, which have been issued from the German press under the name of biblical criticism. But the common tendency of their writings upon the unspiritual and grovelling is to bring about a skepticism with regard to miracles and historical Christianity. This skepticism on the continent of Europe was the joint result of mysticism and naturalism, — the fruit of bold, anatomizing theories and hypotheses started by men of a sincere and devout spirit. It is this result, among us yet in embryo, it is Rationalism full grown, and not its various constituent elements, — against which Mr. Norton has directed his course of reasoning. He has fought no new battle, — has grappled with no unfamiliar foe, — has wielded weapons already thoroughly proved and often victorious. He sought not the award of originality; but merits the far higher praise of a most lucid, cogent, and im-

pressive reiteration of arguments, which are only the more precious, because they have come down to us from former times unanswered, and which he has so recoined in adaptation to the present times, as to leave upon them the manifest stamp of his own vigorous and discriminating mind.

In the following article we propose first, to discuss very briefly the worth and the peculiar province of the gospel miracles, and then, to follow Mr. Norton in his train of argument, with such extracts as our limits may permit.

And at the outset, we agree entirely with those who profess a more spiritual philosophy, that a belief in miracles constitutes no part of a sanctifying faith in Christ. It is the truth as it is in Jesus, that makes a man a Christian. Whosoever is of the truth is his disciple. To be a Christian is to have a perpetual consciousness of the truths which Jesus revealed, — to feel our spiritual relations and condition as constantly and as vividly as we feel our earthly estate and our temporal wants. It is not by what lies without the mind and is contemplated at a distance and historically, but by truths that lie deep within the mind and are regarded as a part of itself, that piety must have its birth and growth. It is not an outward Christ, a cross far away upon Mount Calvary, a sacrifice once made and never to be repeated, that is to save us; but a Christ, formed within, is our hope of glory, — a cross, taken up and borne, is our pledge of eternal life, — an inward sacrifice of sin alone can make the sacrifice of the Lamb of God availing. What we call the outward means of salvation are not means of salvation, till they become inward, till the heart adopts and fosters them; and then they are spirit, and they are life.

What then is the province of mere marvellous facts? What relation do they bear to the truths of religion? What can a belief in them conduce to a true Christian faith? Had mankind been always perfectly pure and spiritual, they would never have needed the apparatus of miracle and revelation to have guided them to the truth. They would have recognised and embraced it, in whatever form it came to them, because it commended itself to their spiritual discernment, because it touched answering chords in their hearts. Had it been uttered by common men, or written in anonymous books, or breathed upon the soul as the zephyr breathes upon the Æolian harp, it would have been all the same as if uttered in a voice from heaven, and attested by the right arm of Omnipotence. The heart attuned

to the truth would know it by a feeling of kindred and a sense of fitness and reality. But such is not our condition. We have lost the signature of native innocence. We are carnally minded. The eyes of our understanding are darkened. The oracle within utters false responses. The chords of our moral nature are unstrung or misstrung, so that their quick vibrations are no longer an infallible test of truth. Hence without special revelation we should be the prey of ceaseless doubt or of mistaken confidence — tost on an ocean of skepticism and error, without chart or pilot, sun or star. Such was the condition of the whole heathen world before Christ. Such would be our condition, were the marvellous facts of the gospel stricken out of knowledge. The truths of Christianity would still remain, for they are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; and a few pure and gifted spirits might attain to the consciousness of them, walk in their light, and rejoice in their salvation. But not so the vast majority of the ignorant, the unspiritual, the sinning. They would be shut out forever from the temple of truth. Its torch light would have gone out in their hearts, and there would be no vestal flame at which it could be rekindled. The light within would have become darkness.

The worth of the gospel miracles lies in their adaptation to the erring and grovelling, in their exciting and fixing the attention, and opening the heart, where worldliness or guilt had stupefied and closed it. They are a ladder from earth to heaven, from carnal-mindedness to spiritual-mindedness. They address the unspiritual and the guilty in that language of outward phenomena, to which they are accustomed and which they can understand. They employ material signs, and appeal to men's senses and every-day laws of belief in behalf of things, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the grovelling heart conceived. Take the case of a heathen, bound down by the degrading superstitions and vices of idolatry. We go to preach the gospel to him. What can we do for him without the miraculous history of the gospel? We might proclaim in thrilling tones its sublime doctrines and promises, and the very stones might cry out before he would be moved. For his soul would be dead within him. Its strings would have been so often swept by harsh and unholy hands, that they would no longer answer to the gentle touch of truth. How then could he believe, when we told him of heavenly things? But we might tell him of earthly things,—of the music that floated over the hill-tops, of the star that stood over the manger, when Jesus was born, of his walk-

ing on the sea and healing the sick, of the widow's son given back alive, and Lazarus walking forth from his four days' slumber in the tomb, of the darkened sun and rent rocks of the crucifixion day, of the Saviour's forsaken shroud and deserted grave. With these narratives we could chain his attention and inspire a readiness to receive truths thus confirmed by the mightiest signs and wonders the world ever saw. He might then be led to test the efficacy of these truths upon his own heart and life, to make experiment of their power. And thus they would work their way step by step from the region of the intellect to that of the affections, till at length there had grown up within him a heart-faith so sincere and fervent, as to be able to sustain itself, even were its scaffolding of facts knocked away. It is thus, stepwise, from fact to truth, from the head to the heart, that the great majority of men must be led to a living and operative faith.

Let us not, then, think slightly of Christianity, considered as a system resting on testimony and authority. What if we feel that outward evidences are not essential to ourselves, that no voice of attestation, no visible authority is needed to make us believe the truth of Christ? So ought it to be with us. We are not mature and confirmed Christians, till we are able to say each for himself: "I need not that God or man should testify to these truths, — their testimony is in my own heart. I know that they are true, because they meet my wants, my holiest feelings, my best desires. I have lived by them, and practised upon them, and proved them true by my own happy experience." But if we are able to say this, it is the facts of the gospel that have enabled us to say it. While we were putting these truths to the test of experience, and building up this independent and self-sustaining heart-faith, we leaned upon authority, — we relied upon the testimony of miracle and inspiration, — we were thrown back upon this testimony in every period of doubt or trial, — this was our point of support, without which our embryo faith would have passed from us, and the gulf of skepticism would have swallowed us up. And now, to hold in vile esteem the very means by which our faith grew to be what it is, to throw down the ladder on which we mounted, and which is the only way in which thousands more can mount, so far from betraying the spirit of Christian liberality, indicates narrowness of mind, exclusiveness, and a lack of sympathy with the great human brotherhood.

But it is an error into which some of the purest and best of Christians have fallen, solely because, in the retirement of their studies, they have forgotten that all men were not as spiritual as themselves, — because they have overlooked the broad contrast between their condition and that of the thousands, whose pursuits and habits are all unspiritual. A religion of authority must always be the religion of the great body. And we cherish the most sincere regret at the growing disposition, in receiving the great truths of the gospel, to set aside, or to push out of sight, all that is external and authoritative in Christianity. But while we deprecate the error, we feel that the individuals, who have fallen into it, proffer a strong claim, we should say, upon our toleration and kindness, did not some of them, by their lofty spirituality and heavenly-mindedness, challenge our heartfelt reverence and love. So highly essential to the great mass of mankind do we deem the facts, the miracles, the history of the gospel, that we should distrust, as a public teacher of piety, one who undervalued this wonted medium of faith. But so long as the kingdom of God consists not in words or facts, not in meats or drinks, but in righteousness, peace, and joy in the holy spirit, we will own, and embrace, and defend as a Christian brother, the man, who, through faith in the everlasting truths of the gospel, does justly, and loves mercy, and walks humbly with his God.

Nevertheless, believing as we do, that miracles are the foundation on which Jesus built his church, and that it is only as they stand firm, that the church can thrive, we welcome most heartily the able defence of this branch of Christian evidence now before us. "The latest form of infidelity," we are told, "is distinguished by assuming the Christian name, while it strikes directly at the root of faith in Christianity, and indirectly of all religion, by denying the miracles attesting the divine mission of Christ." The intrinsic impossibility of miracles was first maintained by Spinoza, subsequently by Hume, and has been since their day assumed as an axiom by numerous professedly Christian and theological writers. This idea, as Mr. Norton clearly demonstrates, is consistent only with Atheism; for, if there be a God, the laws of nature must be laws of his appointment, and it is absurd and self-contradictory to maintain that the Being, who has the right and power to make such laws, has neither the power nor the right to suspend them. On the contrary, if there be a God, miracles are intrinsically probable, —

the only ground, on which it is conceivable that the Deity should have imposed upon himself in general uniform laws of manifestation, would lead us to expect the occasional setting aside of those laws ; for

“A religious philosopher may regard the uniformity of the manifestations of God's power in the course of nature, as solely intended by him to afford a stable ground for calculation and action to his rational creatures ; which could not exist, if the antecedents that we call causes, were not, in all ordinary cases, the signs of consequent effects. This uniformity is necessary to enable created beings to be rational agents. The Deity has imposed upon himself no arbitrary and mechanical laws. It is solely, so far as we can perceive, for the sake of his creatures, that he preserves the uniformity of action that exists in his works. Beyond the sphere of their observation, where this cause ceases, we have no ground for the belief of its continuance. There is nothing to warrant the opinion, that the Deity still restrains his power by an adherence to laws, the observance of which his creatures cannot recognise. We have strong reasons for believing that such an apparently causeless uniformity of operation would produce, not good, but evil. We have no ground for supposing that the operation of the laws of nature, with which we are acquainted, extends beyond the ken of human observation ; or that these laws are anything more than a superficial manifestation of God's power, the mere exterior phenomena of the universe. We have no reason to doubt that the creation may be full of hidden miracles.

“But, if the uniformity of the laws of nature, so far as they fall within our cognizance, is ordained by God for the good of his creatures, then, should a case occur in which a great blessing is to be bestowed upon them, the dispensing of which requires that he should act in other modes, no presumption would exist against his so acting. So far as we are able to discern, there would be no reason to doubt that he would so act. A miracle is improbable, when we can perceive no sufficient cause in reference to his creatures, why the Deity should vary his modes of operation ; it ceases to be so, when such a cause is assigned. But Christianity claims to reveal facts, a knowledge of which is essential to the moral and spiritual regeneration of men ; and to offer, in attestation of the truth of those facts, the only satisfactory proof, the authority of God, evidenced by miraculous displays of his power. The supposed interposition of God corresponds to the weighty purpose which it is represented as effecting. If Christianity professes to teach truths of infinite moment ; if

we perceive that such is the character of its teachings, if, indeed, they are true; and if we are satisfied, from the exercise of our own reason, and the history of the world, that they relate to facts concerning our relations and destiny, of which we could otherwise obtain no assurance, then this character of our religion removes all presumption against its claims to a miraculous origin." — pp. 16–18.

But incredulity on the subject of miracles, with very many, has its origin less "in any process of reasoning," than in the vague feeling that spiritual truth cannot be conveyed to the mind by outward phenomena, but must be perceived intuitively. It has become fashionable in some quarters to sneer at miracles, because they are wrought upon matter, and are discerned by the organs of sense. We are at a loss to know why, on the same ground, the whole material universe is not to be stricken from the list of man's spiritual teachers, nature proclaimed voiceless to the human soul, and the creation, with its glories and its harmonies regarded as a system of machinery devised for carnal convenience only. But is it so? Have the wise and good of all ages been deceived in believing, that "the heavens declare the glory of God," — that "the invisible things of Him, even his eternal power and Godhead, are understood by the things that are made?" Do the mountains rise, and the billows break, and the thunders roll, without any message from God to the soul of man? Has not creation been defined, with equal truth and beauty, by mystagogues of the inmost initiation, "the time-vesture of the Eternal," — "the garment we see him by?" But if the ordinary phenomena of nature are fraught with lessons of spiritual truth, why may not extraordinary phenomena be charged with a like ministry? If the every day course of creation be the exponent of certain items of religious knowledge, why may not deviations from that course let us into a higher cycle of truth? If the established order of the universe manifests the all-powerful and beneficent Creator and Governor, why may not an occasional interlude in that order show us the Father, unveil his upholding arm, and reveal his unslumbering Providence?

Indeed, without any reference to their use as the criteria of a revelation, it seems to us that miracles were needed to complete the demonstration of the truths of natural religion, — that they are the best interpreters of that order of nature which they seem to supersede. Suppose that what we call the order of nature

had never been interrupted, we might have imagined it something more than a name, — something real and constraining. We might have looked upon nature as a vast machine, rolling on its revolutions with no reference to human weal or woe. We should have yearned for miracles to show us that the world was not governed by chance or fate, or the combinations of brute matter. Now our Saviour's miracles have laid bare the springs of nature, and uncovered her foundations. Her kingdom has been shaken once, that it may be established forever. He who then arrested, must ever have governed her course. God has thus shown us that what we call the established order of events, is only a means, not an end. He then can never permit the means to supersede the end, — can never so reverence the subaltern course of nature, as to set aside, for the sake of it, the ultimate and real good of any of his children. But the same Providence, which once in infinite mercy visibly arrested the common course of events, will still in equal mercy, by the invisible shaping of remoter causes, adapt that course to the varying wants of his whole family. The only difference, as we conceive, between a miracle and what we call a common event is, that in the miracle, God interposes his visible agency between the last cause and the final effect, while in a common event the divine agency buries itself too far back in the chain of remote causes for man to detect it. Thus God through Christ raised up, without apparent means, the paralytic from his couch of chronic debility. The same work he now performs on many a sick bed, by directing attention to appropriate means of cure, and then crowning those means with his blessing. And now that through Jesus the heavens have been parted, and the fiat of the Omnipotent has swept over the scenes of human conflict and sorrow, over the couch of suffering and the valley of the dead, we can lean with unfaltering faith, in every trial and grief, on an all-wise and an all-merciful arm.

We therefore value the miracles of the gospel for what they would teach, did they stand forth as insulated facts, without having ever been appealed to as credentials. But Jesus appealed to them as the credentials of his mission. And they are the only possible badge of authority from God. They are the only incontrovertible sign of inspiration. Without them Christianity may be true; but it has lost its distinctive character. It stands on the same footing with Platonism or any other system of philosophy. If true, or so far as it is true, it is of God; and so

is all truth, through whatever source imparted. We are told indeed, that all truth coming from the inspiration of God, the popular distinction between revealed and uninspired truth is absurd. This we grant. We contend for no such distinction. We believe that, so far as Socrates thought rightly, he was as truly the subject of divine inspiration, as were our Saviour and his apostles. But the distinction, for which we contend, is between inspiration *with* and *without the seal of infallibility*, — between the inspiration of the *honest learner* and the *accredited teacher*. The true question between the Deist and the Christian is not that of inspiration, but of authority, — not whether Jesus taught the truth, but whether God attached his own seal and sign manual to the truth he taught, so that men are under a peculiar obligation to submit their own judgments to his, to bow their wills to his law, and to believe what he says, because he has said it. To other teachers we yield assent, so far as they convince us by argument, or accord with our preconceived opinions. Is there that in the position of Jesus with regard to us, which demands that, when we come to him, we should leave our prepossessions behind us, and take his word for truths beyond the province of our reason? If there is, it must be miracles that give him his peculiar position. They only can hold him forth as the object of the world's implicit faith. Now God has so constituted us, that we all lean on authority, take truth on trust, and can acquire it in no other way, for the first years of our lives. Moreover, he has so arranged the outward lot of the vast majority of our race, that, surrounded by grovelling cares, and with little intellectual culture, they can never attain the table land of clear spiritual intuition, but must always rely on authority, and receive truth on the testimony of the few, who have investigated, and seen, and reasoned. He has also so constituted the human mind, that it has faith in man, — faith in the workings of other minds, so that what one man learns, or discovers, becomes the property of the race. Now the idea of a religious teacher, authorized by a supernatural commission, is in close analogy with these acknowledged features of the order of providence, and is therefore supported by a strong *a priori* probability.

After having shown that, “if the miraculous character of Christianity be denied, its essence is gone, its evidence is annihilated,” Mr. Norton remarks :

"It is indeed difficult to conjecture what any one can fancy himself to believe of the history of Christ, who rejects the belief of his divine commission and miraculous powers. What conception can such a one form of his character? His whole history, as recorded in the Gospels, is miraculous. It is vain to attempt to strike out what relates directly or indirectly to his miraculous authority and works, with the expectation that anything consistent or coherent will remain. It is as if one were to undertake to cut out from a precious agate the figure which nature has inwrought, and to pretend, that, by the removal of this accidental blemish, the stone might be left in its original form. If the accounts of Christ's miracles are mere fictions, then no credit can be due to works so fabulous as the pretended histories of his life. But these supposed miracles, it has been contended, may be explained, consistently with the veracity of the reporters, as natural events, the character of which was mistaken by the beholders." — p. 23.

"Let us suppose, that the account of some one or more of the miracles of Christ, especially if detached from its connexion, and from all that determines its meaning, admits of being explained as having its origin in some natural event. Take any case one will, however, it must be admitted that the explanation is not obvious, that it is conjectural; and in a great majority of cases, it must be allowed, that it is merely possible; and that to render it deserving of notice, the principle is to be assumed, that whatever is supernatural must be expunged from his history. We will suppose ourselves, then, to have tried this mode of interpretation on one narrative, and to have found it improbable. But, suspending our opinion, let us pass on to another solution of a similar character. A new improbability arises, and after that a new one. These improbabilities consequently multiply upon us in a geometrical ratio, and very soon become altogether overwhelming." — pp. 24, 25.

Mr. Norton next illustrates the position, that the miracles of Jesus form an essential element of that *internal evidence*, which, we are often told, is the sufficient and only valid proof of the truth of Christianity. The marvellous facts of the gospel, when we contemplate them closely, start forth from the canvass of history as life-giving truths. They are exhibitions of everlasting principles, glimpses of what always has been and will be, leaves from the book of heaven and eternity. They themselves are natural in their place, belong to the person of Jesus, cohere with his teachings, accord with the purity and power of his spirit. Unless we suppose that he actually wrought

miracles, we destroy the coherency of the gospel record, and leave the godlike teachings of Jesus backed only by inflated, bombastic assumptions of authority, by gross imposture, or at best by successful jugglery and necromancy. The whole style of the evangelic history is inexplicable on any other supposition, than that the writers believed him to have been accredited of God "by miracles, and wonders, and signs, which God did by him," still more do the words of Jesus, on any other theory, present an insoluble enigma.

"They are accordant only with the conception of him as speaking with authority from God. They would be altogether unsuitable to a merely human teacher of religious truth, so considered, if not the language of an impostor, they become the language of the most daring and crazy fanaticism. I speak of the general character of his discourses, a character of the most striking peculiarity. In ascribing them to one not miraculously commissioned by God, they must be utterly changed and degraded. What is most solemn and sublime must either be rejected as never having been spoken by him, or its meaning must be thoroughly perverted; it must be diluted into folly, that it may not be blasphemy." — pp. 26, 27.

These remarks Mr. Norton forcibly illustrates by citations from the reported sayings of our Saviour, particularly by his words at the grave of Lazarus; and then states as follows the alternative, to which the candid inquirer must find himself reduced.

"We must, then, believe that Jesus Christ was sent by God, commissioned to speak in his name; or we cannot reasonably pretend to know anything concerning him. We may think it probable, that he was a reformer of the religion of his nation, who preached for some short time, principally in Galilee; but, having very soon made himself an object of general odium, was put to death as a malefactor amid the execrations of his countrymen, who then strove, though uneffectually, to suppress his followers. Or we may fancy him an untaught but enlightened philosopher, whose character, words, and deeds, whatever they were, have been absurdly and fraudulently misrepresented by his disciples. Or, as the Gospels cannot be regarded as true histories, we may go on to the conclusion at which infidelity, in its folly and ignorance, arrived within the memory of some of us, that no such individual existed, and that Christ is but an allegorical personage. But to whatever conclusion we may come,

if the representation of him in the Gospels be not conformed to his real character and office, no foundation is left, on which any one can with reason pretend to regard him as an object of veneration, or to consider his teachings, whatever effect they may have had upon the world, as of any importance to himself."—pp. 28, 29.

The remainder of the Address is occupied in meeting the objection, that the evidence of *historical* Christianity "consists only of probabilities." To this the answer is obvious, that there is for a finite being "no absolute certainty, beyond the limit of momentary consciousness, a certainty that vanishes the instant it exists, and is lost in the region of metaphysical doubt." Moreover, "in all things of practical import, in the exercise of all our affections, in the whole formation of our characters, we are acting, and must act, on probabilities alone." The evidences, on which the faith of almost the entire Christian world has reposed for eighteen centuries, amount to as high a probability, as we usually seek to base our conduct upon in the most important affairs of life,—amount indeed to what in *popular* language we denominate *moral certainty*; and therefore lay us, as reasonable and self-consistent men, under inalienable obligations to make the teachings and example of Jesus the guide of our lives.

Of the notes appended to this address, the first consists of "Some further Remarks on the Characteristics of the Modern German School of Infidelity." The second is "On the Objection to Faith in Christianity, as resting on Historical Facts and Critical Learning." The objection is that, as religion is an universal want, its proofs should lie at every man's door, whereas the weighing of historical and critical evidence demands an amount of time, learning, and mental acumen, which few are able to bestow. This objection, however, if valid, applies not only to historical Christianity, but to religion in general. The independent attainment of any kind of religious knowledge demands the highest effort of a well trained mind and a well purged heart. During the first forty centuries of the world's history, we can hardly count that number of individuals out of Judea, who had attained clear and satisfying religious ideas. If we may judge from the thousands of thousands, who have arrived at an intimate acquaintance with God and duty, since religion clothed itself in a historical form in the gospel, this form has

tended greatly to diminish the difficulty, — to render the temple of truth easy of access. Moreover, if the weighing of the evidences of religion be an arduous work and within the province of but few, so is the weighing of evidence in all the higher departments of knowledge. But we are so constituted that, in all these departments of knowledge, we rely on the testimony of others, make other minds do the work of investigation for us, and judge of the accuracy with which they have wrought it by a certain infallible instinct. And in this way is a firm faith in religion and its historical evidences acquired by the unreasoning multitude, on the testimony of those capable of investigating.

We close our article by extracting from this second note a few remarks of the gravest moment on the all-important subject of the publication of opinions.

“This view of human belief, as resting in so great a degree upon what may be called testimony, serves to show strongly the responsibility that lies on all those, who undertake to influence the opinions of their fellow men, on any subject, by their belief concerning which their moral principles or their happiness may be affected. Whoever may do so, should have natural capacity for the office; he should have the requisite knowledge, of which extensive learning commonly makes a part; and he should be influenced by no motives inconsistent with a love of truth and goodness, by no craving for notoriety, no restless desire to be the talk of the day, no party spirit, and no selfish purpose of maintaining doctrines, the profession of which he cannot renounce without the loss of some worldly advantage. Before he inculcates any peculiar opinions, he should have thoroughly studied them, have clearly defined them to his own mind, have traced out their relations, and have become persuaded that future investigation will not lead him to change them. And further, he should believe himself to see clearly, that their promulgation will tend to good; since, if there be a God who rules all things in infinite wisdom and goodness, no general law or fact in the universe can ultimately tend to evil, and consequently no general truth, or affirmation of such law or fact, can be ultimately mischievous. In proportion therefore, as the beneficial effect of any doctrine is doubtful, so far is its truth doubtful on the supposition that there is a God. And if there be not a God, on which supposition truth might be mischievous, the moral offence of publishing a mischievous truth would still remain.

“Judging from the practice of the day, the responsibility of which I speak is not greatly regarded; and we may conclude from the language which is freely used, that it is not generally

understood. Men throw out their opinions rashly, reserving to themselves the liberty of correcting them, if they are wrong; if you would know for what doctrines they hold themselves responsible, you must look to their last publication. It deserves praise, we are told, for one to confess himself to have been in error. It does, without doubt; as it also deserves praise for one to repent of a crime and to make reparation; but a wise and good man, as he will avoid committing crimes, so according to his ability, he will avoid promulgating errors on important, or unimportant, subjects. Another loose notion is, that there should be no discouragement, by the expression of moral disapprobation, to the promulgation of any doctrine, whatever may be its character, or whatever may be the moral or intellectual qualifications of the teacher; for that this would be putting a check upon freedom of discussion. The doctrine may be confuted, it is said, if it is erroneous. But it should be recollected that many errors are in alliance with men's passions, vices, and follies, and that, when plausibly affirmed, they may be readily admitted by those who will not listen to, or perhaps could not comprehend, a series of explanations and arguments. It should likewise be recollected, that a writer careless of facts, bold in his assertions, and confused and illogical in his conceptions, may commit more errors in a page than an able man can confute in twenty; that these errors may be gross; that one conversant with the subject may regard the task of exposing them as unworthy of him; and that it is hard to condemn such as are capable of informing others to the poor employment of rooting out errors, the growth of which is encouraged by those who assign them the task. But it is only necessary to attend to the general principle, that dependent as we all are upon the information and the opinions of others, no one has a right to assume the office of our instructor, who has not labored to qualify himself morally and intellectually for its proper performance."—pp. 60–62.

A. P. P.

ART. VII. — *A History of the First Church and Parish in Dedham, in three Discourses, delivered on occasion of the completion, Nov. 18, 1838, of the second Century since the gathering of said Church.* By ALVAN LAMSON, D. D., Pastor of the First Church in Dedham. 1839. pp. 104.

WE have read these discourses with great satisfaction. The author has exhibited with fidelity and skill and (what in such details is scarcely less essential) a true interest in his work — the History of a Church, of which for now nearly twenty-one years he has been the Pastor. Even the stranger, regarding only the beauty of that fair village of Dedham, might not be indifferent to its annals. But they whose birth, or early associations are there, or whose taste for ancient records disposes, will not fail of a lively pleasure in tracing the history of a community from the day that thirty families first assembled to worship God, “under one of the large trees, which then shaded the plain,” through a chequered course of two hundred years to its present prosperity. There will be found indeed some more than common attractions in a spot, where not only “the rude fore-fathers of the hamlet sleep,” but the ancestors of some of our eminent men toiled; the village where Dwight and Dexter and Fisher Ames had their abode, and where, too, in individuals, less known to public fame but dear to personal friendship, have been witnessed some of the choicest virtues of private life, a strict but cheerful piety, and an overflowing hospitality.

“The place was fortunate,” says Dr. Lamson, “in its first inhabitants. They had a difficult task to execute, but they proved themselves fully equal to its accomplishment. Their toils and cares were important; but many of them humble ones, and they could hardly have been cheered by a foresight of one half their beautiful results.” — “It is fit, that we should hold such men in remembrance; that we should report their praises; that we should not suffer oblivion to creep over their names. It is fit, that we should pause to brush away the dust, which in the lapse of time is silently gathering over the record of their merits.”

To this filial work the writer of these Discourses has contributed his part. It appears, that, if the place was fortunate in its first inhabitants, they were not less fortunate in their first

Pastor. The Rev. John Allin, who came with the founders, and had been a preacher before he quitted England, was early established as their minister, and by a prudent and faithful service of thirty-three years, "by his singular candor and amenity of spirit, not less than by his ingenuity and learning," by his wisdom and gentleness in controversy, in which he reluctantly engaged but always with success, and by the respect his character inspired, he must have essentially contributed to the prosperity of the infant settlement.*

Of his successor, Mr. Adams,† we can only notice that a Fast-Sermon, which he published, affords an example, among multitudes that might be quoted from the Mathers and others, of the common passion with all generations, to lament the degeneracy of the times. In this Discourse he draws a most melancholy picture of the sins and miseries of the day; among which are not those only, that might be expected in such a catalogue, coldness, and deadness, and worldliness of spirit, but "dissentions in churches, jealousies, and slanders, with other evils, which we should least have suspected in the frugal, self-denying days of our fathers. 'We have borne,' says he, 'too high a sail. There hath been an *affectation of gallantry unbecoming our condition*; too *great delicacy of living*; and family government is in a great measure lost in New England.'" This now was in 1678, not sixty years after the land-

* In adverting to Mr. Allin's domestic history, our author notices an incident, pertaining to one of his marriages, not to be omitted in the annals of those primitive times. "For his second wife he married the widow of Governor Thomas Dudley, *a little more than three months after the Governor's death*, Mr. Allin's first wife, Margaret, having been dead a little more than six months. The lady, who was the mother of Governor Joseph Dudley, must have possessed some attractions of mind, or person, or both," for Mr. Allin was her third husband; and notwithstanding the apparent suddenness of the union (for which, as we learn from oral testimony, she had full authority from a former example of the Governor) they were pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided. "His beloved wife, Katherine," as Mr. Allin calls her in his records, "died three days after him, and both were buried in the same grave."—*Discourse I. p. 27.*

† Previously to the coming of Mr. Adams, the people had invited Mr. Nicolet, a stranger from Maryland, to preach, and soon after to settle. "He consented, but said he must first go with his wife to Salem '*for a child and some things*,' which they had left there." No objection was made to so reasonable a request. He went; but the result was, he never returned, preferring Salem to Dedham; and after a stormy ministry of three or four years he left Salem also.

ing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. - So true is it, that, in every age, the times that *are*, have always been complained of as worse than the times that have been.

Of the virtues ascribed to our Fathers, respect for the institutions of religion, and zeal to maintain the ministry, have been most frequently celebrated. Yet those virtues had sometimes to contend with antagonist principles ; for it appears, that in Dedham during the ministry of Mr. Belcher, which closed in 1723, though he was highly esteemed and his death greatly lamented, "there was some shortness in the coming in of the money for the Pastor." "The amount necessary was not paid without many and growing murmurs ; and they were compelled at length to resort to compulsory methods, that of voluntary contribution having proved quite ineffectual." — *Discourse II.* pp. 42, 43.

But whatever deficiency of liberality in regard to pecuniary affairs may be ascribed to the people of Mr. Belcher's times, we pass with pleasure to a signal instance of liberality in another form, and at a later day, which is well worthy of being commemorated. Towards the close of Mr. Haven's ministry, viz., in 1793, the Church unanimously adopted the following as "their Form of Christian Union and Covenant Engagements." It is a model worthy of imitation ; and for the enlightened and catholic and truly Christian spirit, which conceived and accepted it, it does honor to any people. We can hardly imagine that a church united by a covenant like this could have acquiesced even for a day in the exclusive system of faith and fellowship, which under another ministry was for a season urged upon them.

"We profess our belief in the Christian Religion. We unite ourselves together for the purpose of obeying the precepts and honoring the institutions of the religion we profess. We covenant and agree with each other, to live together as a band of Christian brethren, to give and receive counsel and reproof, with meekness and candor, to submit with a Christian temper to the discipline, which the Gospel authorizes the church to administer ; and diligently to seek after the will of God, and carefully endeavor to obey all his commands."

"Such," says Dr. Lamson, "was the noble example of liberality exhibited by this church more than forty-five years ago,— exhibited without opposition or controversy, when men's understandings were calm, and they could bring to the discussion of the subject unembarrassed minds and an unfettered judgment. The fact shows the

prevailing state of sentiment and feeling in this society, at the time, as far removed from exclusiveness, as liberal and catholic, as the most strenuous advocate for rational views and freedom of thought and expression could desire."

Our limits constrain us to omit much that is worthy of notice in these Discourses. The author touches with delicacy and forbearance upon the topics connected with the ministry of his immediate predecessor and the commencement of his own. He adverts in conclusion with eloquence and just sensibility to the changes, which time has made, and to the generations that have passed away. We rejoice, that a ministry already extended beyond the narrowing term of these days remains; and we hope that in the simple principles of their "Confession of faith" and the peace, that now unites them, the people "of the First Church of Dedham" may long have rest and be edified.

NOTE TO THE ARTICLE ON THE LIVERPOOL CONTROVERSY,
IN THE NUMBER FOR SEPTEMBER.

IN noticing this controversy in our last number, we closed our remarks abruptly in the hope of receiving some more of the Sermons. We have since received six, —as follows.

"The Proper Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ, proved from the Prophetic Scriptures." Isaiah xlv. 20-23. — By Rev. J. H. Stewart. He deems his doctrine "so manifest, that it is difficult to conceive how it can for a moment remain unacknowledged." He regrets that the Unitarians so understood Mr. Byrth's original invitation, as to insist upon being heard in their own defence. He lays stress upon the words "Proper Deity," as distinguished from "Divinity," or "super-angelic nature." He goes over the well-trodden ground of this subject, attempting "to show that the offices, the promised Saviour was to execute, make it absolutely necessary that he should be perfect God, as well as perfect man." Then he resorts "to the Prophecies, which in the plainest terms declare his glory." "Let all the Unitarian teachers now living, assemble together, and try to bring out from the unmutated Word of God that imaginary Being whom they profess to worship, and they will find it a harder task than all their united wit can perform." As far as

we can discern his argument, it amounts only to this, that the Deity is sometimes called a Saviour. He tells the ministers in his peroration that "the whole drift of their preaching, with some minute exceptions, is to degrade the Son of God, and to ruin the souls of my fellow sinners." He accuses them of "uncandid guile," in choosing subjects answering to those of their opponents, and thus leading the public to suppose they were lecturing by mutual understanding; and more than all, "of dreadful blasphemy," in the title of the lecture answering to his own. This is followed by several "Obs," and concluded with an especial prayer in behalf of the ministers.

Mr. Martineau's answer to this Lecture bears the title, "The Proposition 'that Christ is God,' proved to be false from the Jewish and Christian Scriptures." 1 Cor. viii. 5, 6. — Christ has made known to the world a holier God, and a more exalted rule of right, than were recognised before. Christ has given to the world something more than a sound code of ethics; the power of his religion is in the image of himself. His person may be contemplated as an object of religious reverence, or as an object of moral imitation; this latter view would make him but little more than a lawgiver, and his religion only a system of ethics. It is then as the type of God, the human image of the everlasting God, that Christ becomes an object of our Faith. The universe shows us the *Scale of Deity*; Christ has filled it with his own spirit. To fulfil the office of revealing in his own person the character of the Father, Christ possessed and manifested all the *moral* attributes of Deity. He had those qualities, perceptions, and sentiments, which fill up the whole meaning of the word divine. Trinitarians consider this view defective, and add to it, the physical and intellectual attributes of Deity. Not daring, by disturbing the juxtaposition of charmed sounds on which orthodoxy depends, to use his own words, Mr. Martineau quotes the Athanasian creed, and draws out the point at issue. Then he undertakes to show, 1st, If the Athanasian doctrine is found in Scripture, then, according to the very principles of their opponents, Scripture does not contain a revelation from God. 2d, If it be in the Bible, we may justly demand certain definite traces of it here, and before opening the Book, must settle what these traces should be. 3d, That such traces cannot be found in Scripture. Pursuing these three points, Mr. Martineau makes sad work with "the precarious pile of Church orthodoxy, wasted by the attrition of reason, the healthful dews of nature, and the sun-

shine and the air of God." This Sermon contains a masterly criticism upon all those Texts adduced to prove the Deity of Christ. We have never met with a more simple and thorough piece of argument.

The Rev. Hugh M'Neile's subject is "The Proper Deity of our Lord, the only ground of consistency in the work of Redemption." Rom. iii. 22—26. — His first topic is to prove that the hearts of all men are corrupt from birth, that all sinned in Adam. He reasons and argues as if he believed the doctrine, which some of its advocates, estimated by their mode of stating it, would seem not to believe. We have long had one canon laid down in our minds, by which we test the sincerity of every man who professes to hold the doctrine of innate total depravity, acquired by the sin of Adam; that is, has he brought children into the world? If he is a Father, he does not believe the doctrine, for he would not dare to bring into existence those whom he is bound to love, and God is bound to hate. The argument now before us would prove that Satan had more power over the whole human race, even in the person of the first and purest specimen of it, just from the hand of the Creator, than God has; a doctrine which we do not believe. Quite a curious illustration is offered as to the way in which all who spring from Adam are made sinners. The author quotes the method by which various flowers are made to grow from one elder twig, and then applies it thus. "Adam was this elder bush. The Devil scooped out his pith, the life and power of his original holiness, in which he served God, and filled each of the compartments of his nature, with evil seeds of different sorts, which all blossomed at the same time. — When that plant of Satan's right-hand planting had taken root, that worse than hemlock, that plant from the bottomless pit, impregnated with poison from eternity, it sprang up, it blossomed, it seeded, and "the Prince of the power of the air carried these noxious seeds and strewed them to the ends of the earth." And where, we ask, was the gardener, while all this mischief was going on with his fairest and single plant?

Such a being then needs redemption. "If God overlook man's guilt, admit him to the enjoyment of his favor, and proceed by corrective discipline to restore his character, he unsettles the foundations of all equitable government, obliterates the everlasting distinctions between right and wrong, spreads conster-

nation in heaven, and proclaims impunity in hell. Such a God would not be worth serving." "Unitarian preaching, for the most part, resembles a dissertation on good walking, addressed to a congregation who are all lame." Owing to some irregularity in the transmission of the Sermons, we have not received them in the order of their delivery. Thus we have not as yet seen the answer to this Sermon, nor the five others which followed it, three by the clergymen, and two by the ministers. Rev. J. E. Bates on the part of the Church, preached upon "the Deity, Personality, and operations of the Holy Ghost."

In answer to this, Mr. Thom's Discourse is upon "The Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, who dwelleth in us and teacheth all things." In his Preface to this, his last appointed subject in the controversy, he very properly reminds all who may look to these publications for decision upon the points at issue, that he with his two colleagues, have been obliged to answer thirteen discourses, prepared by the whole time and undivided strength of as many clergymen, their opponents. He begins by remarking upon the readiness with which Trinitarians slip from the Deity of the Son, to the Personality of the Spirit. When one inroad has been made upon the Unity of God, other inroads are very easy. They likewise prefer the word *Ghost*, as it materializes the word Spirit, and puts its true idea out of sight. They should be cautious in asserting that there are only three persons in the Godhead, as they cannot prove it from Scripture. The earliest charge brought against Platonizing Christians was that of introducing a *second* God, nothing being said of the Divinity of the third person in the Trinity till near the end of the fourth century. Trinitarians say that the doctrine was not as yet stated, because it had not been denied. This is but brave assertion, when neither prayer, ascription, nor doxology to the Holy Ghost can be found in Scripture, and when the church was obliged to make a formula for the purpose, and when the Deity of the second person was constantly doubted and denied. We have not a shadow of difference from Trinitarians as to the Deity of the Holy Spirit. They maintain that the Holy Spirit is not the one God, but a third person in the Godhead, *and here we separate from them*. Trinitarians wholly pass over this point of difference, and accuse us of denying what we maintain. Mr. Thom then proceeds to ascertain the Scriptural meaning of "the Holy Spirit," or "Spirit of God," particularly in the passages appealed to in controver-

sy ; to examine what Trinitarians call "the work of the Spirit," to ascertain whether it requires a third person in the God-head ; and closes with a statement of Unitarian views of the connexions of the Spirit of God with the spirit of man.

Next we have a Discourse by Rev. H. Giles, "Creeds the Foes of Heavenly Faith ; the Allies of worldly Policy." Rom. xiv. 5. — As to the first point, he shows that Creeds disqualify the mind for the pursuit of truth, generate mental apathy and mental dependence, leave no incitement for study and thought ; if Astronomy had been made a Creed at the Council of Nice, and Chemistry at the Westminster Assembly, science would have exhibited a picture similar to that of religion. Creeds act as mighty temptations — as the very Satans of Theology, to the covetous and ambitious, to the weak and good. Creeds resist the development, and embarrass the progression of truth ; they are foes to Charity, and causes of contention and hatred. They have failed in their objects, and multiplied evils. 2d. Creeds foment civil strife ; they have been constructed by men of stern natures, of haughty minds, and of boundless spiritual ambition. They are made in periods of religious strife, when different parties are laboring for ascendancy. They become stepping stones to wealth, rank, and power. They are the creatures of the Church, and the Church is the creature of the State. Mr. Giles closes with a long and most eloquent peroration, burning with all the true fire of a pure and heartfelt piety, which can discriminate between the good men who have been good in spite of their Creeds, and the Creeds themselves which have put weapons into ungodly hands.

The last Discourse, which has reached us, is by the Rev. Hugh Stowell, on "The Personality and Agency of Satan. Luke xxii. 31, 32. — He begins with a censure upon the unhallowed wit which trifles with this subject and makes a jest of it. The main argument is to prove the Personality of Satan ; his *Agency* is a supplementary topic. There is nothing irrational or unphilosophical, he says, in supposing that there are beings of a nature and order superior to our own, nor is there any presumptive evidence that a portion of such beings may not have fallen into moral obliquity. The topic, he says, is not within the limits of reason ; we must have recourse to Scripture. There we learn that God, who created man, created a superior order of beings of an uncompounded nature ; that a master spirit among them led a part of them into rebellion, and that these recreant spirits are

now reserved in chains and darkness for the great day. The great apostate, in the form of a serpent, beguiled our first parents, and thus obtained over their posterity a mastery, along with his confederates. This horrible combination has ever since been opposing God's holy purposes to a lost world; they even compassed the death of the Lord of Life. ["I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again."] Satan is always represented as a conscious and living agent. Of course the Author of this discourse interprets literally all those passages which ascribe activity, scheming, walking up and down, &c. to Satan. All that we have to say upon the matter is, that one who so interprets the figurative delineations of the most figurative language in the world, ought in consistency to hold his hat in his hand as he turns "the corners of the streets," that he may be ready to salute "Wisdom," who we are told stands "crying there." The author consistently carries out his theory, and believes that Satan "still has an immediate agency in distempering the bodies and tormenting the minds of those reprobate persons, whom God may have abandoned to his power." We think he has treated the subject as seriously, as lucidly, and as cogently, as the side which he has taken will admit.

There are still twelve Discourses in the Controversy which we have not yet received. The subjects of them are of great interest. The Controversy is maintained with great power and earnestness on both sides.

G. E. E.

MISCELLANY.

SCENES IN JUDEA.

II.

AGAIN I draw from my letters to my mother; for although my recollection is exact and vivid of those days and events, so that, as I think, I could set them down in order, applying to that source alone, and without material error, yet in this the beginning of my history, I shall, I doubt not, more perfectly comply with your wishes, my kinsmen of Rome, if I appear before you in the very form in which I painted myself in those remote days. It was thus then, the second time, that I addressed myself to the blessed Naomi.

“I said, my mother, that I would write again so soon as new events had happened. That necessity presented itself immediately upon my sending to you the letter which I last wrote; if those may be called new events which are to be witnessed, not so much in separate acts or occurrences, as in the ripening of the time toward some general and final issue. Such seems to me to be the condition of Cesarea. Large numbers of the people, indeed, both of Jews and Greeks, are little concerned by this quarrel with the Governor, being wholly engrossed by the expected games, either preparing to attend them with every circumstance of display, or to receive into their dwellings as visitors, during their continuance, the friends and kinsfolk who make it their five years’ custom to assemble at Cesarea at this great festival. But greater numbers, however, although together with the rest they look forward to the games with pleasure, and to the entertainment of both friends and strangers, are much more deeply engaged by the difficulties of which I have already given you some account. The games may occupy their hands, but other interests, hopes, and fears are busy at their hearts. Especially is this the case with the Jewish portion of the population. No one would dream that less than an empire were at hazard, to judge by the demeanor of this people. In truth they seem to me at all times a solemn tribe; and this feature

of their general character is darkened to a gloom like that of night, by the present aspect of their affairs. Their motion through the street is slow and cautious, with eyes cast down, or talking with one another in low and secret tones — turning continually with sudden movement the head to this side and that, as if expecting instantly the blow of an assassin, or the insult of a Greek. I confess myself amused not a little as I watch them. But if this is so with the Jews generally — or rather with the more zealous portion of them — how much more is it true of so fierce a spirit as Philip. Not the dark Casca nor the lean Cassius ever carried in their eyes what so threatened States with ruin and revolt. Although I cannot but judge his cause in the main a right one, yet can I not work up myself to his pitch of fury; but, on the contrary, do what in me lies, partly by reason, and partly by a lighter rhetoric, to soothe his almost disordered mind. My success has been much such as it would have been, had I essayed to stem the northern tide as it rushes in at the open mouth of the Port, making colossal Rome and Asia to tremble on their bases.

“On the morning of the day which preceded the opening of the games, and which was to witness the hearing of the Jewish deputation before Pilate, the air being close and oppressive, I sought the cooler walks of the Garden, and reaching the little arbor of which I have spoken, took out my tablets and wrote. I had been not long thus engrossed, when I was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Anna, with a countenance more than usually expressive of anxiety. She seated herself near me, saying, as she did so, ‘I have come seeking you, and am glad to have found you here, and yet I hardly know why I have come, and I fear lest I deprive you of time that you need for more important objects.’ I assured her that I was performing no duty of more importance than writing to my mother, and that her name was the last from my pen, but what I had said I could not inform her. It was, however, no evil report, she might well believe. But what, I asked, was it which disturbed her, for her countenance spoke of some new alarm. ‘It is nothing new,’ she answered, ‘nor anything, I fear, in which you will think you can serve us, and I hardly can say why I apply to you — yet you have inspired us with a strange confidence, and we think that because you are from Rome, while still you are of our own race, you will judge of our affairs more justly than we can do, who are so near, that everything appears of per-

haps an unnatural size and interest. In a word, my mother begs you, and I join her in the entreaty, to use whatever power you may possess, to moderate the zeal of Philip, and hold him back from aspiring to be a leader in these affairs. I, alas, can do nothing; for no sooner does he appear with that face of his, and his burning words, than I am straightway kindled with his ardor, and grow as hot as he.' I told her, 'that what she had now asked of me, I had already of my own mind attempted, but with no good effect whatever. Philip will take no counselor to his bosom, beside his own impatient spirit, and Simon, who, good as he is, is mad as Philip himself.'

"'Mad! — Julian? Oh, not quite mad' —

"'My dear Anna, you cannot yourself bear the whole truth.'

"'I will try — now say on — you must forgive me.'

"'Take, however, Anna, all that I would say, and not a part only. Philip is mad only in his impetuosity and haste; not wholly in the great purposes which he cherishes. I blame him not that he is restive, as a Jew, beneath Roman oppression, such as I now see it with my own eyes to be. I can with him scorn the base spirits who, with new submissions, are waiting to purchase the forbearance of the Governor. Were I a born Jew of Cesarea, I would with Philip be a Jew in the full possession and enjoyment of my rights, or I would renounce together my faith and my country. A Jew, with the name only, is one who, with wonderful folly invites insult from the whole world, while from that which brings this universal contempt upon his head, he derives neither profit nor pleasure. Here, Anna, I speak the words of experience. I would not that Philip should be the fool that I have been. — You will be glad to know that in the few days I have been here, I have lived years, and that the Demon who has so long possessed me is departing. I am not now the fool that I was. I am become a Jew in feeling, at least, as well as in name. Henceforward, if I am still to bear reproach, it shall not be for nought. Such at least is the resolve of to-day. You now cannot doubt that I am on Philip's side, that with him I would fight for the fair rights and the honored name' —

"'Ah! how I bless you,' cried Anna with glowing cheeks, 'for these words. You then think with Philip, that he is right' —

"'But you came to me, Anna, did you not, that I might oppose him?' She answered nothing, but only covered her face with her hands.

“ ‘I think Philip to be both right and wrong,’ I then continued, ‘as you would see yourself, if you would reflect one moment. In his principles and general purpose, he is right, so I judge; in his present action he is wrong. He is over hasty. He will but inflame both the Governor and the Greeks to visit upon your part of the population some new violence, while he is in no condition to resist them, or take the least advantage of the contest that may ensue. He can display all the courage and spirit of one who is ready to perish for his rights; but I fear — to suffer — will be all that he can achieve. Do you not feel that it is so?’

“ ‘I do believe it,’ she answered. ‘It is my constant thought when alone; but the presence of my brother drives it away. Where he is I can only feel. I am never myself but by halves. Wisdom, I fear, I shall never reach.’

“ ‘Wisdom, Anna, is not for so young as you. I am older by many years than you, yet I have not so much as come in sight of it. What I have now been saying, may sound very wise, but I know not if it be so. I can only say that I think as I do now. I pretend not to know. It is a new thing for me to be appealed to for counsel, who have hitherto been myself a dependant upon others.’

“ As I said these words, steps rapidly approached, and Philip entered the little building where we sat. His countenance expressed a mind disturbed and angry.

“ ‘How now, Philip,’ said Anna, ‘what new evil have you to report with that ill-boding brow? Surely Pilate refuses not to hear us?’

“ ‘No, my sister, it is not that, — but worse. Pilate refuses not to hear. But we refuse to be heard. Digest that.’

“ ‘How, Philip, can that be? Was it not in full assembly of our people, that the five hundred were deputed once more to wait upon the Governor? Who can have revoked that decree but the people themselves? And they have not done it.’

“ ‘The decree hath not been revoked, and the five hundred proceed this day to the judgment seat of Pilate, but with their tongues cut out and their hands bound.’

“ ‘Speak not in riddles, Philip — what is it?’

“ ‘It is true, Anna, as I have said, we go with our tongues out, and our hands bound. — Neither Simon, nor Eleazer is our mouth-piece, but — whom think you? Sylleus!’ —

“ ‘Our tongues are out indeed,’ exclaimed his sister; ‘whose bad work has it been?’

“‘Of all — save a sacred few. And now, may —’

“‘Nay, Philip, swear not,’ said Anna, and laid her hand across his mouth. He thrust it rudely from him, and again began his usual oath; but his affection for his sister obtained the mastery, and he suddenly paused, kissed her cheek, and asked her forgiveness. The kiss put to flight all her remaining resolutions of moderation, and changed her for the moment to but the counterpart of himself.

“‘It might indeed, then,’ she cried, ‘as well be that we were heard not at all. A Roman is as good a Jew as that unbelieving Sadducee — our Julian here were a better.’

“‘Who, I pray you,’ I then asked, ‘is this Syllus that it so inflames you, that he should fill this office?’

“‘Have you not heard of him?’ said Philip. ‘But I forget you are but newly come to Cesarea. Syllus leads the Herodians; and what with their own numbers, and the faint-hearted among us of the stricter sort, it has been an easy victory to place him at the head of this embassy. I ought not in reason mayhap to have looked for other issue than this. Yet I cannot but feel it, for it brings us bound hand and foot, to bide the will of Pilate. Peace, not truth and right, is the watch-word with these slaves with souls less in bigness than a grain of mustard-seed, or the point of a needle, who would, like their true ancestor, sell their birth-right for a mess of pottage. Surely, now-a-days there can be no shame like that of being a Jew — apostates all — hypocrites and slaves.’ So did he run on, full of violence till he had spent himself, and exhausted his stores of a proud and indignant passion. I could not but honor the feelings from which it all came, growing up, as they did, from that deep root of religious reverence, which, planted in his youth, had been duly nurtured, till it had spread throughout his whole nature, and drew everything to itself. Still I was sufficiently conscious that his was a virtue in its excess — in such excess that it was changed almost to a vice. His religion seemed to me little more, or better, than a blind and dangerous superstition. I dared to say to him a part of what I thought. I said, ‘that, according to my belief, he would gain more, by a more moderate course of action — that the laws of his own faith would be better observed, not to speak of a true policy, by conduct which should exhibit signs of patience and forbearance, and a willingness sometimes to yield a little, for the sake of peace; especially when so to yield was not to surrender anything that could be

called a principle, or a point of faith ; but was only bending for a time before the force of circumstances. I too would have him to be a Jew, and that not in name only, but in every act of his life, and purpose of his soul ; but I would have him consider whether, by a too violent and passionate demeanor, he did not, in truth, do a more treasonable act toward his religion and nation, than by one of more calmness. Pilate, surrounded by his soldiers, was not easily to be turned from his course, nor were the Greeks so few, or so weak, as to be deterred from what they had undertaken by any show of opposition, which, so far as I could judge, it was in the power of the Jews to make. It truly seemed to me, that for the present, at least, the affairs of his people would prosper more in the hands of Sylleus, than in those of Simon.' Philip listened as I spoke, and without those vehement exclamations of wonder or contempt, with which he is accustomed to interrupt those who utter opinions contrary to his own. But I could see by the fixed and grave expression of his countenance, no muscle moving, that he heeded, no more than the marble seat on which he sat, the words he had heard.

“‘The Law,’ said he, ‘given of God to our Fathers, is no human instrument — ’t is no fabric wrought by the hands of men to be altered at our pleasure, or winked out of sight at our will or convenience. It is the law of the God of Moses, and therefore wholly right, and to be obeyed and honored by those who receive it, in the spirit and in the letter, by the observance of its rites, by the keeping of its festivals, by the reverence of its Sabbaths, by the payment of its tythes — by the worship of him who founded it, and the hatred of those who would subvert it. The proper Jew is one who not only loves, but hates. The measure of contempt, that is by other nations served out to him, he returns heaped up and running over. The Jew’s bond of allegiance to the Jew is not a more binding one, than that which leagues him in everlasting hatred against the gentile. Our ancestors, who with the besom of extermination and death swept the land of their inheritance of its accursed tribes, and spared neither the sucking child, nor the tender maid, nor the hoary head, are an example unto us of our day, how we should deal with any, who shall dare to set up their rest on the consecrated soil of this kingdom, not of man, but of God. And even as he of old was but a traitor, an apostate, and a rebel, who held back his hand from the slaughter of the people whom God had denoted, — the Amorite and the Hittite and the

Perizite, even so is he who doth the same now. The idolatrous Canaanite of our day is the Roman and the Greek. The hand of God will ever be against us, till by the hand of those who love his law they be driven from the land, where their presence is as blasting and mildew. I have waited, Roman, for such a day as this, and now it is come I hail it and give God thanks. I dare not disobey the voice that sounds in my ear. As for Pilate and his legions, I care for them no more than for the chaff driven of the wind. I and the few who are with me may fall a sacrifice before that altar, on which the servants of the Most High have ever freely offered up themselves. But, if for the present — it will not always be in vain. Other times shall reap the harvest.'

" 'Such consequences may ensue,' I replied, 'it cannot be gainsaid. The least events, so esteemed once, have proved nothing less than the corner stone of changes which have amazed the world. But no eye can discern the possibility of aught but suffering and death, in a revolt like this, without concert and without preparation. You will only furnish fresh victims to the cruelty of Pilate.'

" 'For myself,' answered Philip, 'I am ready to be a victim — I should not fall unhonored nor unavenged.'

" 'But suppose, Phillip, your fall should drag down also to the same ruin — mother and sister. There is little mercy they say in Pilate's heart.' Philip's stern countenance relaxed, and he gazed fondly upon Anna, who taking his hand and forgetful of everything but him, said, 'let no fear, my brother, lest a little flower should perchance be trodden into the dust, lay restraint upon thy spirit. When God and Judea call, go on thy way, let perish what will that shall be under thy feet.'

" 'To say anything more I perceived to be worse than useless. We rose from our seats and in silence wound our way together to the house. At the ninth hour the deputation was to wait upon the governor. Philip soon left us to join his friends in their consultations; I did not accompany him, as he desired and urged me to do, but assured him I should be present at the hearing before the governor; in the mean time I should walk forth and observe the temper and behavior of the people.'

" 'I accordingly took my way toward the principal part of the city which as yet I had scarcely seen.' I was surprised, as I proceeded, by its extent, and the signs of wealth and taste even, in

the forms of edifices, in the width of the streets, and the solidity of the pavements. The buildings of the city most remarkable for the costliness of their materials, for the observance of the best rules of Roman and Grecian art in their structure, for the grandeur of their parts, and the spaciousness of the grounds about them, are those which were erected by Herod the Great. As I have before said, I believe, they were built in too great haste to be built well, and there are everywhere to be discerned signs of weakness and decay; but they everywhere also give abundant evidence in their forms, proportions, and general elegance of design, that the mind that projected them had been well instructed in the best science of the capital of the world. Everything in a word is here Roman or Greek; nothing Jewish. Even the synagogues, although they are here as everywhere of peculiar form, indicating thereby to whom and what they belong, are yet both in the structure of the outer walls, of the inner porches, and the central edifice itself with its columns and roof, altogether conformable to the principles of Roman models. And truly, except the taste in such things had been borrowed from Rome, it is easy to believe there would have been but little to have been witnessed among this people; for it must be confessed, my mother, that whatever portions of undoubted truth they may be in possession of, they are in other respects somewhat rude and barbarous. They possess, it cannot be denied, that which is most valuable; yet were it desirable also that they had added some of the graces and refinements of life, which give so real a beauty to the Italian and Grecian cities and provinces. A little while since and I should not have lamented this, though I might have noted it. Now I sincerely deplore it, as it tends to deprive them of the estimation among the rest of mankind which is justly their due. A virtuous man loses his power, if his countenance and manner wear not a benignant expression. And so truth methinks, religious as well as every other that is of worth, should be clothed with beauty. That can hardly be pure truth which shocks and offends by its ugliness. It is adulterate.

“But of all the edifices, which adorn the city, the Palace of Herod, and now the abode of our Governor, is the most conspicuous for its vastness and richness. It would not be mean in Rome. As I stood contemplating it, little heeding those in the street who were passing and repassing me, a voice at my side addressed me;—

“‘I perceive, Sir, that you are a stranger by the manner in which you examine an object, which to us who dwell here is old and familiar. This magnificent structure we owe to the generosity and public spirit of the Great Herod; truly called the Great. He was too great to be hemmed in by the boundaries of Judaism; and though born a Hebrew aimed to be as much a Greek, and by Hercules, a Roman too, as well as a Greek. Pardon my freedom. But having little else to do I am at your service to give you any information you may desire. I am thankful to him who can procure me occupation. Though dressed in the Roman fashion, yet, Sir, I perceive you are a Jew. But that need make no difference; I am a Greek, it is true, as you may see; and you may suppose not unreasonably that I hold a Jew in small esteem, seeing how things go in Cesarea; but, Sir, I consider man first — afterwards only whether he be Jew, Greek, or Roman. What think you?’

“‘I was so rejoiced that the noise he had made at length ceased, that, though inwardly I fear I used him hardly, I complimented him on the last sentiment he had uttered, and told him ‘I thought it worthy of a philosopher, which he seemed to be.’

“‘Truly I flatter myself,’ he replied, ‘I am somewhat of a lover of wisdom, but to say sooth, it is not always so easy to distinguish wisdom from folly; even as it is not so easy sometimes to know a philosopher from a fool. I aim at wisdom, but I often doubt whether I do not hit folly, and be not a fool.’

“‘I Could not help thinking that he had arrived at one wise conclusion; and I turned to depart, but he was not to be so easily shaken off; he followed, and continued to pour forth his stream of talk by turns wise and absurd, but always rapid and noisy. He commented upon every building we passed remarkable for its beauty or its purpose, and named to me every citizen we met, Jew, or Greek, informing me as to his condition, affairs, office, or wealth. As we came before the devoted Synagogue in our walk, it furnished him with an inexhaustible theme. He said ‘that not Pilate himself knew better what would happen than he. Nay, not so well; for Pilate knows not at once his own mind; but the Greeks know theirs, and that it will be no impossible thing to force it upon the Governor. And before a few days are passed, Sir, these walls will lie level with the pavement. This cannot be agreeable to you Jews. It is always an evil to belong to the weaker party; but then you know the philosophic virtue of submission to what is inevitable. I

trust your people will manifest their wisdom in a timely and politic acquiescence.'

"I asked my unavoidable companion, how he could feel so sure of Pilate's determination, especially as he was to hear the Jews again to day, by some of their people who were more inclined to accommodation.

" 'Human nature sir, human nature,' — was his reply ; ' who knows not the Greeks ? and who knows not Pilate ? Prophecy is often nothing more than a shrewd judgment. The wise know what shall come to pass, from what already is and has been. I confess, I see every thing that shall be these few coming days with the same plainness as if it had already happened. There will be sad uproar, believe me.' I said 'I hoped not.'

" 'Ah yes,' he rejoined, 'it is a good thing to hope ; but one hopes less as he grows older and wiser. I know a few things, but I hope in nothing. — A fair day to you, most worthy Cataphilus,' cried my companion suddenly to one who passed, both gaily and richly dressed, 'How is it with your great master to day ? I trust he is in health.'

" 'He is well,' replied the other, 'but he is closely shut up with despatches from the Emperor — Excuse my haste' — my companion was about to lay hold upon a fold of his robe — 'I will say that Zeno inquired for his welfare ;' and forced himself away. —

" 'That man,' said my new friend, 'is ever in a hurry ; he is, you must be informed, Pilate's chief steward, and knows many things, if one could but get them out. But it is just so with all in this noisy place. I can scarce find a man who will allow me more than a few words, ere he must perforce be off to keep some appointment. It was not so in Athens. There, one could find a few who would give you an hour or so in the markets, or at the corner of a street, or at the bath. But here, great Jupiter, I surely deem that a pot of Tyrian dye, or a bale of Egyptian cotton is held to be of more value than would be a discourse from Plato, and a merchant more honored than a philosopher. But that Cataphilus, whom we just met, as I was saying, he has a master, and that master is Pilate, and Pilate has a master, who is Tiberius. Those despatches from Rome, I trow, give him some trouble. He stands, I doubt, on slippery ground. But this in your ear. We Greeks make use of him, but we esteem him not any more than you Jews. Now, my young Hebrew, we approach the market, and a sight

it is, I assure you; there, behold! That too was the work of Herod. Few things in Athens are finer.'

"It was a noble structure indeed; and the whole scene was imposing and grand, owing both to the buildings and the crowds of people who thronged the streets and squares. We stood where we had paused, observing and admiring, till being too much jostled and incommoded by the swift moving currents of passengers, we withdrew a few paces to the steps of a portico, where we could see and converse without interruption. As we thus stood here, and Zeno enlarged with volubility upon the various objects before us, our attention was suddenly arrested by the loud tone of a voice commencing its prayers in the Hebrew tongue. I turned to the quarter whence the sound proceeded, and just within an arch of the Portico hardly separated from the street, there stood a Jew with face uplifted, and hands spread out, uttering at the top of his voice his noon-day prayers; his eyes were so turned up as to give him the appearance of one in an agony, and his voice seemed to come forth from the passages of his nose rather than from those of the mouth. So distorted was his whole countenance by the sanctimonious expression he had assumed, that I did not at first recognise my companion on board the vessel. But as soon as I had made the discovery I asked the Greek, who the person might be who was so diligent and noisy at his devotions. Zeno was amazed at my ignorance.

"'What' said he 'hast thou been but a day in Cesarea and hast thou not heard of Ben-Ezra, the holiest Jew in all the city, the very head of the Pharisees, and with the common people of more sway than either Simon or Eleazer? Daily as the shadow of yonder dial falls upon the sixth hour, may this trumpet tongue be heard in the market of Cesarea; a proclamation of holy zeal to the fools who cannot see, though they have eyes — of false and vain pretense to those who know how to use the eyes God has given them. See, his worshippers are gathering to listen. Such prayers never reach the Gods. Perhaps it is not meant they should. They are answered in the effect they have upon these asses who are crowding round with their long ears erect. Let us away. This voice puts to flight my philosophy.'

"So we passed on and mingled in the thickest of the throng of buyers and sellers — now in greater multitudes than usual, owing to the games. With almost all, the affair of the synagogue

was the subject of conjecture or dispute ; and from very few did I hear a word of encouragement for the poor Jew. All sorts of opprobrious language was poured forth upon our unhappy people, and prophecies freely uttered of the destruction of the building before a few more days should pass.

“ ‘ You see how it is, my little Jew,’ cried Zeno, as we turned away from some of these, ‘ there is no hope for you. The Gods have decreed your defeat, and you are defeated. Better trouble thyself no more about it. Accompany me to the Amphitheatre to view the preparations that are going on, and leave your bewildered countrymen to Pilate. Be assured he will take care of them.’

“ I made him comprehend at length after repeated attempts to avert the flow of his Greek, that I was too much interested in the fate of my countrymen and friends to be absent on such an occasion. He took leave of me with reluctance, but not till he had learned where and with whom I dwelt, and had promised to bestow upon me more of his company.

“ I returned to the house of Sameas. Anna and her mother I found employed in domestic affairs ; wherefore I withdrew to my apartment, and gave myself even a higher pleasure than their society could have imparted, by conversing through my pen with you, my mother. But the time has come when it behoves me to repair to the Hall of Pilate, that I may not lose what shall there take place between the Greek and the Jew before the Roman Judge.

“ The scene has passed ; and I am again returned to my apartment and my tablets, to describe to you all that has happened.

“ The Hall of Judgment, as the Cesareans term that building, where the Roman Governor hears and judges those causes which come before him, stands not far from the palace of Herod, and, indeed, although it faces in an opposite direction, and is separated apparently from it, is yet connected with it by covered and secret passages, so that communication can be quickly made from one to the other. Pilate, they say here, being ever fearful lest some revenge, either public or private, should be taken upon him for his violences committed against communities or individuals, contrived these and divers other secret methods of escape from one building to another, and from one part of the city to another. The building is not, however, like the palace, of

marble, and of the like elegance in its design and ornaments; it is, on the other hand, constructed of a dark and gloomy stone, and though grand in its form and proportions, cannot boast of what is properly termed beautiful. As I now drew near, I perceived that on all sides it was encompassed by crowds of people, waiting for the coming of the Jews, and what was to follow. The whole city seemed to have come together into one place. I was apprehensive, lest, owing to the multitude, I should find it impossible to force myself within the building; for it appeared to me certain, that, if so many were without, the space within must be more than filled. I thought it hardly worth my while to proceed, and had paused, that I might, at least, perhaps, by remaining where I was, witness the approach of the Jews, and the manner in which they would be received by so great a concourse of citizens, when I was suddenly saluted by the philosopher Zeno, from whom I had been parted but for a short time. He had evidently, by too fast walking, lost his breath, for he could utter himself only, as it were, piece-meal — a great evil to one whose usual speech is like the running of a wine cask.

“‘How now, my Jew of Rome,’ cried he, ‘how think you your friends are to come up with you at your rate of walking? He who ran for help from Athens to Lacedæmon — Phi, —’

“‘Phidippides.’

“‘Ah, that is it — Phidippides — Phidippides ran not so fast. It is well you halted as you did, else had you lost my salutation and my company.’

“‘Your company,’ said I, ‘I fear still I must lose; for owing to the numbers who are pressing into this narrow space, and are already in advance of me, I have resolved to return whence I came, though I shall miss much that I had hoped to witness.’

“‘Now shalt thou acknowledge, Jew,’ cried he, ‘that there is, for once, use and virtue in a Greek. Follow me; and though thou shalt not get on at the pace of Phidippides, we shall arrive soon enough. So lay hold of my gown and come on. There is not a blind alley, or a covered way, or a secret entrance in Cesarea that’s not known to Zeno; which is one advantage that accrueth as a consequence of having nothing to do,’

“So saying, he led the way, and threading his passage among the throngs, he at length emerged into a bye way wholly clear of the populace. — Passing through this, I perceived that we

had approached very near to the rear of the principal building ; then, by now descending, and again ascending — enveloped now in darkness, then suddenly coming again to the light, meeting and seeing but few, and those apparently officials of the place, who all smiled and nodded to my companion as knowing him well, we came forth, at length, upon the broad paved area of the chief entrance ; when, ascending a magnificent flight of steps, crowded with others rapidly moving in the same direction, we soon stood within the walls of the Judgment Hall, more properly so called, being the vast apartment in which Pilate sits to hear whatever causes may be brought before him. With the knowledge of one who is familiar with such places, Zeno, immediately upon gaining the floor, pointed to the spot where we could both hear and see to the greatest advantage, and which none, as yet, had seized upon. Whereupon, we without delay secured it.

“ ‘ These people,’ said Zeno, ‘ though now apparently so quiet and peaceable, yet require not much to be said or done, to throw them into a ferment of passion, and mingle them in bitter fight. The Greeks have bound themselves together by oaths, not to forego their end, if it can be gained by any means which are within their reach. They are too many for you Jews, even though you were all of one mind ; but as I hear and know, you are divided into parties which are little less hostile toward each other, than any or all of you are toward the Greeks. This will make their victory easy. Pilate, too, is with them.’ ”

“ Zeno was interrupted in his talk, which flows otherwise with a perpetual stream, by the stir occasioned by the approach and entrance of the deputation of the Jews. Their priests came at their head, clothed in the usual garments of the service, followed by Sylleus and those of the Herodians who had been selected to accompany and support him. It was among those who entered last, that I observed Philip, Simon, and Eleazer. Immediately upon this, Pilate, from an opposite entrance, made his appearance, and advanced to his chair of state, on either side of which were ranged his friends, the officers of his household, his secretaries, heralds, and soldiers. ”

“ The aspect of this man is cold and dark. His countenance is pallid, his eyes near together, and set deep beneath his brows, which are straight and black. The features are very fixed, and more as if they were made of stone, than of flesh. He

neither smiles, nor gives evidence, on the surface, of any other emotion, either agreeable or painful ; but maintains one rigid sameness of expression, except that at times it seems as if a shadow deeper than usual settled over the face, falling, as it were, from some external object, but in truth proceeding from some terrible inward commotion. He appears, for the most part, like one withdrawn from what is immediately before him, and brooding in secret, upon some deep design. This appearance I may have seen in him, indeed, from first knowing his character ; which for a selfish rapacity, and a heartless disregard of the rights and the lives of those who come within his power, has made him to be noted, not only here in the East, but at Rome also. I thought him to be one, as I observed him, into whose hands I should unwillingly fall ; who would not, perhaps, indeed, injure or slay so much from feelings of wanton cruelty, as from a cold indifference to the life of another ; like those who will not truly go out of their way to crush an insect, but will not also turn aside the breadth of a hair, if one should perchance lie in their path ; or like one who, if through an error, he had been the cause of an individual, or of hundreds, being destroyed when innocent, would enjoy none the less his next hour's rest, or his next cup of wine. This also appeared to be the truth as to his character, from what, at this audience, I was able to observe.

“ No sooner had he taken his seat and looked round upon the suppliants before him, than he said with abruptness ;

“ ‘ Why is it that again, with a strange and foolish obstinacy, ye Jews of Cesarea, ye seek my judgment seat ? Do you think to change my mind, by this new embassy ? Think you to gain anything by setting the whole city in an uproar ? Who speaks for you ? ’

“ One of the priests replied, ‘ Sylleus, noble Governor, the Herodian Sylleus is set to plead for us.’

“ ‘ Why not the Roman Sylleus ? Methinks it became you more to have among you a sect of Romans than of Herodians. Belonging to Rome, it were well that some of you at least, bore the name.’

“ ‘ The name comes not,’ replied humbly the same priest, ‘ from Antipas of Galilee, but from his great father.’

“ ‘ Ah, well, that is better. There were little honor in coming of him of Galilee. Where is this Sylleus ? let him say on, and let him be brief. A cause heard twice, may be heard quickly. Let Sylleus the Herodian declare himself.’

“Whereupon Sylleus rose, and stood before Pilate; and after much fawning, and a long exordium of swollen flatteries, he was about to enter upon somewhat more pertinent, when Pilate’s impatience broke forth in a stern rebuke; —

“‘Cease, Sylleus, to praise. We are Governor here in Cesarea, we know; and the right arm of Cæsar. Tell us not of that with which we are already well acquainted, but come at once to the matter in hand.’

“‘Most noble Pilate,’ then began Sylleus again, ‘we are fain to seek thy great presence once more, for that we are well convinced, that when before we stood in this place, the people of the Jews, who are ever desirous to demean themselves as good citizens, were not represented by those who could or would make known to you the real sentiments of devotion to Cæsar, which fill the bosoms of our nation generally, and more especially of the inhabitants of this great Capital. They spake, so we judge, not so much as suitors for a favor, as after the manner of those who stood to enforce what they wished. Verily, their words were more those of the foes, than the friends of Rome. They spake too sharply of their rights, and of Rome’s duty to her far off provinces, whom, said they, she is bound to protect, and defend against aggression; specially when aimed at their religion, which it hath ever been the custom of Rome to respect and secure to her subjects. Whatever truth, noble Pilate, there may be in such things, we name them not, but rather come pleading our friendship and affection for Rome, and asking to be held by her as lovers and children. It was the Great Herod who first taught our people to seek their country’s prosperity no longer, in separating themselves so far from others in their manners, laws, and worship, but in mingling with the people of every nation, and adopting with freedom whatever was seen to be excellent in their various modes of life; and especially to make these interchanges with those who are the masters and the model of the whole world. It is well known to you, with what success he drew almost the whole nation after him; but particularly those who dwelt upon the sea-coast; so that in the process of not many years, the customs and manners of Rome were to be seen in a great many of our cities, and nowhere more than in Cesarea; so that even the games and sports of the Circus and the Theatres were to be enjoyed here without the necessity of a voyage to Rome; and so that even our religion, for adhering to which with obstinacy, we have been fa-

mous through all history, we began to think might relax somewhat of its harshness, and receive somewhat of the milder spirit which marks the faith of Rome. Receive it, then, O Pilate, as a truth not to be gainsayed, that we, who live now, are more pervaded by this leaven, as many do call it, of Herod, than were those who lived but a little while before us; to that degree indeed, that, save in some few respects of little moment, the Jew of Cesarea may, without impeaching greatly one's powers of discernment, be taken for a Roman. His garb is the same, his language the same, his amusements the same; and what separates him, is indeed but little worthy of regard. Now, most excellent Governor, if the Jews of Cesarea be such, why should they not be dealt with as friends, subjects, citizens, and children of the Universal Empire? We see not why a synagogue of the Jew should be razed for this purpose, any more than a temple of Jupiter or Apollo. We will not yield to any in our love and honor of Rome. Condescend, great Prince, to consider this, our great affection, and to grant our suit. And now —' Pilate interrupted him;

“‘That is well said, Sylleus. Thou hast done well, and said enough. I doubt not now your love for Rome. But answer me this — are you not still Jews? Call you not yourselves Jews?’

“‘Assuredly we do,’ responded Sylleus.

“‘Ah, hah,’ said Pilate, ‘then are you not Romans. A Jew is a Jew. A circumcised Jew can be no Roman.’ And upon that the Greeks and the rabble laughed. Pilate, as this subsided, continued, in a sharp and bitter tone, —

“‘You Jews are surely a short-sighted, besotted people. What cares Rome, think you, for your good will? Shall she owe you thanks and favors, that you affect her, and honor her? She owes not these to her own citizens and children. What she wants, by the Gods, she can command; her arm is long enough and strong enough to reach even to you, and what she would have you, make you. — What more would you say? Speak, for the time presses, and the air grows hot.’

“Sylleus thus urged, and finding, doubtless, that much of the matter, and the argument he had prepared could not so much as be uttered in the ears of the Governor, much less set forth in order with his usual flourishes, came, at length, after much hesitating, and a long and indirect preface — in which he was more than once interrupted and rebuked by the Procurator — to the statement of the proposition which he had been directed to reserve to the last.

“ ‘The Jews of Cesarea,’ he began, ‘as is well known to your greatness, and, indeed, to all the world, are a poor people, and that what little wealth they can heap together is obtained by a labor, and by hardships and industry, such as, it is believed, the natives of no other land ever present an example of. And if Cesarea is poor, so too is Jerusalem — Judea, and Galilee, and Samaria, it is all the same; we are a small and a poor people. Yet, according to our ability, are we willing to part with our hard-earned gains, if, in exchange, we can obtain privileges and favors which to us are more than wealth.’ Pilate raised his head, and looked at Sylleus. Zeno remarked that, in his judgment, for a Jew, Sylleus was a man of discernment. ‘Especially,’ he continued, ‘does it gratify us, who, as I have before aimed to show, love Rome even as her own children, when we can offer our mite to increase the lustre of her greatness. Nay, it were not reason that we looked to obtain, at all times, that which we covet, without some sacrifice on our part, or some relinquishment of what we value in due proportion to what we receive.’

“ ‘You surely judge,’ said Pilate, ‘like good citizens and honest men.’

“ ‘Wherefore, most noble Governor,’ continued Sylleus, ‘it is through the counsel of our chief priests and the other most esteemed persons of our body, that I now say that to ransom what is so dearly prized by Jewish hearts, we gladly offer to the treasury of the Empire, a gold talent of Jerusalem, which, though it may seem but a small sum to those who hold in their hands the wealth of the whole earth, is yet a huge one to those who, as we do, acquire our riches, if we may ever be said to possess riches, by little and little, and never much.’

“ An evident sensation was made throughout the crowd by this proposition of the Jew. It had not been looked for. I asked Zeno if this was the way in which Rome raised taxes. ‘Little of money so got, ever goes to Rome,’ he replied. ‘This is for the purse of Pilate. The Jew has touched the right chord, and it sings music in the Governor’s ear. He is thinking of bracelets and ear-rings for his wife, the beautiful Procla. See, he smiles graciously on Sylleus, and seems not to catch the murmurs from the Greeks. If he heeds them not, I warrant him they will soon grow louder than he will like.’

“ Pilate, for the moment while this was said, sat silent and unobservant of all around him, then suddenly broke out,—

“‘Thou hast said the truth, Sylleus. Rome loves her distant subjects as her nearer, and ever accepts with pride the tokens of their regard.’ Pilate was about to proceed with other things, when he was interrupted by a loud and clear voice, which I at once recognised as Philip’s.

“‘Listen not, O Governor, to the words of one who, in every word he utters, seals the dishonor of his country’—But Philip was in his turn, rudely silenced, at Pilate’s instance, by a herald who stood near; for at the same moment he had observed that Lycias, the leader of the Greeks, wished to address him. Many of the Jews now cried out for Philip, others for Sylleus, and the Greeks shouted the names of Lycias and Philæus, each party striving, by noise and uproar, to secure the success of its chief. Pilate at length succeeded in enforcing silence, and then called upon Lycias to say what he would.

“‘Most noble Governor,’ said the Greek, as soon as his voice could be made to prevail over the slowly subsiding tumult, ‘it is a long time that the honor, which the united Greek population of Cesarea have proposed to render to the reigning Emperor, hath been made a matter of notoriety, both here in our city, and in the neighboring places. Even at Rome, it hath been familiarly spoken of by such as are acquainted with our affairs, and hath been carried to the ears of Cæsar himself. It hath been also even reported that the imperial colossus should stand upon the loftiest point of the city—now filled by the Jewish synagogue—so that it should be conspicuous to all entering or departing from the Port, and the great roads of Cesarea, as those of Asia and Rome now are; and more than this, that the ground hath already been ceded to the Greeks for this use by the Governor. To me and to us, is it now plain, O Pilate, that the honor arising from this act on the part of the Greeks of Cesarea, will be more esteemed at Rome, than will be the miserable pittance proffered by the Jews, which can hardly be thought to be equivalent to more than half the value of the building now deforming the finest quarter of the city. He can scarce be reckoned a friend of Cæsar, and of Cæsar’s honor, who, for a colossus of marble upon the topmost point of Cesarea, shall substitute a talent of gold, which, while it vanishes in the using, the other endures with nature itself, from one part of which it is carved out. If the omnipotent Tiberius be in want of money, let the Greeks of Cesarea make a contribution of such pence as they can spare, and by the first ship

despatch it to Rome.' Here was there much commotion produced amongst the multitude — the Greeks exulting, and the Jews showing signs of rage and impatience — Pilate's pallid face grew whiter still. Zeno said, 'That Greek is bold, is he not? But were he not sure how it stands with Pilate at Rome, he might as well have cut off his own head, as said it. Trust Lycias for both courage and cunning.'

"Lycias was about to begin again, when Pilate, assuming his usual air, said,

"I will hear no more of the matter. What I have decreed, I have decreed. The first judgment shall stand. I was willing to grant an indulgence to you, Jews of Cesarea, and to hear what further ye might have to allege against the judgment I had rendered; but it has proved but another occasion of tumult and confusion —'

"Pilate was here broken in upon by the loud voice of Philip — 'The true reasons,' said he, 'O Pilate, why thy judgment should not stand, have not been rendered by the false Sylleus. Listen to me, and thou shalt hear them —'

"A new uproar was now occasioned. The Priests, with new signs of rage in their distorted countenances, shouted, 'Hear him not, Pilate, he is mad! The Jews themselves hold him mad.' The Greeks, too, now took sides with them in the endeavor to silence him, but his voice prevailed over all.

"The true reason, O Pilate, why this judgment should not be rendered is, that it will breed riot, revolt, and war, in Cesarea, and it may be, throughout Judea. Deem not that though some of the Jews be traitors to themselves and their God, all are therefore so. For I say unto thee, that there are those in Cesarea, and they are not a few, who will sooner pour out their blood upon the altar of their God, as did those Galileans whom thou doubtless rememberest, ere they will see dishonor done to the house of their worship. Believe not the foul-mouthed apostate, when he tells thee that there is love between us and thee, between Israel and Rome. I tell thee there is hate — deep, deadly, inextinguishable hate, and there is nothing else. The Jew hates the Roman, defies and spits upon him. Herod did not quite, although he did almost, un-Jew us. There be some left who name not his name, but another's who lived not long since, of whom, perchance, the noble Pilate has heard somewhat, Judas of Galilee! We hold from him, and the work which he began; we hope, helped by the God of our Father,

to finish. There is a cup in His hand, and the wine is red, and as for the dregs thereof, ye of Rome shall wring them out and drink them.' — What more Philip would have said none can tell, for at that moment Pilate's voice was heard —

“ ‘Strike him to the ground! Hew down the rebel’ ” — at which the soldiers, who were near, made towards him as they could through the press, but happily in vain; for the Jews who were around him closed him in, many of the other party joining them, and in spite of the efforts of the soldiers, whose swords and spears were flashing around and falling mercilessly upon any who were nearest — they love nothing like the blood of a Jew — Philip was thrust into the thickest of the multitude, and so escaped. But the words of Pilate were the signal for a general tumult. The whole mass, heaved to and fro in the struggles of all, either to defend themselves, to assail others, or to escape from the Hall, the confusion and the terror being increased by the stern command of Pilate, heard above all the din, for the legionaries to be drawn from the Camp to the Square, he himself at the same moment hastily disappearing through the door in the rear of the apartment, by which he had entered. The throng being now too dense to permit the use of weapons, every thought and effort of each was centered in the endeavor to fly from the place, and in the haste and hurry thus occasioned, many, both of the Greeks and Jews, were thrown down and trampled to death, in the narrow passages, and on the descent of the steps. When the streets were once gained, the apprehension of the Roman soldiery caused the crowds, with precipitation, to seek the shelter of their homes. As for ourselves, Zeno, when he saw to what head the tumult would grow, with a prudence which is a part of his character, drew me away with himself, to the near neighborhood of the entrance by which we had gained the room, so that when the tumult had reached its highest, and no more was to be witnessed with safety, we departed the way we came; many who were near us, observing our movements, and escaping by the same means. As we rapidly made our way through the narrow and secret passes, by which we had approached the Judgment Hall, the air was filled with the noise of the retreating and flying crowds, and soon, above all, was heard the clang of the trumpets of the Roman Horse, as yet at a distance, as they swept along the streets toward the scene of action. So great, however, was the terror on the part of the people of this weapon of Imperial rule, that by the

time the Horse had reached the Hall, they found themselves the sole occupants of the square and the street, a moment before so thronged with half the inhabitants of Cesarea.

"I soon parted from Zeno, and hastened to what I already begin to call my home." Anna and her mother were awaiting with anxiety the event of the audience. I had scarcely ended my narrative of the occurrences of the hour, when Philip appeared. He was now calm, but bore marks, in the fiery glow of his countenance, of scenes through which he had just passed. Although he conversed with moderation, and with gentleness toward us all, yet was there a wildness and restless wandering of the eye, which showed to me that his soul was deeply agitated, and was still devising further schemes of resistance. Anna, after having heard from both of us full accounts of all that had happened, no longer made any effort to restrain herself or Philip, but surrendered herself up to the undivided dominion of her religious, patriotic zeal, and by the lofty tone of her indignation, and her sincere devotion to her faith, served to lend a fresh impulse to her brother. Where this will end, or what will next ensue, I cannot pretend to divine; but the causes of discord and quarrel are too many, and now too bitter, to be speedily put to rest.

"I cannot wonder, my mother, at the rage into which devout Jews are thrown, or any who retain the least attachment to their country, and reverence for those who have lived before them, or any remembrance of their ancient greatness and renown, nay, who have any proper feeling for themselves, when they behold themselves, the lives of their children, their homes, the prosperity of their cities, and the religion, which they have received through so many ages, made the sport of a tyranny like this. Rome is herself compassionate and indulgent — at least, magnanimous; but in her distant administration of the extremities of her vast Empire, where her own eye cannot penetrate, she is, through her ministers, oftentimes most unjust and oppressive. Pilate, as I learn, and as I see, rules in Judea, not for the good of the province over which he is set, but for his own. His first care is to turn the streams of wealth, of which he can obtain the control, into his own coffers — next into those of Rome; and whenever his own wants of more, and still more, cry out louder than usual, or the cry comes over the sea from his great master, then pretexts in abundance are found, or invented, for extraordinary assessments upon the people, and to that degree,

that ruin to the merchant and the husbandman often stalks in the footsteps of the tax-gatherer. Nay, among the Jews, those who lend themselves to this service, and for the sake of a livelihood, or possibly larger gains, allow themselves to be employed as collectors of these imposed burdens, are held in even greater abhorrence than the masters whom they serve. That toward both all the anger and hate should be felt, which now rage in the breast of Philip, and of those who are with him, is natural and necessary ; and I blame Philip, therefore, not for his principles, but for his policy. He surrenders himself up to his passions, which bear him apparently with more despatch toward the attainment of his object, but which deceive him, and end in leading farther and farther from that at which he aims. He, who obeys his passions rather than his reason, is like one who, on the ocean, should hope to reach the port, trusting to the winds alone. They may drive him swiftly ; but if there be no rudder and no helmsman, the faster he shall go, the farther it may be from the haven he seeks.

“After a stormy day, I now willingly seek repose. To-morrow the games of Herod commence, and it will not be strange if disturbances should again break out. When it shall have passed, I will record its events.”

“The day has come and gone in peace. I will not, my mother, describe the scenes I have witnessed at the Amphitheatre, resembling as they have, even to the minutest ceremonial, those of the same kind in Rome, of which you have often heard, though you never witnessed them. To thine apostate son was left that office ; and faithfully were its duties fulfilled. Never, as I think, was I absent after my tenth year, from any game or show within the walls of Rome — or never, except when my old master Plancus used to interpose, out of regard, as he averred, to my progress in my studies, and obtain from you, or from my father, an interdict to be laid upon my movements. With my father, I believe, he rarely succeeded, he being ever ambitious, that, by mingling, at all times and in every place, with the Roman youth, especially at their national sports and public games, I should grow up in their likeness, and lose my own. It was to you I owe it, that occasionally I was withheld from such scenes, and kept, instead, to my Greek. But my relish for them I find not to be quite dead within me ; even on the humbler scale in which they were to-day exhibited in this provincial city. And truly I was not the only son of Abraham then and there pres-

ent, but beside me, as it were, the whole Jewish population of Cesarea — so successful have been the means resorted to, to tempt our people to adopt the customs and manners of their conquerors and masters. The more strict, indeed, were not there, such as Anna, Philip, Simon, and their friends; but they are few in comparison with the whole. On the third day of the games occurs the Sabbath, when many more will be added to the numbers of the absent; but so fatal is the power of bad example, great numbers will also be found in the seats of the Theatre — amongst whom, alas, thy son may be.

“On the evening of the first day — as I was but now about to say — we sat together in the Portico, looking both over the garden, and the waters of the sea, as they then sparkled under the light of the half-grown moon. Our talk was of the games, and of what had been witnessed there. I related all I had either seen or heard. Simon also was of our company; who asked me whether any difference was to be noted in the demeanor of Pilate toward the Greeks and Jews. I told him I had noticed none; or if any, that his manner was even more gracious toward those of the Jews who were near him, than to any others, and, what was more, perhaps, that at the side of Procla, sat the wife of Sylleus. ‘There is no good designed,’ said Simon, ‘in any quarter, when Pilate smiles; least of all, to us. Would that his wife reigned here in Judea, instead of him. Her smiles, and they are many, are of the heart. Were her counsels followed, there were no uncertain prospect of days of peace in Judea. She is full of humanity, as he of cruelty. Toward our people she has ever shown herself prompt to do them favors, and atone, as she might, for the slights and affronts of her husband and other lordly Romans. The Lord be nigh unto her in the hour of her necessity.’

“‘Often has she been known,’ said Anna, ‘to interpose between the judgment of Pilate and his victim, — believed by her to be unjustly condemned — and snatch him from the death that threatened; and sometimes has she herself in the silence of night set open the prison door, and unlocked the chain, and set the prisoner free, trusting to Pilate’s love of her — which all Cessarea knows how fond it is, — to overlook the offence. Her heart is full of pity, and even the Jew is not shut out.

“‘He is not,’ said Simon; ‘to day at the Synagogue and in the Market it passed from mouth to mouth, that Procla was

on our part, and that to the wife of Sylleus she had declared as much, and had said moreover, that whatever it lay within her power to do, that would she do gladly for the furtherance of our desires. The peace with which this day has passed gives hope that justice and milder counsels will prevail.

“‘It is,’ said Philip, ‘the treacherous calm that precedes the tempest; the smoothness of the stream before it shoots the precipice; the stillness that comes before the lightning; the quiet speech of Joab when he smote Abner under the fifth rib. Look not for peace till the yoke of slavery shall have been fastened upon the neck of every man, who dares to stand up and call himself a Jew. Procla’s intercession may buy the life of a malefactor, or save a thief from the stocks, but at a time like this her smiles would scarce avail to change the mind of Pilate. His love of money and his dread of Cæsar are stronger both, than his love of Procla. ’Tis rumored that the Greeks more than make good the bribe of Sylleus.’

“‘Still,’ said Simon, ‘I will hope the best. If to-morrow shall also go over, and our temple shall still keep its place, I will believe that the Lord hath turned the heart of our enemy. For it is Pilate’s wont not to delay what he purposes.’

“I could not help saying here, what I did not doubt was the truth, that it was not to be questioned that Pilate would carry into effect his purpose sooner or later; he might not do it to-morrow or the day after, but as there was no power to prevent him, and there was a strong motive for him to do the Greeks this favor, he would neither pause nor hesitate in the work before him. This was, as I learned at the Amphitheatre, the opinion of all, who were most capable of judging, who knew Pilate well, and were interested in the event neither one way nor another. And I added, that I could not but hope, that, whatever iniquity there might be in the measure, it would not be resisted, but that afterward, since it could not be done before, an appeal would be made to Cæsar. However, all I could say was of little weight with any, except perhaps with Simon, who judges now more calmly in the matter than at first. As for Philip he declared if all deserted him, as most seemed likely to do, he would fall alone under the axes and engines, ere he would live to witness the impious wrong. Anna was of the same mind. Ceasing then to converse upon themes, which were sure to agitate all who engaged in them, we walked forth into the garden and spoke of other things, and lingered till a

late hour among its avenues and shades. It was not till the sounds in the neighboring streets had died away, and the confused murmur that came up from the vicinity of the Amphitheatre, where idle revellers and the more dissolute youth of the city pass both day and night, had at length grown so faint as scarcely to be heard, that we were warned to our rest.

“The second day of the games has come and gone in like manner as the first. But there are, as it seems to me, many indications that another will not pass so quietly. At the Circus the affair of the Synagogue in all the intervals of the games was, as it were, the sole topic of discourse. Some, both of Greeks and Jews, espousing one side, and some another; for many of the Greeks are generous enough to condemn the measures which have been urged upon Pilate, and many of the Jews, on the other hand, are base enough through subserviency to the Roman power to defend him, and throw blame upon the churlishness, as they term it, of the zealous, who will listen to no propositions of surrender. Zeno, who, with his troublesome partiality for my conversation, was not long in perceiving in what part of the Theatre I had placed myself, soon joined me, ‘that he might enliven,’ as he was pleased to say, ‘by his presence and discourse, the solitude in which I seemed to be pining.’ I asked him, how in his judgment stood the affair of the Jews; for however this man may render himself both tedious and absurd, by the perseverance of his friendship and the manner of his talk, it still is universally admitted in Cesarea, that no other individual is during any one day in so many different places, sees so many persons, hears so much news, and heaps together so many facts; so that to no other source of information could I apply with so great a certainty of obtaining the knowledge for which I sought. He was very positive in his belief, in reply to my inquiries, that Pilate held to his original purpose, and that nothing now could turn him from it; that the second hearing of the Jews had done them more harm than good; that Philip had enraged him, and that he would now in spite of appearances soon take his revenge. I told him that I thought that Lycias had said more to offend than Philip. This he admitted; but replied, that it was for Pilate’s interest, nay it was necessary to him, to overlook that; and besides he attributed the whole disturbance, into which Cesarea had been thrown, to what he calls the superstitious obstinacy of the Jews. ‘To-morrow is your Sabbath; and to-morrow will the measure be carried into effect’ — ‘this,’

said Zeno, 'I doubt no more than that Pilate sits there before us toying with Procla's bracelet, and now turns his dark brows to watch the last agonies of that dying gladiator. He reckons much upon the Herodians, and the divisions among you ; and is persuaded that there will now be but faint opposition, and that on the part of but a few madmen like Philip.'

"Philip throughout this day has been engaged in secret movements with his party. It is their purpose to post themselves in the immediate neighborhood of the Synagogue, concealed in the dwellings of the Jews which are nearest. Many of these are inhabited by Roman Jews, and who would not admit Philip or any of his adherents. But an equal or a greater number are in the possession of those who are united with him. These buildings are separated from the walls of the Synagogue by very broad streets, and almost surround it, and afford a ready and secure place of concealment, while awaiting the decision of Pilate, and of retreat, if either their own desperate zeal or the Roman sword should spare them for such an act. There can be little question but that to-morrow will behold the destruction of the Synagogue. Although no public order has been given, and the people will be tempted to the Theatre by unusual spectacles ; yet those who know the manner in which Pilate conducts such affairs are well persuaded of it. Lest, my mother, the events of another day should not allow me to end and seal this letter, and commit it to the vessel which to-morrow sails for the Tiber, I will close it now, commending myself to you with all love, and offering the salutations of the widow and her daughter.

"When the morrow is over I will write of its events."

II.

"That morrow is past. Its sun has gone down in darkness. I keep my promise, my mother, and at once tell you of its scenes and events.

"It was, as I have said, the Sabbath. In the household of Sameas the observances were as with those of the stricter sort in Rome, except that Philip was early abroad attending to the affairs committed to him. Anna and her mother repaired to the Synagogue. As they were departing, Anna turned to me and said, 'will you not, Julian, go with us?' I said that I could

not ; my anxieties were too many to allow me to worship, and I did not choose to be present with my body alone. She said that my answer had rebuked her, for she was sure she should think only of Philip. ‘If,’ said her mother, ‘you will not only think of Philip, but lift up your prayers for him, how, my child, could you be more devoutly employed?’ ‘That is true,’ replied the daughter, ‘let us go, and pray for Philip and for Judea. Farewell, Julian, go not to the games.’ And with these words, the last which I heard from her, she turned away and moved in the direction of the Synagogue.

“Not long after their departure, I too sought the streets, uncertain whether to bend my way toward the Amphitheatre, or toward the Synagogue, which, whether I should enter it or not as a worshipper, certainly had all my thoughts. I was determined, as men ever are, by the multitude ; and then I found all hurrying toward the Circus. The city seemed emptying in that direction, so great were the numbers of persons on foot and in chariots, on camels and on horses, many being from the country round about, who were thus hastening in the pursuit of pleasure. I, without will or purpose of my own, was borne along with the current. The expectations, as I conversed first with one and then with another of those who were going the same way, were great as to the entertainment to be afforded. ‘It was to be the great day of the games. It was announced,’ said they, ‘as I might see for myself on the corners of all the streets, that an hundred Lions were to contend with one another, with other beasts, or with men. That was but a part of the show. There were other things greater yet. Pilate had never before, on his part, made so great provision for the amusement of the people. Old men said it brought to mind the days of Herod.’ But long before I reached the plain on the outskirts of the city, where stands the Circus, I turned round, and moved in another direction, giving myself up to my meditations, thinking now of you, my mother, then of my journey to Beth-Harem, and most of all, of Philip and his sister. So I kept on my way I know not how long, till suddenly the sounds of our Sabbath music struck my ear. The streets were now still, and I paused and listened. The chant rose and fell with the gentle breeze that was stirring, and by its uncommon sweetness drew me on in the direction of the sound. I had walked but a few paces, when, leaving the narrow street in which I had been moving, I found myself to my surprise in front of the devoted Synagogue. I stood and

leaned upon a broken wall, and again listened with more attention ; for the voices of Anna and her mother I knew were mingling in the strain. But I had not stood and listened long, ere another sound of a very different kind from an opposite quarter fell on my ear—the distant rumbling of many wheels, the trampling of horses, and the confused murmur which betokens the movement of many feet. My apprehensions at once interpreted the meaning of the sound. It rapidly approached, and in a moment more a body of artisans, with their implements of labor, and massy engines for the levelling of walls, accompanied by a crowd of the populace and a small guard of Roman soldiers, came into view, and moved on toward the spot where I stood. At the same instant, as it were, the inhabitants of the street up which the army of destroyers were marching, the neighboring streets, and the square—inhabited almost wholly by Jews—became aware that the long threatened and overhanging evil was now at hand and about to fall, and poured forth to witness or to resist the desolation. As if by the power of magic a multitude now stood in the spaces, where but a moment before were but a few idlers like myself. The worshippers within the Synagogue, warned by messengers from without of the sacrilege about to be committed, we now saw descending the lofty steps in slow procession, bearing in their hands the books of the law. They fled not at the prospect of the approaching danger, but gathered around the walls of their ancient temple, as if, by their presence alone with their revered priests and elders at their head, they could avert the storm that had gathered over them, or touch with compassion the hearts of the rude servants of irresistible power, now about to commence the work of destruction. That troop of slaves with their implements—axes, saws, bars, and battering rams,—at the same time drew near, and spread themselves, as if without delay to begin their work, attempting to thrust back with violence the crowds which accumulated around them. But to this first and necessary work were these men unequal, for they had to contend not with the vile rabble that might have been found in the neighborhood of a theatre or a market, but with women, and children, and aged men, the mothers, wives, and sisters of many of the chief citizens of Cesarea, together with the priests and ministers of their worship. And they were met, too, not by return of blows or violence of any sort, but with tears and intreaties, and importunate cries of deep distress, imploring them to withhold their hands, nor bury in

ruins the venerable temple of their faith. The loud sound of wailing and lamentation, arising thus from the voices of the women, mingled in strange and mournful confusion, with the rolling of the heavy wheels, the cries of those who managed the engines, the oaths and vociferations of the workmen, the shrill braying of the trumpets, and the hoarse commands of the Roman Centurion, as he essayed to preserve what order he could, hemmed in and oppressed by so great a crowd of human beings. Pilate had ordered that no assault whatever should be made upon the Jews, unless first assailed by them; and that indulgence should be shown to natural expressions of sorrow and indignation; but that open resistance should be punished without mercy. It happened soon, therefore, that the Centurion, not being permitted to resort to any measures of violence, found himself separated from the soldiers, and the soldiers from one another, by the irresistible pressure of the crowds. This was indeed of little consequence at first, because there were no signs of any other resistance being made, than that which proceeded from the weeping of the women, and the passionate exclamations of the men. But as soon as the workmen had succeeded in planting their engines, and raising their ladders, and were preparing to ply their various instruments of destruction, a scene of horror ensued, which, if that Roman could have controlled his soldiers, might in some sort — supposing any humanity to have dwelt in his bosom — by his interposition have been prevented. For when, after having in the manner I have said planted their engines in the proper position, and they were then for the first time about to ply them upon the walls, the Jews, who immediately encompassed them, could no longer restrain themselves, but threw themselves, the women not less than the men, upon the engines, and clung madly to the wheels, to the beams, and even to the head itself of the rams, and also rushing in placed themselves between the instruments and the walls, so that neither could the workmen ply their engines, nor, if they could, was it possible to do so without crushing vast numbers of the people that were upon them, around them, or lying prostrate before them. Such reverence and love are there among them for the place and the object of their worship. But when neither by entreaty, nor by such force as they could use, was it possible to tear these miserable beings from their fatal grasp, and when every warning had been given them that there would no longer be any delay, then

by the force of the artisans were the engines drawn back, and when they had been so held a few moments, were let drive against the walls, and all those who had chosen so to devote themselves miserably perished. Shrieks of agony, cries of horror, and imprecations of divine vengeance at that filled the air. Yet it now availed not. The engines were quickly drawn back again, and again driven against the walls, destroying all who still were in their way. But when by the Jews, who still possessed their reason, it was thus seen that no signs of devotion and no proofs of constancy could prevent the fated devastation, they then, as it were with one accord, determined that their wives and children should no longer be permitted to be either witnesses or sufferers in what was further to ensue; and they were borne away not without force, so full were they of the spirit which is ready to sacrifice itself in the service of its God, to the dwellings which bordered upon the space in which the Synagogue stood. Long before this I had with anxiety searched in the crowds for Anna and her mother, but in vain. But while I with others was engaged in this service of placing the women beyond the reach of danger, it was with the greatest joy that I discovered them already secure upon the roof of one of the loftiest dwellings.

“Now while this duty had been performing, the Romans, taking advantage of the temporary dispersion of the crowd, plied vigorously on every side their huge battering rams, and clouds of dust, and the crash of falling stones gave evidence how rapidly the work was going on. The walls of the outer court and the porches were fast tumbling in ruins. But no sooner were the women disposed of, than the Jews, actuated by one spirit of revenge, forgetting in the heat of the hour the sacredness of the day and their resolutions of forbearance, and rushing in upon the workmen, by the overwhelming force of numbers, drove them from their posts. At this, the Roman horse, and at the same time also the Greeks, and all others who were hostile to the Jews, poured in to the defence of the workmen; and thus all around, both within and without the walls of the Court, and throughout all the surrounding streets, were the whole multitude mingled in bloody fight. As soon, however, as the Centurion had ordered to the attack the soldiers under him, then forth from out the courts of the neighboring houses, from the windows and doors, poured, fully armed, Philip, Simon, and their adherents; and, though on foot, fell with fury on the Roman and his troop.

The Jews were now concentrated on one side of the square, the Romans and the Greeks on the other, and with or without weapons, all were engaged. But the Jews, notwithstanding their desperate bravery, and the freedom with which they sold their lives, were no match for the cavalry of the Romans, and were soon seen to yield their ground, and were, indeed, falling back fast, when they were arrested, and made to turn again with success upon their enemy, by the sudden appearance of a small troop of mounted Jews, with one at their head, whose commanding air, and impetuous charge, inspired his countrymen with new courage. ‘Come on,’ cried he, ‘men of Israel. For the Lord and Judea’—and, followed by his little band, fell with fury upon the Romans. It was at a moment when it was needful that fortune should show some favor to our people, though to me it was clear that they could not but soon be routed, and that with great slaughter—for Philip, upon whom dependence was placed, more than upon any other, was just then nearly borne down by the advancing horse. But refusing steadfastly to retreat before those whom he hated, but feared not, and to whom, if so it must be, he was ready to sell his life, he sought, and engaged, hand to hand, with the Centurion. Though so unequal in their advantages, Philip made up for his position, in some manner, by his stature, and the superior strength of his arm. The fight hung long doubtful, but, alas! as it could not but be, the Centurion prevailed, and by a well aimed blow, clove his antagonist to the ground. At this moment the Jew horseman came up, and I looked that he should on the instant revenge the death of Philip; but suddenly drawing in his horse, he cried out, in the Hebrew tongue, ‘Hah, Gentile, Gentile, beware the fate of Abimelech.’ Had he to whom this was said understood what those words conveyed, he might, by stooping upon his horse, have evaded the messenger of death; but he knew them not; and they were scarcely uttered, when a stone from a roof struck him to the pavement. I raised my eye to the spot whence it came—it was Anna’s form I there saw, bending over to behold the work she had done; but at the same instant, even as I gazed upon her with both wonder and sorrow, a javelin from the hand of a Roman pierced her through, and she fell back upon the tiles. There was then, my mother, no longer any Cesarea for me; and I flung myself from the place where, till then, I had remained, (that I might, in the event of the house being assailed, be at hand for the defence of Anna and her mother,)

and mingled as full of the spirit of revenge, as any in the thickest of the fight. — But why should I now say more? that soon happened, which I had been looking for. The news of the affray had been carried to Pilate — a legion was on the moment despatched to the Synagogue, and with its overwhelming force soon decided the contest. But I heeded not its presence, I knew it not. Blind with passion and grief, I fought madly, till, as I suppose, I fell senseless, through loss of strength and blood. — I awoke in a Roman dungeon. I am in the hands of Pilate. What the event will be, I cannot foresee. If I perish, though thou wilt lose an unworthy son, yet is he one who, in whatever else he failed, failed never in his love of thee. I can now say no more.

“These lines I am permitted to place in the hands of Zeno, the Greek, trusting that he will despatch them speedily to Rome. Farewell.”

NOTICES AND INTELLIGENCE.

Gesenius' Hebrew Grammar, translated from the Eleventh German Edition, by THOMAS J. CONANT, Professor of Hebrew, and of Biblical Criticism, and Interpretation, in the Literary and Theological Institution at Hamilton, N. Y. With a *Course of Exercises in Hebrew Grammar, and a Hebrew Chrestomathy*, prepared by the Translator. Boston: Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln. 1839. 8vo. pp. xvi., 326, and 60. — The character of Gesenius as a Hebrew scholar is now so well known in this country, that a commendatory notice of any work from him is hardly needed. Those, who are acquainted with his labors as a grammarian, a lexicographer, and an interpreter, know that in all these respects he stands unrivalled amongst his countrymen. Whilst he is equal to any of them in the depth and fulness of his learning, he surpasses all of them, with whom we are acquainted, in soundness and exactness of judgment, in keenness of critical sagacity, and in the logical and luminous order with which he disposes his materials. He unites English common sense with German freedom and depth of research; and presents to us the results of his in-

quiries in what may be called an English style, that is, in language, the meaning of which is readily and easily apprehended by all, without being initiated in the various schools of German philosophy. In philology he appears peculiarly free from any bias, such as leads many of his countrymen astray, such as an ambition of gaining notoriety by the display of his ingenuity, or the mere novelty of his views. He is not, in the language of his countrymen, one-sided, *einseitig*. He pursues no one view with such earnestness and partiality, as to be blind to all others. While he is independent in his judgment, and has done more than any of his contemporaries for Hebrew literature by original research, he practises on the eclectic principle of seizing upon the truth wherever he finds it. It is pleasing to observe the candor and sagacity with which he has profited even from the writings of his opponents, such as Ewald.

In reading several translations from the German, in the Biblical Repository, and in separate works, we could not help thinking, that the translators might have done much better by giving the results of their own investigations. But in regard to Gesenius, we have thought from the first, that it would have been better to have translated his Grammar, as well as his Lexicon, into our language. They are adapted to each other. We are, indeed, much indebted to Professor Stuart for his Hebrew Grammar. To him, more than to any other, belongs the praise of having given the impulse, which has led to the present interest in Hebrew literature in our country. But in availing himself of the labors of Gesenius to a considerable extent in the preparation of his Grammar, we cannot perceive that he has gained anything by departing from his method. Whoever will compare the Grammar of Gesenius with any others now before the public, will, we think, be satisfied, that in respect to luminous and philosophic arrangement, fulness of matter, precision of statement, felicity of illustration, and absence of useless distinctions and extraneous matter, it is as yet unrivalled.

The translation of this Grammar is by Professor Conant, of the Baptist denomination. It is a pleasing evidence of the progress of theological literature in our country, and especially in the extensive denomination to which the translator belongs. We have not the original before us; but from the examination we have given the translation should judge it to be well executed. The translator has also added a course of Exercises, and a short Chrestomathy, which must be useful, especially to those who pursue the study of Hebrew without a teacher. The book is printed in a large, clear, and beautiful type, and well sustains the reputation of the University Press, and reflects credit on the enterprising publishers.

Rural Sketches, by THOMAS MILLER. Author of *Day in the Woods*, *Beauties of the Country*, &c. London.—The superficial character of modern books has long been complained of; but the evil, instead of being amended, has increased. Not only are the sciences simplified to the utmost for popular use, and compilations of history multiplied in such forms as to render them accessible to every class of readers; but even works of mere amusement must be of the lightest possible character, to suit the rapidity with which we move in this age of steam.

What would the novel-reader of our day say to the ponderous folio of ancient times, or even to the six-volume octavo of a later age? We cannot grieve that the huge tomes of Scuderi have been laid aside; nor that the romances of Scott have superseded the less bulky, but not less voluminous, works of Richardson. But to the *Waverley* romances a much lighter kind have succeeded; and the not altogether unexceptionable productions of Capt. Marryatt, with a host of sea-tales, have seized the general attention, and point out, if they do not lead, the prevailing taste. It is true, indeed, that a more recent and still more popular writer has nearly thrown Capt. Marryatt into the shade; and that he has delineated low character with equal humor, better taste, and perhaps with more life. It is well that it is so; since his writings are of a more moral character. Still, the avidity with which these books are read shows the demand for works of the very lightest description.

Amidst works of amusement, there is a class which is devoid of the piquancy and excitement of the novel, and which, if they leave no very permanent impression, have at least the advantage of leaving no bad one. They amuse and interest, and serve to occupy an occasional leisure half hour pleasantly and innocently. The book before us is of this class. The author is a sincere and earnest admirer of nature; and in the present volume, we have his description of rural scenes and characters; such as he found them on his return to his native village, where he had formerly pursued the humble occupation of basket-maker. With the partialities natural to a lover of nature, he prefers to the present the past as he knew it in his early years. The scenes he formerly loved he regrets to see altered. He likes the safe jog-trot of a farm-horse better than the bewildering rapidity of steam travelling; and is even inclined to prefer the lumbering waggon of the time of Smollett to the less social stage-coach. He is therefore an admirer and commemorator *temporis acti*. He does not indeed inveigh against modern improvements, or look upon them with any degree of spite. On the contrary, he seems blest with an overflowing fund of good-nature; and if there

is any exaggeration in his descriptions of character, it is in this point. His personages are all highly good-natured, and sometimes to a ridiculous degree. His true forte consists in descriptions of rustic character, such as it was in his younger days. His best sketches in this volume are those of the Old Fisherman, the Country Justice, the Game-keeper, &c. All of these are specimens of the past; aged men whose habits, recollections, and sympathies belong to a former period. The Stage-coachman is another such character, who always walked his horses over a space where there had formerly been a piece of bad road, and who inveighed against the cutting down of a hill as a serious injury to his horses. He gives a very amusing and well drawn description of a village fair, and a very natural account of the adventures of a youthful would-be Robin Hood. When, however, leaving these scenes and the familiar style of writing, he attempts a higher order of composition, he meets with less success. His style, nevertheless, is more polished than we should expect; and if the tastes of the basket-maker sometimes peep out, they only serve to show that he is in earnest. A genuine love of nature softens and purifies the mind. It is true, indeed, that those who are most familiar with the beauties or the wonders of nature are not always exempt from coarseness of mind. The eyes must be opened, the taste must be cultivated, for the perception of natural beauties. It is then no proof that such scenes have not an elevating tendency, that all countrymen are not refined.

Our author looks back, with more pleasure than compunction, to the days of his compulsory visits to the Justice, occasioned by sundry breaches of the game laws, and similar misdemeanors. In this, he probably thinks himself sanctioned by the example of Shakspeare, who was like him a close observer of nature. Retrospections of this kind, in regard to such offences in very early life, do not necessarily show a perverted taste. The thoughtlessness with which they were committed purifies them in the memory. It is not until they are perpetrated in more mature life, in defiance of the laws, that they are to be held as marks of real depravity.

Perhaps there never was a period in the history of the world, in which change — whether it be regarded as innovation or improvement — proceeded so rapidly as it has done in the present century. Places which had formerly remained for ages unaltered — the children coming up in place of the fathers, pursuing their occupations, and continuing in their habits — are now submitting every where, both in the old world and in this, to the hand of revolution. It is pleasant then occasionally to meet with an

author who loves to dwell upon the past — who loves to recall the scenes of his infancy. Such retrospections we can all sympathize with and enjoy.

We have dwelt the longer upon this work, because we think that next to the contemplation of nature herself, the perusal of books, which cultivate a taste for rural life, has a favorable tendency. Books of amusement will be read; and probably every one has some moments which cannot be better occupied than in their perusal. It is therefore no small recommendation of such a book, if it can be said that it is innocent as well as entertaining.

It is from the tendency of such works as these to cultivate a taste for rural scenery, and to open the eyes of the many to those beauties which they would otherwise pass unnoticed because they are familiar, that we would strongly recommend the republication of this book. There is much of our native scenery, which equals in beauty or surpasses in grandeur many of the much admired and frequented localities in Europe; but which is little valued, perhaps hardly known, because the taste is wanting that would cause it to be generally appreciated.

We hope that the Rural Sketches will shortly be issued from the American press, in the same form as the original, and without omission of the engravings. We cannot doubt that it will meet with a ready sale.

Letters to the Rev. Professor Stuart, &c., by DANIEL DANA, D. D. — We have sometimes amused ourselves in the retired alcove of a public library, by looking over old pamphlets on questions which are now entirely settled by the common consent of the world. It is curious to trace out the ingenious arguments by which some really strong and good man has entirely put down, for instance, the Copernican Astronomy, by reason, scripture, and the authority of great philosophers. With something of the same feeling we have read the pamphlet before us. It is a voice from the past, coming upon the present generation to discuss a question which has gone by. As to the author, if for once we may speak in a style similar to his own, we have great respect both for his mind and character. But the controversy, in which he is taking part, has little interest for those who are now coming upon the stage, and can do good or harm only to those whose minds are made up.

Professor Stuart, it appears, has published in the Biblical Repository an Essay, the object of which, according to Dr. Dana, "seems to be, to disprove and explode the doctrine of *original sin*, or of *native depravity*." The parties are at issue "on points which, on all reflection," says Dr. Dana, "I cannot but view as

fundamental and vital." He first objects to the philosophy of the Essay. He next (Letter III.) undertakes to show that it is not supported by Vitringa, whose authority Professor Stuart had claimed; and having established this to his satisfaction, he adds in his peculiar manner, "Such being literally the state of facts, I cannot help imagining that I see the venerable Dutchman smile (not to say *frown*) at your attempts to enlist him in such a cause." The fourth letter is taken up with the scriptural argument, which is managed with considerable adroitness.

We must not, however, go through the details. The main argument, though not perhaps apparent at once, is undoubtedly a personal appeal to the peculiar situation of Professor Stuart. It runs in a secret vein through all the letters.

"It is known," says Dr. Dana, "to the churches of New England, and to the community, that you have solemnly declared your faith in the doctrines of the gospel, as expressed in the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly. Of course the expectation has been extensively cherished, that your instructions, as a minister of the gospel, and as one employed in preparing future ministers for the churches, would be in accordance with the principles embraced in the instrument mentioned above."

After defending the doctrine of *original, native sin*, as expressed in the Catechism, he adds;

"But I forget that it belongs to you, rather than to myself, to defend the venerable Assembly in this case. Still I am under the necessity of subjoining the following quotations from your Essay."

After making the extracts, he continues;

"These quotations I have introduced with some reluctance, and shall pass with very little comment. It would be obviously gratuitous, though perfectly easy, to show how materially they disagree with the Westminster formulary. Nor would it be less a work of supererogation to demonstrate that the framers of that instrument had no idea of a *corruption* which has no *moral evil* in it, nor of a *depravity* which is *innocent*, nor of an *original sin*, which (to use your own emphatic, though unguarded expression,) is *no sin*. But I forbear.

* * *

"In a word, my dear Sir, I cannot but apprehend you are far too sanguine in anticipating the speedy disappearance of the doctrine in debate — the doctrine of *original sin*. Unquestionably, it is one of the grand pillars on which the Andover Institution rests."

Here is the sore point. The Andover Institution rests on *original sin* as "one of the grand pillars," which its professors have pledged themselves to maintain; and yet, in the opinion of Dr. Dana, this pillar Professor Stuart has been destroying by taking away its *moral evil*.

The sum and substance of Dr. Dana's letters to Professor Stuart, when translated into plain English, is this; "In entering upon your office you solemnly pledged yourself to support the doctrine of original, native depravity," and now you are laboring to disprove it. "On all reflection," I cannot but view this error as "fundamental and vital," nor can I see how, as an honest Christian, you can reconcile your present conduct with the pledge you have given. It is impossible to describe the importance of our Theological Seminaries for good if conducted on right principles.

"But [we now use Dr. Dana's own words] what if they prove recreant to their high destination? What if the streams, that issue periodically from these fountains, should become impure and polluting? Alas, words cannot paint the bitter disappointment, the deep-felt grief, the disastrous, wide-spread, and almost interminable evils which must ensue!"

The point of such language will be understood, when we remember that it is used by a trustee of the Andover Institution, and a personal friend of Professor Stuart.

Among other considerations urged, the following is a little curious.

"Shrewd and calculating Unitarians are looking on the recent experiment with deep attention and interest. They perceive that much has been conceded. But they demand much more. Indeed, they *expect* much more. They argue, with no little plausibility, that much more *must* and *will* be conceded."

To the following paragraph we entirely assent.

"I cannot, however, conclude, without adverting to one point in your Essay, which has not yet been touched. You seem to apprehend that the great evil in the church, at this day, is an intolerance of error; an extreme sensitiveness to every departure from truth. But others are of a different opinion. They think that a 'wide-spread and increasing indifference to sound doctrine is the present great sin of the Christian church.' And you yourself, I think, will not be backward to admit that 'there can be no surer sign of degeneracy than the *peaceable progress of error*.' For myself, I have no disposition to defend any arbitrary methods of suppressing heresy. It is the *truth* which, in this case, is the sufferer. Yet if there is not, in this age, an unusual and alarming insensibility to the progress of error, and to the duty of opposing it; if many Christians have not too much forgotten their obligation to 'contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints,' then am I utterly unacquainted with the signs of the times."— p. 45.

We hope never to be found opposed to a sincere and earnest search for the truth. We would by no means interfere with freedom of thought or speech, when used with a sense of the

solemn obligations which it imposes. But we do believe that, in the discussion of the great questions of the day, there is a reckless impatience of existing institutions and opinions, from which we have much to fear. Questions affecting the deepest interests of man and society are taken up as school-boy themes. The faith of thousands is shocked as though it were a matter of no concern. The false views that are abroad give us little alarm; but the manner in which they are sustained and opposed is a ground of serious apprehension. Let men investigate with all freedom, but let them remember that the pursuit of truth is something more than a sport, or a Lyceum debate, where it matters little what opinions are maintained, provided only that it be done with ability and grace. A heavy responsibility rests upon them, and in respect to important doctrines, they should propose innovations only after the most serious, enlightened, and prayerful conviction of their truth.

The School Friend. By the author of *American Popular Lessons*. Robinson and Franklin: New York. — This is a close imitation of a German book of the same title, and is interesting as exhibiting, in small measure, the moral discipline of the German schools. If there be any mode of penetrating the whole popular mind with the principles of morality, it is through the instrumentality of the school, and the school book is one of the earliest oracles by which we are instructed in great truths. There is no want of good and attractive children's books in this country; but those fitted to the best ends are not yet freely admitted to our common schools. But they might be obtained. "It ought to be," says Mrs. Austin, that most enlightened promoter of popular education, "one part of the business of those who preside over public instruction, to collect and compare the elementary books, and the methods of all countries." If a spirit of inquiry so searching and comprehensive should enter into our school councils, it is believed that the American "School Friend" would be as useful to the American people, as its original is to Germans. The translation, rendered in the present form for adaptation to our use, is from the one hundred and twenty-eighth edition of the German, and contains in an attractive form, simple and impressive lessons on the principles of duty, and the physical harmonies of nature.

American Slavery as it Is; — Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses. 8vo. pp. 224. New York. 1839. — A very remarkable and terrible volume. We do not know but it should be regarded

as the most decisive exposition of the Great Evil extant. It is drawn from the most authentic sources, principally the testimony of Southern men, and is largely made up of Advertisements from Southern papers, which certify, in the strongest terms, to the prevalence of all the heinous ills which have been charged against the system. Nothing can be more unexceptionable, in the way of evidence, and we do not think that any exception can be taken to the manner in which it is arranged and commented upon.

Dramas, Discourses, and other Pieces. By JAMES A. HILLHOUSE. 2 vols. 16mo. Boston: C. C. Little and J. Brown. 1839. — This is as it should be, — the beautiful works of Hillhouse, collected and published in two of the most beautiful volumes of the day. It is a luxury to look at them. They give a new charm, if it were possible, to our old favorites, Hadad and Percy's Masque, and tempt most invitingly to the perusal of the new piece, — we are sorry that there is only one, — "Demetria." This is a deep tragedy of domestic life, founded on the two odious passions of a sister's hatred and a lover's foolish jealousy. The story is a painful one, almost to repulsion, but is wrought out with great skill in the disposition of the parts and the delineation of character; full of fine touches of nature with constant beauty of diction and an exciting interest in the tale. It seems to us worthy its place by the side of its two distinguished predecessors. These we consider as having taken their place among the American classics; and although the uninvitingness of the dramatic form in which they exist forbids the expectation that they should enjoy what is called popularity, there can be no doubt, that with readers, who regard more the substance than the mere form of a work of genius, they will always be held in the highest estimation. They are not hasty, undigested, performances. They have been elaborated with the faithful care of a scholar who understands the dignity of his high art. The modesty of their author, who willingly receives from any quarter the criticism which suggests an improvement, and patiently retouches accordingly, is distinctly evident in some of the emendations to the present reprint, which also gives perpetual proof of the fastidious carefulness with which his own taste watches and perfects his labors. We have been much instructed as well as interested by the comparison of many passages with the former editions; not always, however, assenting to the judgment of the author, and sometimes greatly preferring the old reading, — perhaps only because we were used to it.

We have no room for extended remark. We only intend a brief welcome to an author whom we honor for his fidelity no less to religious and moral effect than to poetical. We see no reason, on re-perusal, to abate from the praise which was given to *Hadad* and *The Judgment* in two former numbers of this Journal; * we are not sure that, in their present revised state, we should not assign to them even a higher rank. The three Discourses, which close the second volume, are manly discussions of topics interesting to the scholar and the patriot, containing valuable critical suggestions, and passages of power and beauty, such as one would look for in "the prose of a poet."

The Last Days of the Saviour, or the History of the Lord's Passion,—from the German of Olshausen. Mors Christi, vita mundi. Boston: James Munroe and Company. 1839. — This little work seems to be admirably well translated. The English sentences flow as smoothly as if they had first received the thoughts. We should welcome the arrival of all honest and able works into our mother tongue. To scorn a nation's literature is as unworthy, as to be uncivil to their persons, or to reject their natural products. The present work gives evidence of serious thought and earnest feeling. It is in its nature both critical and spiritual, with a vein of the mystical. The apparent discrepancies of the Gospels, respecting the Last Supper and the Resurrection, are harmonized as well as we remember to have seen them. We are struck with occasional instances of original discernment of the inexhaustible beauty of that whole scene of the death and reappearance of our Lord. Sometimes we mark picturesqueness in the description, and sometimes grandeur in the conception. The speculations about Christ's "glorified body" would seem to be harmless to those not prepared to accept them. And the book can be recommended as pure and edifying, — and calculated to excite a new interest in circumstances whose sublimity is unrivalled on the earth.

The Future Life of the Good. Boston: Joseph Dowe. 1839. — This is an unpretending little volume, on one of the most interesting and important of all subjects — Recognition and Reunion in another world. It is a subject which seems to

* Christian Disciple for 1821, p. 209. Christian Examiner for 1825, p. 301.

be calling more and more attention. Several small treatises and single discourses have been published upon it, within a few years ; but none, to our knowledge, so well fitted for common use and free distribution as this. Yet this is not all that we want, not all that we hoped to find it. The subject demands a more extended and complete view of the whole argument of Scripture and nature, in favor of future recognition. Not that we think it a difficult matter to prove, or that it needs exact proof, or that we can enter into the feelings and fears of those who doubt. We cannot. This life and the other, nature, reason, affection, faith, Christianity, are all dark to us and utterly inexplicable, without the hope and the conviction of future union and eternal intercourse with those whom we have loved here. Every heart desires it. Every sufferer demands it. All that revelation does say of it is favorable ; and the opposite doctrine, the only alternative to a social heaven, that of separation, silence, and eternal solitude if not selfishness, is to our view both an absurdity and a horror. Still there are some, perhaps many, who are not *satisfied*, and cannot be comforted, as they would be with more faith in this blessed prospect. For their sakes, we rejoice in every publication of this kind. The present consists, first, of a long and admirable discourse, on Reunion of Friends, from the pen, we believe, of Mr. Greenwood, followed by others, whose authors we do not know, some of them very good, touching upon different views of the whole subject. They are interspersed with pieces of appropriate poetry, several of them taken from that delightful collection, the *Sacred Offering*. For that also we are indebted to Mr. Dowe, and we wish it were more known. He has published two distinct volumes of the *Sacred Offering*. And very few books do we know, none of this kind, that we would more earnestly commend to the lovers of devotional poetry, and all who would gather balm for the wounded and troubled breast.

The Good Housekeeper, or The Way to Live well, and to be well while we live. Containing directions for choosing and preparing food, in regard to Health, Economy, and Taste. By MRS. S. J. HALE. Boston : Weeks, Jordan, and Co. 1839. —Pretending to no knowledge of the Cookery part of this new work, we yet confidently recommend it, from its plan, from the excellence of its general matter, and from the opinion of those who do understand the virtue of Receipts, &c. It is not a common Receipt Book. Its purpose is to give information on the *nature* of different kinds of food, and on the *laws* of health.

It follows the system of Dr. Combe, on the Physiology of Digestion, the Principles of Dietetics, &c ; a system standing, it is believed, on the soundest views of temperance, but avoiding the excesses of those who would take from us the most common aliment which God has provided. Mrs. Hale does not forbid or dissuade from the use of meat, tea, and coffee ; but shows how they should be prepared, and how injurious they may be made, and often are made, by ignorance, error, and excess. This lady writes not from books, any farther than they agree with her own experience, which has been various and long. She offers counsel too, in a very unpretending and sensible way, on the whole subject of Household Economy, gives Hints to Housekeepers, Hints to Help, and a Word to Mothers. Some of these are invaluable, and cannot be read by any one, man or woman, maid or mistress, without advantage. Most of all, the book, without making a formal business of it at all, is pervaded by a clear moral influence ; having regard to something higher than animal enjoyment, or mere housekeeping comfort. We respect the author, who can say at the end of such a book, — “ I have not permitted the name of *rum* or *brandy* to sully a receipt in this book. There is no need of these as condiments.”

The Theatre, in its influence upon Literature, Morals, and Religion. By ROBERT TURNBULL. 2d Edition. 18mo. pp. 110. — We cannot doubt that this is a true case made out against one of the worst institutions of our times, and of all times ; and we commend it accordingly. Yet would we not lay a rude or violent hand even upon the Theatre ; nor, if we could, destroy it at once. It is, we believe, in the course of a gradual decay, — and gradual changes are ever best, — before the superior influences of Literature, Science, and Religion. We look with great hope also to the counteracting effects of popular Lectures, and the fine arts, — especially music. With good books, good lectures, good music, — and we believe the Theatre would possess but few attractions.

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JANUARY, 1840.

ART. I. — *The True Intellectual System of the Universe: wherein all the Reason and Philosophy of Atheism is confuted, and its Impossibility demonstrated. A Treatise on Immutable Morality; with a Discourse concerning the True Notion of the Lord's Supper; and two Sermons on 1 John ii. 3, 4, and 1 Cor. xv. 57. By RALPH CUDWORTH, D. D. First American Edition; with References to the several Quotations in the Intellectual System; and an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author: by THOMAS BIRCH, M. A., F. R. S. 2 vols. 8vo. 1838. Andover: published by Gould & Newman.*

RALPH CUDWORTH, the son of Dr. Ralph Cudworth, was born at Aller in Somersetshire, in 1617. The father died while the son was a small boy. The mother married Dr. Stoughton, who educated young Ralph with great care. In youth, he was remarkable for the same qualities which distinguished his riper years. Is it not always true "the child is father of the man?" The Oak and the Fern are oaks and ferns as soon as they leave the parent seed. At thirteen he was admitted a pensioner at Emanuel College, Cambridge; six years after, was created Master of Arts, "with great applause." Soon after he became an eminent tutor at Cambridge, and at one time had twenty-eight scholars under his charge, a great number even for the largest colleges. After a short time he was presented with a rectory that was worth about £300 a year. In 1644, he became Master of Clare-Hall, and the next year, Professor of Hebrew. In 1651, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was con-

ferred on him ; three years later, one of his friends writes, "after many tossings, Dr. Cudworth is returned to Cambridge, and settled in Christ's College, and by his marriage, more settled than fixed." He became master of that college the same year, and continued in that office during the rest of his life. A few years later, he was consulted by a committee, appointed by Parliament, "to consider of the translations and impressions of the Bible, and to offer their opinions thereon." In 1662, he was presented to the vicarage of Ashwell ; sixteen years after, he was installed prebendary of Gloucester. These later appointments brought him, we trust, rather money than care. He died at Cambridge, June 26th, 1688, leaving one daughter behind him, the wife of Sir Francis Masham.

His first recorded publication was a discourse concerning the true notion of the Lord's Supper, issued in 1642. The next, fifteen years later, a sermon preached before the House of Commons. In 1658, he designed to publish some Latin discourses in defence of Christianity against the Jews ; but we know not what prevented him. In 1678, he published the *True Intellectual System* in folio. As might be expected, the book met with great opposition from the courtiers of Charles the Second. But the first publication against it proceeded from a Catholic, the year after its appearance. Many of the less liberal clergy abused him. Mr. Turner called him a Tritheist ; others denounced him as an Atheist ! a name easily uttered by the impure mouth, and which has sometimes been bestowed on the devoutest of men, as all histories bear witness. We cannot forbear quoting the words of Bishop Warburton, since they contain hints applicable to all times, we fear ; certainly to these days.

"The philosopher of Malmesbury was the terror of the last age. . . . The press sweats with controversy, and every young clergyman militant would needs try his arms in thundering upon Hobbes's steel cap. The mischief his writings had done to religion set Cudworth upon projecting its defence. Of this he published one immortal volume ; of a boldness very uncommon indeed, but well-becoming a man conscious of his own integrity and strength. For instead of amusing himself with Hobbes's peculiar whimsies, which in a little time were to vanish of themselves, and their answers with them, which are all now forgotten, from the curates to the archbishops, he launched out into the immensity of the *Intellectual System* : and at his first essay,

penetrated the very darkest recesses of antiquity to strip *Atheism* of its disguises, and drag up the lurking monster into day, where, though few readers could follow him, yet the very slowest were able to overtake his purpose. And there wanted not *country clergymen* to lead the cry, and tell the world, *that under pretence of defending revelation, he wrote in the very manner that an artful infidel might naturally be supposed to use in writing against it; that he had given us all the filthy stuff that he could scrape together out of the sink of Atheism, as a natural introduction to a demonstration of the truth of revelation; that with incredible industry and reading he had rummaged all antiquity for Atheistical arguments, which he neither knew nor intended to answer. In a word, that he was an Atheist in his heart, and an Arian in his book. But the worst is behind. These silly calumnies were believed. The much injured author grew disgusted. His ardor slackened; and the rest, and far greatest part of the defence never appeared, — a defence that would have left nothing to do for such as our author, but to read it; and for such as our author's adversaries, but to rail at it.*" — *Divine Legation, &c.* Preface to the First Edition of Books IV. V. and VI. Vol. I. p. 650. London, 1837.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, M. Le Clerc published copious extracts from the *Intellectual System* in his *Bibliothèque Choisie*, at that time the most popular periodical in Europe. He commented upon it with singular felicity, in general, though not without mistakes; and the extracts he made found favor with his readers, it seems, to judge from the prefaces to several volumes of the *Bibliothèque*. But he was involved in a controversy with Mr. Bayle, touching the doctrine of a plastic nature, taught by Dr. C., and which Bayle thought savored of atheism. We have no desire to speak of this controversy. Cudworth's views of the Trinity drew on him the invectives of some of the rigid orthodox party.

It is to be regretted that so little is known of the personal history of this great man. How gladly would we lift the curtain from his mind, and see how the grief and gladness of this many-colored life acted upon him, and how he reacted upon them. Would that some friend had done for him, even the feeble service which Mr. Ward has rendered his contemporary, Dr. Henry More. We wish to see how much of his lofty Ideal was made actual in his life. But we are merely told when this star rose, and when it set; of its hourly lustre, as it sailed on through clearness and cloud, we can only learn

from its dim reflection in his printed works. These afford but an inadequate idea of the man, under the most favorable circumstances ; for the best thoughts are rarely uttered in books ; and the book itself is never fully understood without the life of its author. The artist's words are only the cinders of the fire with which he wrought.

Dr. Cudworth was one of that circle of illustrious men, who contributed so much, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, to redeem the character of the clergy in England, and sustain true religion there. The celebrated act of conformity, requiring clergymen of the church to subscribe to the book of common prayer, with all its doctrines, deprived the church of about two thousand of its worthiest servants ; "who," as Bishop Burnet says, "were cast out ignominiously, reduced to great poverty, and provoked by much spiteful usage." This circumstance with the fines and forfeitures, which fell into the lap of the Church, brought great wealth into the hands of the conforming portion of the clergy, — the successors of those who had been deprived of their livings. "With this great accession of wealth," says the same author, "there broke in upon the church a great deal of luxury and high living ; and with this overset of wealth and pomp, that came on men in the decline of their parts and age, they, who were now growing into old age, became lazy, and negligent in all the true concerns of the church. They left preaching and writing to others, while they gave themselves up to ease and sloth. In which sad representations, some few exceptions are to be made ; but so few, that, if a new set of men had not arisen, of another stamp, the church had quite lost her esteem over the nation."* The chief of these men were Drs. Whitchcot, Cudworth, Wilkins, More, and Worthington ; all men of great natural powers, surprising learning, and deep, living piety. They studied to awaken a deeper spirit in young students, than was usually found in those times. So they abandoned the set forms of the schools, and directed their pupils to such old writers as Plato, Tully, and Plotinus. "Cudworth carried this on with a great strength of genius, and a vast compass of learning. He was a man of great conduct and prudence ; upon which, his enemies did very falsely accuse him of craft and dissimulation." These

* Burnet's *History of his own Time*. Vol. I. p. 105, fol. edition. Dublin, 1724.

men felt that religion was something more than a conformity with custom, or a sonorous reading of the liturgy. They drew it from the fountain of living water in the soul; not from the broken cisterns of tradition or convention. They saw that conscience was superior to the law of the land; knew that morality is not one thing at Corinth, and another at Rome; but is universal, the same everywhere, is based on eternal principles of justice, and reproduced in each pure soul.

At that time, England was filled with learned men; but with all its Pocockes, and Waltons, and Clarkes, and Castells, it had none more learned than Dr. Cudworth. It was "rich in spiritual men; but though Milton, and Taylor, and Hooker, and Hall, shone in their lustre, there were few more spiritual and pure than Dr. Cudworth, and these "Latitude men about Cambridge," as they were called. They were meek and lowly in Religion, but the fervent faith of apostles glowed in their breasts. These men were foes to fanaticism, to irreligion, and to superstition. They had a hard battle to fight, for they fell on evil times, though glorious; and evil tongues assailed them.

King Charles the Second was a model of irreligion and profligacy. The manners of the court are well known, and its licentiousness could not be concealed. It is with manners as with streams of water, they run downwards; so the people aped the court. The philosophy of Hobbes was a necessary emanation for the great and aristocratic party of those times. His system is well known. "Interest and Fear," he says, are the bonds of society; "Selfishness," the only principle and foundation of morals; the king's decree, the sole basis of religion. The world was his God. A system of philosophy is, perhaps, never the production of a single mind; its apparent author is unconsciously the organ of many men. In this way, Hobbes represents a large party. "He writ his book, first, to favor absolute monarchy, but turned it afterwards to gratify the republican party."*

* Such feats were not uncommon at that time. Walton dedicated his Polyglott to Cromwell, with some adulation; but Charles coming into power, he industriously plucked out the old dedication, and inserted a new one, calling the king, "*most temperate*" and "*very religious*," while he pronounces Cromwell "*the great red dragon*." He had his reward, — a bishopric. So delighted was the king to have the name of *virtuous*, *temperate*, and *religious*, bestowed on him without dreaming of restraint or any denial. Some tell-tale copies still preserve the original dedication, to show there lived more than one Hobbes at that day. But see, who will, a poor defence of Walton in Todd's life of him.

The latitude men attacked the Hobbists, both the speculative and practical, with spiritual weapons. They were in the ranks of the conformists, for they loved the Liturgy and the church, though they deemed it "not unlawful to live without either." They studied the old philosophers. Episcopius was one of their favorite authors. They overthrew the false work of Hobbes, and attempted to erect immutable Morality and spotless Religion on the ground, degraded by sensuality and reverence for might. But as Warburton says touchingly of himself: —

"All this went for nothing with the bigots. He had departed from the *old posture of defence*. His demonstration, say they, could never make us amends for changing our posture of defence, and deserting our strongholds. . . . I know not how, — they betray the most woful apprehensions of Christianity, and are frightened to death at every foolish book new-written against religion. And what do our directing engineers advise you to do in this exigence? . . . Keep within your *strong-holds*, watch where they direct their battery, and there to your old mud-walls clap a buttress; and, so it be done with speed, no matter of what material. If, in the mean time, one more bold than the rest, offer to dig away the rubbish that hides its beauty, or kick down an awkward prop that discredits its strength, he is sure to be called by these men, — *a secret enemy or an indiscreet friend*. He is sure to be assaulted with all the rude clamor, and opprobrious names, that bigotry is ever ready to bestow on those it fears and hates." — Warburton, &c. p. 649, et seq.

But they met the common reward of such men in this our day. Men of narrow minds, — whose eyes are opened, but wide enough to see a heresy in every new thing, — called them Latitudinarians, though their lives were spotless. Because they would "render a reason for the hope that was in them," the papists denounced them as Socinians, — even as atheists. They published books to show there were no certain proofs of Christianity, unless we took it "upon the authority of the infallible church."

It is said the character of the parent is oftener seen in the child, than the child in the parent; and certainly the teacher is often clearly discovered in pupils. The Latitude men raised up such scholars as John Smith, Bishop Patrick, Lloyd, Tillotson, and Stillingfleet. Poisons and spices both flourish side by side in nature; and so, out of this century, so strangely conspicuous for harmony and discord in church and state; for the din of war, and the sound of revelry; for meanness in proud men,

baseness in honorable men, and littleness in great men ; for perjury in kings, and heroic fidelity in cottages ; out of the time of Bacon and Hampden have risen the brightest stars, yea constellations, that England reveres, in whose light her greatest intellectual achievements have been wrought.

The design of the True Intellectual System is briefly this : To expose in all their strength, all possible forms of Atheism ; to show the falsity and hollowness of all of them, and to bring forward proofs of the existence of God, so strong and convincing, that no one hereafter could have a reasonable doubt of it, more than of the Axioms of Geometry, or the Sentiment of Esteem and Love. To effect this, he sifts the writings of all nations, and every age, to discover all the forms of Atheism. He states the atheistic arguments with perfect freedom, and perfect fairness. If there is any force in them, Dr. Cudworth exhibits the whole of it, to the best advantage. Conscious of his own strength, and the truth of his cause, he had no fear as to the issue of the contest. The Atheist must often be surprised to see his cause appear stronger in his opponent's hands, than in his own. After stating all the reasons of Atheism, he gathers his proofs around him, girds himself for the battle ; completely, we think, and triumphantly replies to every charge ; confronts every hostile argument, be it never so remote, and fairly meets his antagonist, and drives him out of the field of philosophy. All this is done with lawful weapons, and in the spirit of kindness. A careless reader thinks the work disorderly ;

“He can no joints and no contexture find,
Nor its loose parts to any method bring.”

He sees no plan in it. But looking fixedly, the reader finds the exactest method pervades the work ; the truest logic unites the several parts of the argument ; and that little is wanting, though much is redundant. At first, he is bewildered with the array of learning, the long and brilliant passages from the old philosophers ; the numerous allies drawn from Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and Rome ; from the schools of the middle ages, the cells of monks, and the halls of the Rabbins. He starts at names “that would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.” But soon he sees they all serve under one banner, are marshalled in their proper places, and strike each a blow, though sometimes, we fancy, on a dead enemy. But this is done from no

ostentation, as Falstaff (and many heroes of the quill also, who have "an unbounded stomach" for controversy, but think discretion the better part of valor,) hacked the lifeless Hotspur, while there were *living* foes to encounter. But he does this *ex abundanti*, because he has more strength than he can hold. The careless reader turns over these pages, and, seeing the host of citations, pronounces outright the book was written by some one, who had read more than any man could think, and so was fit only to make indices to books, or at best, extracts from them. It is a melancholy truth that some great readers have been small thinkers. Men who have not reached gianthood heap Pelion upon Ossa, in their reading, hoping to scale Heaven thereby, and take wisdom by storm. Even if they could enter by those means, *they* would find no Divinity in the temple. But their pile of learning, built without the foundation of a strong, masculine mind, topples over, and buries beneath it the ambition of the student, and his small wit. Dr. Faustus, says the legend, sold himself to the devil; and gaining certain privileges for a season, at last lost his own soul forever. But Vengeance never sleeps; he is the father of modern books, to which so many men have sold their souls. Of what avail is it to gain whole libraries, and lose one's own mind?

It is true many bright spirits are shut up in huge tomes, like dried ferns in a botanist's herbal; but it does not follow, because Cudworth was a great reader, that he should not be a great thinker also. The world has known many such. Such were Aristotle, Pliny the Elder, Clement of Alexandria, and Origen, among the ancients; Leibnitz, Bayle, Taylor, and Richter, in later times, who read every thing, and were yet the brightest and most original of men. We could never see why a seaman, who has been round the world again and again, cannot pilot a boat across his native lake, as well as one who had seen no other waters. Perhaps M. Von Humbolt can find his way through the streets of Göttingen, as well after his travels as before.

But to return to Dr. Cudworth. The reader will find in him an unusual discernment, an extraordinary penetration combined with rare skill in the use of materials, his boundless erudition has furnished. What is still better, the spirit of Christianity dwells in him. You see that he has drunk from the fountain of life. He can reason with an opponent, and yet not be angry; can reprove without harshness, and censure without sarcasm.

He is one of the few men who can lawfully engage in controversy, for he hates no man, not even an Hobbist.

In this article, only a brief summary can be afforded of his arguments against Atheism. At first, he says, he had only designed to write a discourse against the doctrine of Fatalism, or Necessity, which undermines Christianity, and all religions, by taking away the distinction between Good and Evil, and to set forth the true intellectual system which involves freedom in man, and a discernment between Right and Wrong. Afterwards, he thought it necessary to go behind this doctrine of Fatalism, and demonstrate the existence of a self-conscious and intelligent God. Atheism is the false intellectual system of the Universe; but the true one consists of three principles. 1. There is a self-conscious God, ruling over all things. 2. God is good, and there is an eternal distinction between Good and Evil. 3. Men are free agents, and therefore accountable Beings. The whole Intellectual System was designed to comprise, I. A Treatise against Atheism. II. One on Moral Good and Evil. III. A treatise on Liberty and Necessity. The present work comprises only the first treatise, but it is perfect in itself.*

This work is divided into five chapters: the first treats of the three forms of Atheism, namely, that of some "Neoteric Christians," that "Contingent Liberty is impossible;" that of Zeno, (the Stoic,) Chrysippus, and others, that "All things are predestined by the Will of God;" and the System of Democritus and some modern Atheists, that "There is no Immaterial or Spiritual Substance in Existence," and, consequently, all the actions of men are resolved into the mechanism of senseless matter. He calls this last the Democritical faith, from the founder of a famous Atheistic sect in ancient times. But in

* The other works still exist in Manuscript, at Cambridge, except a small treatise on *Free-Will*, recently published, edited by *John Allen*. London, 1839. The treatise on *Good and Evil* consists of about one thousand pages in folio; and that on *Liberty and Necessity* is of about the same size. We wish the enterprising publishers of these volumes would procure a copy of these manuscripts, and publish them here. Can there be a doubt the public would reward their enterprise? There is no hope they will find an English editor for centuries to come. The English are too deeply engaged in rail-roads and steam-boats; in resolving mind into matter; commenting on Jeremy Bentham; translating the Fathers; establishing the infallibility of the church, and making mouths at the invisible event of German Philosophy, to think of publishing Dr. Cudworth.

opposing the system of Fatalism, the author admits the protective Providence of a God essentially good.

The Democritical Fatalism, which denied the existence of God, was built on a peculiar physiological theory, called the Atomical System, because it made matter consist of indivisible atoms. It regarded matter as extended bulk, which has only these attributes, accidents, or qualities, namely, figure, divisibility, size, position or impenetrability, and motion or rest. These qualities explain all the phenomena of matter: growth and decay being only addition or diminution of atoms; and the sensible notions of cold and hot, sweet and bitter, and the like, belong only to the observer, and not to matter.* Now it is commonly thought the Atomical System favors Atheism, and was the invention of Leucippus, Democritus, or Protagorus, who were all Atheists. However, it was the invention of no Atheist, but of Moschus, a Phenician, who lived before the Trojan war; and it does not favor Atheism, for the old Atomists affirmed the existence of immaterial spirit and of God. Such was the belief of Thales, Pherecydes the Syrian, Pythagoras, Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and most of the Atomists before Democritus. They believed in the existence of a God, in immaterial spirit, and in the immortality of the soul. Now Theism and Immaterialism† are not inconsistent with the Atomical system; for that arose from discovering two things in nature, *Matter and Life*; and from seeing the impossibility that matter, which is necessarily senseless, could be the cause of all movement, sensation, and thought. So immaterial substance is as

* This is the modern theory, which refers the primary qualities to matter itself, and the secondary to the mind of the observer. The one is supposed to be essential to matter, and to exist in it; the other to belong entirely to the mind. But there appears no reason for referring one to matter more than the other. True, we cannot conceive matter without figure; but is not the figure, strictly speaking, as much a subjective idea as that of red-color? Are not both, primary and secondary qualities, to be equally referred to the laws of the mind, and not imposed on matter? The mind can shake off the law, so far as the secondary qualities are concerned, but cannot rid itself of the primary. Young Scriblerus could not conceive a Lord Mayor without his gold chain. Are the primary qualities any thing more than the robes in which the mind clothes matter?

† *Theism*, the Worship of God, in opposition to *Atheism*, the denial of a God.

Immaterialism or *Spiritualism*, belief in the existence of something distinct from matter: in opposition to *Materialism* and *Corporealism*.

much the result of observation as material substance. Indeed, the distinction which the Atomists make between the primary, or objective, and secondary, or subjective quality of matter, supposes there is an immaterial substance; for since the primary belong to matter, the secondary qualities must proceed from an immaterial spirit; otherwise, something must come from nothing. Sensation cannot result from the primary qualities of matter, figure, divisibility, and the like; still less can Reason and Will be referred to that source, unless something can come from nothing. So there must be an immaterial spirit. There is no mind or life in the mechanism of matter, and to make it the cause of mind and life is to make something come from nothing. Therefore the old Atomists believed the immateriality and the immortality of the soul, as the only hypothesis capable of solving the phenomena of the world. But they believed also the preëxistence and transmigration of souls, declaring the soul to be as old as the particles of the body, or of any other matter.

But the Atomical system does not demand the preëxistence of souls, for they must have been created in time; and it is neither proved nor probable they were all created at the same time.* Matter has only one action, namely, local motion; and this can never produce life, or thought, or will, unless something can proceed from nothing.

Now succeeding philosophers, Democritus, Leucippus, and others, took only the Atomical part of this old system, and denied the existence of immaterial spirit, and even of a corporeal God. But they were false to their principles; for they made all sense, life, and reason, proceed from local motion, or from nothing.

“If these Atheists were the first inventors of this philosophy, they certainly were very unhappy and unsuccessful in it. Whilst

* It may be said this would prove the immateriality and immortality of animals' souls. But what then? Dr. Cudworth quiets the scruples of men who wish to be the *only* immortal spirits, by saying, “*perhaps* God will destroy that part of animals which would otherwise have been immortal.” He does not say this is his *own* opinion. But it was the opinion of most of the Fathers, that animals are immortal; and Bishop Butler says, “Nor can we find anything throughout the whole analogy of nature, to afford us even the slightest presumption that animals ever lose their living powers. Much less, if it were possible, that they lose them by death.” — Anal. Pt. I. ch. I. pp. 63, 68.

endeavoring by it to secure themselves from the possibility and danger of a corporeal God, they unawares laid the foundation for an incorporeal one, and were indeed so far from making up any such coherent frame as is pretended, that they were forced everywhere to contradict their own principles." — Vol. I. p. 112, et seq.

The corporealist is not necessarily an Atheist; but if he believes the Atomical System also, he must be one, or believe thought, and will, and life come from nothing.

In the second chapter, he proceeds to state the various objections made against Theism. The following, are the principal grounds, relied on by the Atheist. No man can have an Idea of God; (it is only a name;) there can be no creation out of nothing; and no incorporeal substance. The world is not governed by a living, spiritual power, for sense and reason naturally belong to our material organization; there can be no immortal being, (as God is alleged to be) — for all are but concretions of atoms, and therefore mortal; and no self-originated or uncreated cause, for the mover must himself have been moved by an outward force. So there is a chain of finite causes, without beginning; all knowledge arises from perception of the object of knowledge; now a God, if there were one, could not conceive of the world before it was made, and therefore could not be its author. Besides, all things are so poorly made, and so mixed with evils, that they cannot be the work of an infinitely wise and good being; human affairs are all *tohu* and *bohu*, without form and void. Again, it is impossible for a God to govern and overrule all things, at the same time; and if he could, it would render him perplexed and unhappy. If there is a God, why did not he make the world sooner? or later? How could he make it at all? Finally, it is for the interest of all men in general, that there should be no God, — for there then will be no retribution, — and of kings in particular, for all society is held together by fear alone; and if there is one greater than the king, men will fear him. As the rod of Moses swallowed up those of the Egyptians, so will fear of God swallow up fear of the king, and destroy all society, which is the artificial creature of policy, and has no foundation in nature. This latter was the argument of Hobbes, who adds, farther, that Theism, by the way of religion, introduces conscience, "which is contradictory to civil sovereignty; the allowance of a private conscience being a dissolution of the body politic."

From all these arguments, the Atheist concludes that mind and all things spring from senseless nature and chance.

“Wherefore infinite atoms of different sizes and figures, devoid of all life and sense, moving fortuitously from eternity in infinite space, and making successively several encounters, and consequently various inflexions and intanglements with one another, produced first a confused chaos of these omnifarious particles, fumbling together with infinite variety of motions, which afterwards, by the tugging of their different and contrary forces, whereby they all hindered and abated each other, came, as it were, to be conglomerated into a vortex of vortexes; when, after many convolutions and evolutions, molitions and essays, (in which all manner of tricks were tried, and all forms imaginable were experimented,) they chanced in length of time, here to settle, into this form and system of things, which now is. . . . So that senseless matter fortuitously moved, and material chaos were the first original of things.” — Vol. I. p. 152.

The third chapter contains an account of the other forms which Atheism has assumed, and is introduced by an account of what he calls Hylozoic Atheism. This makes matter consist of an infinite number of atoms, each severally endowed with life, and power of self-determination; so they can form themselves into sensible animals, or reasonable men. This being the case, no God is needed to create the world, or to govern it. “It is so beautiful, it subsists by its own harmony, and needs no outward cause.” Hylozoism makes life and capability of thought *essential* to matter; while Atomism calls it *accidental*, and is unable to account for thought. The one requires Corporealism, and the other Spiritualism, to make the system perfect. Now the Hylozoist is not always an Atheist, for he might believe there was a God who created these wise atoms; but usually, the Hylozoist believes in the self-existence of his atoms; and so all taken together constitute God, — who is therefore unconscious, and devoid of reason, or there is no God to him.

This system is a monstrous paradox, for it supposes each separate atom in a man's body, before it took its present form, had a perfect knowledge of its ability; a perfect idea of the man's body and mind; and since the man himself has no such knowledge, each particle in his system knows more than all the particles, more than the whole man; yet it is not self-conscious, “which is a piece of very mysterious nonsense.” Besides, this

conglomeration of infinitely wise atoms has no head, and no common mind ; but each atom acts on its own account ; there can be no unity of consciousness therefore. Strato of Lamp-sacus is thought to be the inventor of this system.*

A third kind of Atheism was the system of Anaximander. He referred all things to senseless matter, maintaining that they arose from the fortuitous concourse of hot and cold, wet and dry particles.

The fourth kind is the Stoical Atheism, which declares the whole world to be one great plant, or animal, (it is doubtful which,) with one common but unconscious life, or soul. All these four kinds of Atheism, the Atomical, the Hylozoic, the Anaximandrian, and the Stoical agree in two things. That there is no substance in existence but body, and that all life, sense, thought, consciousness, and individuality, are produced out of nothing, (for it is this in the last analysis,) and return to nothing again.†

These four are all the forms Atheism has ever assumed, and the author thinks no other is possible ; for all Atheists are materialists. It is indeed, a striking fact, that none of the ancient Idealists, none even who affirmed the existence of Immaterial Spirit, doubted the existence of God. Yet we see not why there has been no system of Atheism, which admitted the existence of Immaterial Spirit ; for it might as well be based on subjective Idealism as on objective Realism.

In the fourth chapter, he proceeds to the great work of answering the objections and arguments of the Atheist. To the first, that there is no idea of God, or no conception in man's mind answering to the name, so that it is a mere word, he says, it is impossible all nations should use a word and not connect the idea with it, but the sound of the letters. If one denies the improbability of this, it is not easy to confute him ; for the most evident things are the least capable of proof. But the Atheist himself has an idea in his mind when he denies the existence of God. Now, in fact, the idea of God is that of a self-existent Being, self-conscious, infinitely wise, powerful, just, and good ; in a word, a Being infinitely perfect.

* Some think he was not an Atheist ; but the charge can be proved against him. See *Ritter gesch. der Philosophie*, Vol. III. p. 410, et seq.

† In this chapter he makes a long digression. — XXXVII. p. 208, et seq., to which we shall return.

This definition, which, without limiting, distinguishes the idea of God from all other ideas,—implies Unity; there can be but one Infinite Being. Now there is one forcible objection to this idea, including unity as it does, arising from the alleged fact, that most philosophers and nations have believed in many gods. The objector takes the fact for granted; but the question must be examined.

The author examines it at length, and proves that the Pagan deities were never considered as so many uncreated, self-existent gods; but were descended from ONE who alone was self-existent. Such was the system of Hesiod, and of the Gnostic Valentinian. The Manicheans came the nearest to Polytheism; for they maintained there were two principles, one good, and the other evil. But it is doubtful if that was their belief; for Zoroaster, the inventor of the system, and the Persian theologians, who followed him, believed only in one eternal, self-existent Being. Even the early Christians did not charge the Heathen with the belief of many uncreated and independent gods. Excepting the one Supreme God, all the pagan deities may be reduced to the following classes: souls of dead men; the powers and objects of nature personified; demons, that is, superior created beings, called devils and angels in Christian phraseology; thoughts and feelings personified, e. g. faith, hope, wisdom, &c.; and the several names given to the one God, as he was conceived of in various relations. Thus, they believed in many gods, but only in one Supreme God, who was the head of all things.* Sometimes they called their deities eternal; but they likewise called matter eternal, though not uncreated; for they, with the other Platonists, supposed God was eternally creative, and therefore matter was eternally created. They did not ascribe the same honors to the created as to the self-existent God.

Again; the opponents of Christianity, Celsus, Porphyry, Hierocles, Julian, and others, were all Monotheists. Their belief in one God was not a notion conjured up for the occa-

* Christians generally believe in various orders of angels, and it would be quite as reasonable to charge them with Polytheism, as to charge many of the Greeks and Romans with it. The common doctrine (?) of the agency of the Devil is equally polytheistic (or dualistic) with the speculations of Plutarch and the Manicheans. The follies of the Zoroastrian doctrine are not yet extinct. Are Schelling and Hegel less Polytheistic than Hesiod and Seneca?

sion ; for Zoroaster and Orpheus, two of the most strenuous defenders of Polytheism, assert the existence of one Supreme Infinite God. The following is from Orpheus, and is undoubtedly genuine ; for it is quoted in a work written before Christ.

“ The high-thundering Jove is both the first and last ; Jove is both the head and middle of all things ; all things were made out of Jupiter ; Jove is both a man and an immortal maid ; Jove is the profundity of the earth and starry heaven ; Jove is the breath of all things ; Jove is the force of the untamable fire ; Jove is the bottom of the sea ; Jove is sun, moon, and stars ; Jove is both the original and king of all things. There is one power and one God, and one great ruler over all.” — Vol. I. p. 404.

But Orpheus was no Pantheist ; for in the celebrated riddle, in the Orphic Poems, the World-Maker asks Night, “ How can all things be one, and yet each have a distinct being ? ” He said God passes through and intimately pervades all things. He expressed himself strongly on this point, as the Bible does, which says God “ is all in all,” “ quickens all things,” and “ in him we live, and move, and have our being.” But the author declares this is a “ ticklish point,” so we will hasten from it, to his conclusion, that the “ Greekish Pagans acknowledge one universal, and all comprehending Deity, — one that was all.”

The Egyptians were the most Polytheistic of all nations. Juvenal says “ every clove of garlic was a god ” with them. But they taught the unity of God, — this he shows from the writings of Trismegistus, Plutarch, and Jamblichus. But the Egyptians said God was all, and worshipped the manifestations of him in all things, and called him by the name of every thing. “ Call him therefore by every name, because he is one and all things ; so that of necessity, either all things must be called by his name, or he by the name of all things.”

“ He is both the things that are, and the things that are not ; for the things that are he hath manifested, but the things that are not he contains within himself. He is all things that are, and therefore he hath all names, because all things are from *one* father ; and therefore he hath no name, because he is the father of all things. . . . What is God but the being of all things that yet are not, and the subsistence of things that are ? . . . Is God invisible ? Speak worthily of him, for who is more manifest than he ? For this very reason did he make all things, that thou mightest see him through all things. . . . I will begin with a

prayer to him, who is the Lord and maker and father and bound of all things, and who being all things is one, — for the fulness of all things is one, and in one.” — Vol. I. p. 462, et seq.

Such is the doctrine of the Trismegistic books. The old Egyptian legend, that Osiris was torn to pieces by Typhon, and scattered abroad, shows how men separated the deity in fancy, — while he was one in their Reason; for Isis, or true Knowledge, gathers up the scattered members and unites them into a whole once more. Even the Poets, who had so large a share in forming the common phraseology respecting the gods, taught the existence of one Supreme, and supposed all the others to be created beings. We have not space for his extracts from Homer, Pindar, and Sophocles.

All the Philosophers, he says, who were not Atheists, taught the existence of one God. Epicurus is no exception to this assertion, — for he was an Atheist, and pretended to conform to the polytheistic language of the times. All the Eleatics, (who were Pantheists,) with Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and their followers, were Monotheists.

But we must fly with a swift wing over the author's arguments and extracts. The following Hymn is from Cleanthes, a disciple of Zeno, who flourished about three hundred years before Christ. Our version aspires to no merit but that of fidelity.

Noblest of the immortals, many-named, ever-omnipotent,
Jove, Ruler of Nature, who guidest all things with order,
All hail! Thou art ready to listen to all mortals,
For we are thine offspring, all of us mortals who live
And creep upon the Earth, and are but an image of thy
voice;

Thee will I hymn in this, and thy power will ever praise;
Thee all this World, revolving round the Earth
Obeys. . . . And willingly is ruled by thee.

Within unwearied hands thou holdest
The obedient, twofold, fiery, ever-living Thunder,
All nature quivers underneath its stroke.

Alone thou art o'er all the King Supreme;
God, without thee, there is no deed upon the Earth,
Nor in the divine ethereal realm, nor on the Sea,
Save that alone, the wicked in their folly work.

Thou dost harmonize the unharmonious, the unlovely lovely
is to thee.

All that's good thou dost with evil fittingly join in one,
 So that there ever is one universal law of all.
 This all wicked, mortal men attempt to shun,
 Ill-fated men, forever longing to possess the Good,
 They neither see, nor hear God's universal Law,
 Obedient to which, in reason they a noble life would lead,
 Bereft of this, blind, they rush on, this way the one, the
 other, that.

Oh Jove inscrutable, giver of all, Lord of the thunderbolt,
 From this sad folly, Jove, deliver men;
 Forth from the Soul drive it afar. That wisdom
 May they find, wherewith thou rulest all,
 That we, honored thereby, to thee may honors pay,
 Forever singing of thy works, as it becometh mortal men;
 For greater glory cometh not, to men or gods,
 Than to sing forth thy universal law in never-ceasing
 songs. — Vol. I. p. 573, et seq.

Saint Cyril says emphatically;—

“It is manifest to all, that among those who philosophize in the Greek way, it is universally acknowledged that *there is one God*, the maker of the universe, *who is by nature above all things*; but that there have been made by him . . . certain other gods (as they call them) both sensible und intelligible.” — Vol. I. p. 592.

This was not the opinion of the learned merely, but of the people. This fact is admitted by Philo, Josephus, and St. Paul. The latter says they “Knew God, but would not glorify him as God.” “The invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen and understood by the things that are made.” He even tells the Athenians they worship God devoutly, and he has only come to declare more perfectly unto them the God they already worship.

The author next goes into a long enumeration and account of the gods of the ancients, and concludes, the Heathen thought God was diffused throughout All; permeated All; acted upon All things. Some added he *was* All. Even when they worshipped an inferior object, it was the one God they worshipped in that object. Some regarded the world as the body of God; others, as his temple. In both cases, all parts of the world were to be honored. Some called it a second or third God, and honored a portion of Nature as the Son of God. Since it was hard to understand God, they worshipped him piece-meal, according to the various manifestations of himself.

He next goes into a long digression upon the trinity, which he finds taught in Plato, and most of the other Philosophers, as distinctly as in the Bible, and fancies the trinity of Plato was the same with that of the early fathers. He thus concludes this portion of his argument;—

“Hitherto, in way of answer to an atheistic objection against the naturalty of the idea of God, as including oneliness in it, from the Pagan Polytheism, have we largely proved that, at least, the civilized and intelligent Pagans generally acknowledged only one sovereign Numen; and that their polytheism was partly but fantastical, nothing but the polyonymy of one Supreme God, worshipping of him under different names and notions, according to his several virtues and manifestations; and that though, besides this, they had another polytheism also; yet this was only of many inferior or created gods, subordinate to one supreme or uncreated.

“Which, notwithstanding, is not so to be understood, as if we did confidently affirm, that the opinion of many independent deities never to have entered into the mind of any mortal. For since human nature is so mutable and depravable, as that, notwithstanding the connate idea and prolepsis of God in the minds of men, some unquestionably do degenerate and lapse into Atheism, there can be no reason, why it should be thought absolutely impossible, for any ever to entertain that false conceit of more independent deities.”—Vol. II. p. 30.

In the last chapter, he attempts to confute all the Atheistic arguments. We can give an analysis of only a small portion of this chapter, which is a masterpiece of reasoning and illustration. Some Atheists pretend that God is inconceivable, because he is incomprehensible. But we can conceive of subjects we cannot fully comprehend; few things are fully comprehensible, for we know only of properties, and not essences. Therefore, Truth is always greater than our minds. As we can touch a mountain which we cannot clasp, so we can apprehend God, though we cannot comprehend him. But again; if he is not comprehensible to us, we know more of him than of most beings; but there is infinity to be known of him, therefore much is still not comprehended. Thus, the Sun has more visibility than any other sensible object, but it dazzles our eyes.

Again, it is said Infinity is not conceivable, and God cannot be finite; so God is not conceivable. But the old Atheists said

matter was infinite; and it is certain something *must be* infinite, or the finite could not exist; unless something could come of nothing. The Atheists contend against infinite power, which they assert is inconceivable; for Descartes said God could make twice two not four. But infinite power is only *perfect* power: ability to do whatever is possible, everything which implies no contradiction. The term infinite is negative, but the Idea is positive; while the idea of the finite is truly but a negation of the infinite; for, in the logical order, an idea of the perfect precedes that of the imperfect. Infinity in one attribute includes infinity in all the others; and thus, the idea of God is not an arbitrary compilation of conflicting attributes.

It is with reluctance we find ourselves constrained to pass over his reply to the Atheists, who derive the Idea of God from fear, ignorance of causes, and the policy of rulers and legislators. To us it is perfectly satisfactory, though his appeal to a "plastic nature" seems not philosophy, but a despair of philosophy. The argument drawn from wonderful events, predictions, oracles, and apparitions, is equally worthless; but in his day men thought otherwise. However, he lays little stress on this argument. He says well, —

"Although the existence of a God . . . cannot be demonstrated *a priori*, yet may we, notwithstanding, from our very selves, — and from what is contained in our own minds, or otherwise consequent from him, by undeniable principles of reason, necessarily infer his existence. And whensoever any thing is thus necessarily inferred from what is undeniable and indubitable, this is demonstration that the thing *is*, though not *why* it is. And many of the geometrical demonstrations are no other." — Vol. II. pp. 134, 135, et seq.

The ground, on which the existence of God is to be proved, is the fidelity of the human faculties. "Whatsoever is clearly and distinctly perceived in things abstract and universal, by any one rational being in the whole world, is not a private thing, and true to him only that perceived it, but it is . . . a public, catholic, and universal Truth, that obtains everywhere, and is extended through the vast Ether, and through boundless space." "Knowledge," says Origen, "is the only thing in the world which creatures have, that is, in its own nature, firm. Because sense is seeming and fantastical, we have no cause to suspect the same of all mental perception. It is no way congruous to

think that God Almighty should make rational creatures, so as to be an utter impossibility of ever attaining to any certainty of his existence ; or of having no more than an hypothetical assurance of it, — if our faculties be true, then there is a God.”

Vol. II. pp. 138–140.

He then gives the various metaphysical arguments for the existence of God. Some of them will have little value to all minds ; for one man likes one argument, another a different one.

1. The Idea of God, or a perfect Being, includes necessary existence ; therefore there is a God. This is the argument of Descartes. Dr. Cudworth lays no stress on it, but gives what may be said for and against it.

2. Whatever involves no contradiction in it, is actual or possible. The Idea of God involves no contradiction, so is possible. But if God is possible, he is actual ; therefore, he is. He lays little stress on this argument.

3. Something existed from eternity, without beginning ; this could be none but a perfect Being, or God. In the controversy between Theists and Atheists, it is taken for granted, that something existed from eternity, without beginning ; and something also is made, or had a beginning. Is that which existed from all eternity, and is the cause of all other things, a perfect Being ? (i. e. God,) or is it senseless and inanimate matter ; the most imperfect of all things ? Now it is certain the less perfect might proceed from the more perfect ; but the reverse is quite impossible, unless something can come from nothing. Another question at issue between them is this : Is mind (i. e. God) unmade and eternal, or is it generated and made out of senseless matter ? If there had once been nothing at all, there could never have been anything. If once there had been no life in the Universe, there could never be any life ; and if once there had been no mind, understanding, or knowledge, there could never become any, unless something could come from nothing. Mind can cause matter, but matter cannot cause mind.

4. There are eternal truths, (e. g. the axioms of geometry, the conclusions of science, the principles of morality, &c. — “for these are not things of to-day, or yesterday ; but they ever live, and no man knows whence they come,”) and this fact supposes the existence of an eternal mind, from whence they come, and in which they reside. This can be no other than the infinitely perfect Being, comprehending its own power ; all the possibilities of things, mind, and knowledge in us, suppose

the existence of an infinite mind. We think Dr. Cudworth would have been more convincing, if he had dwelt more on this argument, — and that from consciousness. We *feel* there is a God; and when we attempt to legitimate the feeling in the court of Reason, or the understanding, we often use very imperfect arguments, and rarely state the true ground of our belief in a God. It is mainly, that we *feel* this truth.* But the author was contending with men who denied they felt this truth. Therefore, he made use of arguments which do little to *produce* belief in God, though they are really incontrovertible, and support and defend that belief when it is produced. Was any man ever *argued* into belief in God? Perhaps so. But pious David says “*Taste and see how good the Lord is,*” — find him out by sentiment, as it were by sensation, and not merely by speculation.

Dr. Cudworth then comes to “the very Achilles of the Atheists,” — the famous maxim that “nothing comes from nothing.” This means Nothing can bring itself out of non-existence into Being: or, Nothing can be made without an efficient cause. This maxim is true, and it follows therefrom, that something is unmade, the cause of all other things, and is perfect; for the less perfect cannot produce the more perfect. But the Atheist says nothing can be created or made which was not previously existing, though perhaps in another form. Now if the axiom were true in this sense, it would be no more hostile to Theism than to Atheism, for the phenomena of the world would remain inexplicable by either. But there is no difficulty in supposing matter created from nothing. Is it not as easy for the Infinitely perfect Being to create a world, as for us to create a thought, or move an arm? If such a being

* See some acute and valuable remarks on this point by President Hopkins, in the “Specimens of Foreign Literature, Vol. I. p. 204, note. Dr. Cudworth himself laid little stress on any or all these arguments for a Deity. “It will not follow from hence,” says he, “that whosoever shall read these demonstrations and understand all the words of them, must therefore be presently convinced and put out of all manner of doubt concerning the existence of God. Minds cleansed and purged from vice may, without syllogistic reasonings, and mathematical demonstrations, have an undoubted assurance of the existence of God. Purity possesses men with an assurance of the best things, whether this assurance be called divine sagacity, or Faith, which is a certain higher and divine power in the Soul, that peculiarly correspondeth with the Deity.”

cannot create out of nothing,* then all things must have existed from eternity, and be self-existent and independent; but the Atheist denies the previous existence of the human soul, so it must have been created.

Without a God, all things must come from nothing, for there is no other efficient cause conceivable for anything. Now the Atheists believe this, for they are willing to believe all things rather than believe a God. Now if it were true that matter was the only unmade thing, thought could not come from it; for this would be to bring something out of nothing. So then, all things, including thought, reason, &c., must have come from matter, — which is the same as coming from nothing, without an efficient cause, — or have proceeded from God. If there is no God, the idea of Him as a perfect Being, in our minds, must have proceeded from nothing.

“In the first place, therefore, we shall fetch our beginning from what hath been already often declared, that it is mathematically certain, that Something or other did exist of itself from all eternity, or without beginning, and unmade by anything else. The certainty of which proposition dependeth upon this very principle, as its foundation, that Nothing can come from nothing, or be made out of nothing, or that Nothing, which once was not, can of itself come into being without a cause; it following unavoidably from thence, that, if there had been once nothing, there could never have been anything. And having thus laid the foundation, we shall in the next place make this further superstructure, that because something did certainly exist of itself from eternity unmade, therefore is there also actually a necessarily-existent being. For to suppose, that anything did exist of itself from eternity, by its own free-will and choice, and therefore not necessarily but contingently, since it might have willed otherwise; this is to suppose it to have existed before it was, and so positively to have been the cause of itself; which is impossible, as hath been already declared. When a thing therefore is said to be of itself, or the cause of itself, this is to be understood no otherwise, than either in a negative sense, as having nothing else for its cause; or because its necessary eternal existence is essential to the perfection of its own nature. That, therefore, which existed of itself from eternity, independently upon any-

* This language is sometimes used as if it were supposed God made the world out of nothing, — as a cloak is made of velvet or satin. The meaning is, It was created. He said, “Be, and it was.” He unfolded it out of himself.

thing else, did not so exist contingently, but necessarily ; so that there is undoubtedly something actually in being, whose existence is and always was necessary. In the next place, it is certain also, that nothing could exist necessarily of itself, but what included necessity of existence in its own nature. For to suppose anything to exist of itself necessarily, which hath no necessity of existence in its own nature, is plainly to suppose that necessary existence of it to come from nothing, since it could neither proceed from that thing itself, nor yet from anything else. Lastly, there is nothing, which includes necessity of existence in its very nature and essence, but only an absolute perfect being. The result of all which is, that God, or a perfect being, doth certainly exist ; and that there is nothing else, which existed of itself from eternity, necessarily and independently : but all other things whatsoever derived their being from him, or were caused by him, matter or body itself not excepted." — Vol. II. pp. 193, 194.

We pass over his reply to several Atheistic objections, drawn from the incorporeality of God, and approach his argument from "the frame of things," which the Atheist represents, as disorderly and exceedingly imperfect. Here, a couple of extracts will suffice : —

"But they, who, because judgment is not presently executed upon the ungodly, blame the management of things as faulty, and Providence as defective, are like such spectators of a dramatic poem, as when wicked or injurious persons are brought upon the stage, for a while swaggering and triumphing, impatiently cry out against the dramatist, and presently condemn the plot ; whereas, if they would but expect the winding up of things, and stay till the last close, they should then see them come off with shame and sufficient punishment. The evolution of the world, as Plotinus calls it, is ἀληθέστερον ποίημα, a truer poem ; — and we mere histrionical actors upon the stage, who, notwithstanding, insert something of our own into the poem too : but God Almighty is that skilful dramatist, who always connecteth that of ours, which went before, with what of his follows after, into good, coherent sense, and will at last make it appear, that a thread of exact justice did run through all, and that rewards and punishments are measured out in geometrical proportion.

"Lastly. It is in itself fit, that there should be somewhere a doubtful and cloudy state of things, for the better exercise of virtue and faith. For, as there could have been no Hercules, had there not been monsters to subdue ; so, were there no such

difficulties to encounter with, no puzzles and entanglements of things, no temptations and trials to assault us, virtue would grow languid, and that excellent grace of faith want due occasion and objects to exercise itself upon. Here have we therefore such a state of things, and this world is, as it were, a stage erected for the more difficult part of virtue to act upon, and where we are to live by faith and not by sight; that faith, which is 'the substance of things to be hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen;' a belief in the goodness, power, and wisdom of God, when all things are dark and cloudy round about us. 'The just shall live by his faith.'

* * * * *

"God made the whole most beautiful, entire, complete, and sufficient; all agreeing friendly with itself and its parts; both the nobler and the meaner of them being alike congruous thereunto. Whosoever, therefore, from the parts thereof, will blame the whole, is an absurd and unjust censurer. For we ought to consider the parts, not alone by themselves, but in reference to the whole; whether they be harmonious and agreeable to the same. Otherwise we shall not blame the universe, but some of its parts only taken by themselves; as if one should blame the hair or toes of a man, taking no notice at all of his Divine visage and countenance; or omitting all other animals, one should attend only to the most contemptible of them; or, lastly, overlooking all other men, consider only the most deformed Ther-sites. But that, which God made, was the whole as one thing; which he that attends to may hear it speaking to him after this manner: 'God Almighty hath made me, and from thence came I, perfect and complete, and standing in need of nothing, because in me are contained all things; plants, and animals, and good souls, and men happy with virtue, and innumerable demons, and many gods. Nor is the earth alone in me adorned with all manner of plants, and a variety of animals; or does the power of soul extend at most no further than to the seas; as if the whole air, and ether, and heaven, in the mean time, were quite devoid of soul, and altogether unadorned with living inhabitants. Moreover, all things in me desire good, and everything reaches to it according to its power and nature. For the whole depends upon that first and highest Good, the gods themselves, who reign in my several parts, and all animals, and plants, and whatsoever seems to be inanimate in me. For some things in me partake only of being, some of life also, some of sense, some of reason, and some of intellect above reason. But no man ought to require equal things from unequal; nor that the finger should see,

but the eye ; it being enough for the finger to be a finger, and to perform its own office.' . . . As an artificer would not make all things in an animal to be eyes ; so neither has the Divine *Λόγος*, or spermatic reason of the world, made all things gods ; but some gods, and some demons, and some men, and some lower animals ; not out of envy, but to display its own variety and fecundity. But we are like unskilful spectators of a picture, who condemn the limner, because he hath not put bright colors everywhere ; whereas he had suited his colors to every part respectively, giving to each such as belonged to it. Or else are we like those, who would blame a comedy or tragedy, because they were not all kings or heroes, that acted in it ; but some servants and rustic clowns introduced also, talking after their rude fashion. Whereas the dramatic poem would neither be complete, nor elegant and delightful, were all those worser parts taken out of it." — Vol. II. pp. 337 – 340.

He then answers several other objections, and concludes the work with this passage : —

" And now, having fully confuted all the atheistic grounds, we confidently conclude, that the first original of all things was neither stupid and senseless matter fortuitously moved ; nor a blind and nescient, but orderly and methodical plastic nature ; nor a living matter, having perception or understanding natural, without animal sense or consciousness ; nor yet did everything exist of itself necessarily from eternity, without a cause. But there is one only necessary existent, the Cause of all other things ; and this an absolutely perfect Being, infinitely good, wise, and powerful ; who hath made all, that was fit to be made, and according to the best wisdom, and exerciseth an exact providence over all ; whose name ought to be hallowed, and separated from all other things ; To whom be all honor, and glory, and worship, forever and ever. Amen." — Vol. II. p. 360.

But criticism is not to point out the merits of a work alone ; its imperfections and faults must also be stated. In attempting to explain the phenomena of the world, he finds two methods pursued ; one makes God to act constantly, or interpose in each operation of nature, in order to bring about the result ; the other makes the material objects in nature, acting mechanically, produce the result without any such direct action or interposition of God. Dr. Cudworth objects to the latter, because it removes God from the world, making all depend on " fortuitous mechanism ;" and to the former, because it is inconsistent

with the dignity and character of God to interpose at the formation of an acorn, or the generation of a gnat. So he devises a third method, and interposes a "plastic nature," as he calls it; that is, he supposes an unconscious power resides in nature, which works blindly, without knowledge, — and yet for certain definite purposes. — Vol. I. pp. 209–254.

As it was said above, Le Clerc defended this doctrine. But Bayle thought it led to Atheism;* for if a senseless plastic nature could work intelligently for ends, all things might be produced out of senseless matter. But the author supposed this plastic nature was created by God, to serve as a mediator between him and nature. It was his instrument to act on the material world, while Descartes and others supposed the material world itself was his instrument. Dr. Cudworth's hypothesis seems altogether unnecessary. If it is necessary that an arm should strike out of the clouds, (so to say,) from time to time, into the wheel-work of the world, to make the hands move faster or slower on the dial of Time, then the Universe is an imperfect work. A watch, that requires to be adjusted or regulated every hour, is not a good watch. If the material universe is perfect, would it require direct interposition or interference on the part of its Maker? Is not the material, the moral, the religious system of the world, perfect? The laws of nature, of morality, and Religion, — do they not bear their own swords? Are they not their own rewarders when kept? their own avengers when violated? To maintain the opposite is to accuse the Infinite of inability to make a perfect work; for the arm from the clouds could only appear to remedy a mistake, or supply a defect, as the engineer goes about his new machine, to oil a bearing, or tighten a nut. Probably the universe went as well the first day of creation as now. This doctrine does not remove God from the creation. It makes him uniformly present in all parts of it. What are the Laws of Nature, Morality, and Religion, but modes of God's action? But they are constant modes which never change, but give so striking a regularity to the System, that men sometimes call it Fate, and seem crushed beneath the perpetual presence of the Deity. This doctrine attributes *nothing* to "fortuitous mechan-

* This suspicion was the more singular in Bayle, who was not himself *righteous over-much*, and confessed he had never read the *Intellectual System*.

ism," (indeed, these two terms contradict each other, fortuitous mechanism is a contrivance that came by chance,) but all to the action of perfect laws which God has impressed upon matter, and through which He works. It seems, therefore, to be unnecessary to conjure up this Phantom to serve the phenomena of nature withal. Besides, it is not consistent with a legitimate induction, to suppose arbitrarily the existence of something, because we find it convenient to explain appearances. But after all, he states this doctrine rather as an hypothesis, than a dogma.

The author thinks miracles were performed among Heathen nations, as well as among the Jews, which *modern* Christians, for the most part, indignantly deny. He says, "it is highly probable, if not unquestionable, that Appollonius of Tyana was assisted by the powers of the kingdom of darkness, for the doing of some things extraordinary, to derogate from the miracles of Christ." He believes also in apparitions of ghosts, in witchcraft, and the like. But such a belief was common in his time, — a weakness shared by almost all the great men of that illustrious age. The errors of wise men are said to be the glory of dunces; and some of that latter school solace themselves for their follies, by quoting the mistakes of sages. They have illustrious precedents to support them. The Hare one day, says Esop, was told that the Lion always trembled when the cock crew. "Now I know," said she, "why I am frightened when the dogs bark." But Dr. Cudworth speaks more doubtfully of ghosts and devils, than most men of his time. Many of his contemporaries, some of the fathers of New England among them, took pains to collect ghost-stories, and accounts of "apparitions of the Dyvel," not to prepare a philosophy of ghosts, and natural history of the Devil, but to gather proofs of the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul. Strange it is that a man, who sees no sign of the Deity in a blooming bush, could look for it in the appearance of a devil. But was not that attempt as profitable as many pursuits of this day? Was it less edifying than "fabricating lies for newspapers and political orations?"

Some readers complain of the *Intellectual System* as a dull book; and the author does sometimes weary the reader with proofs, with beautiful extracts, from all sorts of writers, to prove what readers will take for granted, without proof. But he wished the foundation to be sound and firm, and took more

pains to be ample than concise, knowing it is easier for the reader to pass over a passage when printed, than to search it out when omitted. But no man knows better than he how to condense and illustrate. We know of few philosophical works so full of pertinent and beautiful illustrations as this.

His frequent digressions, though valuable in themselves, often break the argument. They would stand better in an appendix. Again, it is said, he is not choice in selecting his witnesses; and it is true that some are not unexceptionable. But has he not produced testimony sufficient to establish all his positions? He follows Jamblichus, and other favorite Alexandrians, (whom he quotes as familiarly as if they were his table companions, at Christ's College,) with more faith than some modern scholars think them entitled to. But who shall say he follows them too far, or presses their testimony beyond a proper point? Even Warburton, though not prone to flatter, calls him "the accurate Cudworth."

Dr. Cudworth was a good critic, as well as a great reader; and yet criticism was neither so common nor so accurate in his time, as in ours; but the tact, with which he separates the genuine from the spurious, is remarkable. An instance of this may be found in the long discussion upon the Orphic verses, in Vol. I. p. 394, et seq.

It may now be asked, what, on the whole, are the merits of this work? Did it deserve republication? If it were regarded simply as a common-place book, of choice extracts from writers little known, it were an invaluable work to the general reader. But it is a vast magazine of arguments for the defence of Theism and true religion. It is replete, from end to end, with theological and philosophical truth. The careful and intelligent scholar in these times is surprised to see the discoveries of modern Philosophy anticipated in this old book, from a contemporary and countryman of Locke. Scarcely is there a truth brought to light by the modern philosophy, which may not be found, as a doctrine, or a hint, in the writings of these "Latitude men." Those truths, which most of all elevate the soul; excite lofty aspirations after the Good, the True, the Holy, and the Perfect; those that kindle a Faith which burns without consuming, and leads the soul to an absolute trust in God, are thickly sown through all the writings of that school. This work has its full share of them. We often recur to it, and with new pleasure. It dwells in our memory like an holy

and deep sound, heard in the sunny season of childhood. Like the countenance of Moses, it beams with light.

The True Intellectual System of the Universe is like a large palace, with wide and lofty halls, broad stair-ways, long galleries, and curious closets; filled with huge furniture of strange and various shape, — this carved and gilded, that of rude simplicity; a palace filled with a motley multitude of all nations, and every age; some spiritual, others worldly, and speaking the most various tongues. The stranger at first is confounded. He stares and grows giddy. He sees not the use of the fantastic arrangements about him. He knows not whither the galleries conduct; is astonished at the mingling of magnificence and poverty; is dazzled by the lights, and stunned by the din of many voices, — opinion conflicting with opinion. In the midst of all, the host moves royally about, has a use for all his furniture, cumbrous though it seems. He reconciles the opposing; has a word for every guest; brings them all to tell their own tales; sifts the truth from each, and beautifully sums up the result he has gathered from all, — and in a voice of winning softness announces the glad tidings, so welcome to most. "There is the Infinite Father watching forever over each of his children. Fear not." Then the Stranger finds a clue to this tortuous labyrinth. He sees there are no passages that lead to nothing; no crypts filled with darkness; and no tables set for show.

Dr. Cudworth was a disciple of the Past, but he was not its slave. He stood "on the conflux of two extremities," with his face to the Future, whence he looked for light. Now truth comes to us in a great tide down from its perennial fountain — God. As there are uncounted stars, whose light has not yet reached us, though winging its swift way ever since the dawn of time; so there are truths in the future, yet to descend on man. Dr. Cudworth, asserting the birth-right of the true scholar, looked to God for this portion of truth. It came, and he was satisfied for himself. But he had fallen on evil times; other men would not set face to the light and receive this truth. Their faces, to use the figure of Plato, were nailed to the ground. He desired to awake these souls who slumbered like the seven-sleepers, and so he told them the truths he had seen and felt. But the great vulgar turned in their sleep, and exclaimed, "Lo, a dreamer of dreams;" and the small vulgar, as they nodded in slumber, re-echoed "Lo a dreamer of dreams." The Christian see-er replies that "old men eloquent" have seen the same

things, and heard similar truths. If the sleepers will not hear one, perhaps they will listen to many and famous men. Therefore he awakes the voices of the past, that they may confirm his truth. The nightly shades of olden time leave cerement and shroud, and confirm the sayings of the modern sage. The vision he had seen, the voice he heard from the Future, were thus reflected and echoed by the Past; Philosophy was confirmed by History, and Faith justified by Experience. The genius of the Future and the Past were both before him; one wearing the maiden's bridal robe, the other, mournfully clad in the widow's weeds of disappointment. A man of large discourse, looking before and after him, he asked counsel of both. The maiden bade him hope; and the widow read him the dear-bought experience of a bitter life. Their united counsel made up his System of Philosophy. The maid and the widow shook hands, and embraced, and taught him, as he has taught others, that what is not behind us is before us, and what is to be, is better than what has been.

We hail the publication of this book, as one among many good omens. It is a stupendous pile of learning, and has few or no equals in this respect. But to us, it is not the learning or the wisdom of the man that is most striking. Others may equal him in erudition, and in wisdom; nay, he has many superiors. But the candor, which fairly estimates every argument, the charity, that radiates from every page, is most striking and most admirable. He quarrels with no one. He reproves without malice; confutes without triumph; and never answers with a sneer. If ever a difficult controversy was ably conducted, it was this. A man must be charmed by the spirit, if not convinced by the arguments. Ralph Cudworth! — We love to dwell on the name, — a scholar without pedantry, a logician without obstinacy, keeping his temper, and shedding the light of love throughout a theological controversy.

[NOTE. — We ought to add, that the celebrated Mosheim translated the *Intellectual System* into Latin, with several other works of Dr. Cudworth. The copy in our hands is the 2d improved edition. (Lug. Bat. 1743, 2 vols. 4to.) It contains also a short account of the author's works and life, several valuable prefaces to the several treatises, and dissertations and numerous notes, which often correct the mistakes of the author himself. The present edition of the *Intellectual System* would have been still more valuable, if a judicious selection from these dissertations and notes had accompanied the text.]

ART. II. — *Common School Journal.*

THIS is the title of a semi-monthly publication, expressly designed to advance the education of the people. The editor is the Hon. Horace Mann, — a name associated with public spirit, and with the wisdom and ability which achieve great ends by direct and judicious means. The importance of Mr. Mann's enterprise should dispose every enlightened person in the community to aid it, and to make generally available the publication, which is an essential organ of his opinions and his counsel. The *Common School Journal* was announced last year, and the first number appeared November, 1838. It is issued by Marsh, Capen, and Lyon, 133 Washington Street, Boston.

The following prospectus of this Journal, was prefixed to the first number : —

“ The great object of the work will be the improvement of COMMON SCHOOLS, and other means of Popular Education. It is also intended to make it a depository of the Laws of the Commonwealth in relation to Schools, and of the Reports, Proceedings, &c., of the Massachusetts BOARD OF EDUCATION. As the documents of that Board will have a general interest, they ought to be widely diffused, and permanently preserved.

“ The Paper will explain, and, as far as possible, enforce upon all parents, guardians, teachers, and school-officers, their respective duties towards the rising generation. It will also address to children and youth all intelligible motives to obey the laws of physical health, to cultivate “ good behavior,” to strengthen the intellectual faculties, and enrich them with knowledge ; and to advance moral and religious sentiments into ascendancy and control over animal and selfish propensities.

“ The Paper will be kept aloof from partisanship in politics, and sectarianism in religion ; vindicating, and commending to practice, only the great and fundamental truths of civil and social obligation, of moral and religious duty.

“ It will not be so much the object of the work to discover, as to diffuse knowledge. In this age and country, the difficulty is not so much that but few things on the subject of education are known, as it is that but few persons know them. Many parents and teachers, not at all deficient in good sense, and abounding in good feelings and good purposes, fail only from want of in-

formation how to expand and cherish the infantile and juvenile mind ; and hence they ruin children through love unguided by wisdom. It should therefore be the first effort of all friends of education to make that which is now known to any, as far as possible, known to all. The proposed Paper is designed to be the instrument of accomplishing such an object."

It would not be easy to devise a more rational and useful project than that indicated above, and nearly a year has demonstrated a fulfilment commensurate to the importance of the design. To explain and enforce the value of the common schools of this country, is the chief part of this design, which is illustrated in the first number of the *Journal*, by a stirring and eloquent appeal to the reader : —

"What rank are common schools entitled to hold in our private and legislative regards? After an experiment of almost two hundred years, what is the verdict rendered by Time on their utility and necessity? Is the homage we are wont to pay them traditionary merely, or is it founded upon an intelligent conviction, and an actual realization of their benefits? Have they scattered good among past generations, and have they averted evil? Go back to the earliest days of the colony, — to the year 1647, when they had their origin, — when almost the whole of the present territory of this state was a wilderness; strike out of existence this single element — the provision made for the education of the whole people — and would our recorded history be different from what it is? Would it have been illuminated or darkened by the change? Without the schools, should we have had the great men in the councils, and in the fields of the Revolution? or, which is substantially the same question, should we have had the mothers of those men? Should we have had the sages who formed our own state Constitution, and assisted in that more arduous work, the formation of the Constitution of the United States? Without the schools, should we have had the industrious yeomanry, exhibiting so generally within our limits the cheering signs of comfort, competence, and respectability; or that race of artisans and inventors, who have made partnership with the inexhaustible powers of the material world, and won their resistless forces to labor for human amelioration? Without the schools, would the same qualities of intelligence and virtue have signalized the hundreds of thousands who, from the distant regions of the West and South, turn their eyes hitherward to their ancestral home? Would our enterprise equally have circuited the globe, and brought back what-

ever products belong to a milder climate or a richer soil? Without this simple and humble institution, would no change have come over our character abroad, our social privileges at home, over the laws which sustain, the charities which bless, the morals which preserve, the religion which sanctifies?"

The answer, which experience and the natural heart, penetrated with gratitude for social benefits, make to these questions, ought at once to press upon the public conscience the duty to preserve without deterioration, and to exalt to their highest improvement the schools which have been the source of so much good. As matter of "private regard," this duty is especially binding upon those who enjoy other opportunities of education, than the common school affords.

If society could be formed into two great classes, the highly cultivated, and those completely untaught of all learning — all recorded wisdom — by what reflected influences would these classes be made to honor and serve one another? Nothing but antipathy, jealousy, and contempt, would characterize the common mind, alienated in its parts by wide disparity of intelligence. The scholars, speaking with the tongues of men and angels, and understanding all mysteries and all knowledge open to the human intellect, would be *nothing*, being destitute of that charity, which is not only love, but justice; and unlearned men, deprived of instruction, would hate both knowledge and its professors, — and, despising the revenue that is better than silver, would be given over to sordidness and mere animalism. The salutary authority of genius and wisdom in the world depends upon the preparation of mind, which enables the less-favored to appreciate the better-endowed, in all manifestations of their superiority, and in their services to mankind. It is this moral and intelligent preparation, which inclines and enables the former to profit by the discoveries, inventions, and attainments, and moreover, by the counsels and guidance of the latter. The greatest and best men that live, or that have lived, — indeed, such never die, — "they are essentially immortal," —

"Their spirits govern when their clay is cold," —

are the benefactors of their fellow-men. But be they statesmen or philosophers, divines or poets, projectors or performers of great works, they must be honored before they can serve with effect. They will live in vain, till the value of their ser-

vices can be in some sort appreciated by those they would benefit. The reflected talents and virtues of great and good men ennoble all other men, who, dwelling in their light, see light. But when other men have eyes and see not, and ears and hear not, it is because those eyes and ears have not been opened to truth and wisdom; and the mind and heart, through domination of the animal principle, have waxed gross, and have become impervious to that truth of which the higher mind is the organ. It is natural for men to desire to enlarge the limits of their own intellectual power. Now the cultivated minds, who would do this, must labor to make others fit for the reception of those principles, which render virtue venerable, and truth beautiful in general estimation. Selfish motives, if more generous ones avail nothing, might incline the best instructed portion of society to do all in their power, for those who are suffering for lack of knowledge; for in the end, the instructed class, wanting the estimation of others, and encompassed by ignorance, will feel the effects of such proximity. None — not the wisest and most virtuous of mankind, are superior to consequences, produced upon themselves by degraded or unfurnished minds everywhere surrounding them.

The best condition of society must be that in which each member respects himself; honors his vocation, whatever it may be; cultivates his moral and intellectual nature, as he has opportunity, — ought not all to be afforded opportunity? — and looks upon his fellow man of every condition, as his brother, — the member of a universal family under the government of one Father, and supreme Legislator. Nothing can produce such a result, but institutions for the common good, devised and sustained by the most influential class of the community. This class must in all countries be that to which leisure and knowledge afford the means of knowing what best may promote the welfare of the whole. “The intention of general education is to form the many and not the few. If the many are ignorant, in vain shall we assert that the few are wise.” Certain professions, the use of property, and the dignity of known talent, give men and women ascendancy in society, and enable them to countenance what is useful, to cherish what is good, and to disseminate what is true, and gradually to meliorate, by so doing, the minds, the manners, and the misery of mankind.

Nothing in human affairs is so fixed and established, that it needs neither foresight nor vigilance to preserve it. Every

human institution must be sustained in efficacy by the intervention, calculation, and care of intelligence. Institutions for the promotion of knowledge are to be sustained only by extensive enlightenment of the public mind. Good foundations may be laid, but the superstructure will decay, if it be not repaired, extended, and adorned, according to new and enlarged wants of social man. The school is especially designed to aid natural ignorance, to assist parental inability, to cherish the social spirit, and to operate in accord with self-culture. It ought to lay foundations of character, to instil sound principles of morality, and to implant those rudiments of thought, taste, and action, that, germinating in the field of the world, may produce the richest harvest of virtue and happiness. How to make the school the instrument to such an end is a grand science. It is easy to say that it ought to operate to such a result, and that it may be made to do so ; — but how shall this result be brought about ?

The best method and instruments of a wise public instruction can only be perfectly ascertained by a long course of experiment and exposition. Men must know what they have, what they need, and what is to be sought for, and may be obtained, before the most perfect economy of education can be produced and exhibited. It is of small account, that only a few persons read, and write, and publish what has been done by some philanthropist among ourselves, or what is practised in some distant country to improve education. Those who superintend the schools, those who pay for them, those who teach in them, and those who may be particularly served or injured by them, in the improvement, or depravation of their children, require information of what schools may do, and of what they fail to do. Catherine the Second thought to commence a system of education for her poor, brutified subjects ; and in 1764, she convened a diet of the empire, to devise one : but the Russian nobles were too ignorant to conceive what she aimed at, and consequently were wholly in the dark concerning the means to be employed to effect her project. Their deliberations, of course, ended in nothing. Ignorance like this does not exist among us, — but ignorance approximating to it obtains everywhere, when the leading minds of the community, or those which ought to be the leading minds, merely complain of general ignorance, and speculate upon the decay of learning, or the advancement of it, without actual knowledge

of the means which might be employed to remedy the evil complained of. Apathy concerning the negligences and abuses, that pervert a system of public instruction, perpetuates those abuses, till the perverted benefit becomes an actual cause of corruption and misery. The history of many charities and endowed schools proves this.

To give all necessary information to all who may be concerned in the results of public instruction,—and who is not more or less concerned in them?—the Common School Journal is provided, and for one dollar a year may be obtained wherever the mail reaches. For whose profit it was established, and what it proposes to teach, the prospectus clearly expresses. It ought to be found in every house, and on every school-master's desk.

If every head of a family cannot pay a dollar a year for the School Journal, in every school district there must be some one person, man or woman,—some friend of good learning, father or bachelor, matron or maid, who has a dollar to spend for the public good. Now we know of no tracts that could be distributed, so useful as the Common School Journal might be ; none that are so good for the use of edifying ; none that teach parents so well what to do for their children ; none that teach the wise so well what is good for “the ignorant, and for them that are out of the way ;” none that teach the teacher so well what to do for himself, and those entrusted to him ; none that teach the young better to cherish their higher nature, and make themselves “vessels of honor,” good citizens, good Christians, and fellow-workers with God ; none that explain to the people so well the wisdom of the laws, and their obligations to the state, which provides the means of knowledge for all ; none that so strikingly enforce upon all good citizens the duty to maintain and exalt a good institution by the liberal support of it.

This journal is especially useful in the cognisance it takes of the popular corruptions of the English language, and of school-books. Successive numbers contain a copious list of the errors, that have crept into common use, and disfigure our ordinary conversation. “Grammar, the art of speaking and writing correctly,” is taught in all schools. Of how much use this instruction is, our ears will testify wherever we go. Except in the pulpit, or from the press, we rarely meet with any form of speech that is not more or less blemished with *yankeeism*, as they of our sister states, not less inelegant and provincial than

we, denominate our peculiarities. If parents and teachers would require children to write out from the journal these offensive peculiarities, and compare them with the proper form and pronunciation of the distorted words, they would do much more to purify and refine their language, than professed teachers of grammar can do, — while our bad habits in this respect are overlooked in our daily intercourse. There is an obvious connexion between the use of reason and language, between thought and its natural organ. He, who is taught to speak with the utmost propriety, to select words with regard to their accuracy and elegance, is by the process of instruction accustomed to precision, and disposed to the love of truth. If to be required to pronounce words properly, and to use them appropriately, were part of our practical education, much would be done for self-culture and moral discipline.

Mr. Mann's corrections of the popular language suggest to our recollection some remarks of Mrs. Austin, contained in a tract on National Education, but never published in this country, which come in aid of the design of those corrections. "Instruction in the elements of language admits of great and valuable extension; for as words are the representatives of thoughts, the all-important science of morals can by no possibility be taught with any efficacy, without a habit of using and understanding language precisely. And here we cannot but remark, that, in spite of some inquiry, we have never yet had the good fortune to hear of an English school, high or low, in which the English language was taught; nor among all the schools on improved schemes have we ever seen a glimpse of any such instruction. Indeed, the established popularity of such books as Lindley Murray's Grammar and its numerous derivatives, in which there are neither any principles of grammar, nor any knowledge of the sources of the English language, is conclusive on this head. A really good course of instruction (which necessarily involves the principles of logic) in the English language, or in any language, would go far to secure the requisite intellectual education. The demand for such a thing would soon produce books. Hitherto, the want has never been so much as once suggested.

"Every child ought to learn the principles of grammar, which are founded on the universal and inevitable laws of thought, and of speech; these may be taught as accompaniments to any language, and are equally important to clear thinking in

all. Professed scholars generally learn whatever is taught of them, as introductory to the learned, or to foreign languages; but those, who do not receive this sort of education, are left in entire ignorance of the structure and laws of the grand interpreter, and (to a great extent) regulator of their thoughts. Whenever our children are taught the 'elements of the English language,' therefore, they will be taught the principles which lie at the root of all coherent utterance and thought.

"The elements of the English language include some outlines of its component parts, and of the transitions it has undergone. Nothing would be more easy of acquisition, or more entertaining to children, than this historical view of their language, with apt and interesting illustrations.

"Why, for instance, should a boy be told that the provincialism he uses is wrong and vulgar, instead of learning that he inherits it from his Saxon ancestors; that down to such a time it was used in books, and by great men; and that in Germany, and in Holland, and in Sweden, words very like it are used still,—for that the people of those classes are of the same race as we are, while their original language has been less mixed with others,—and so on. He would thus learn English, and a hundred things beside; short and well-chosen quotations, would open his mind to a conception of the intellectual wealth, and history of his country, and to a reverence for her great men. There is not the slightest difficulty in all this. . . . There would, indeed, be difficulty at present, in finding masters possessing the requisite instruction; but that is an evil easily remedied, *whenever we choose.*"

This was written for the people of England, but it is quite suitable to us. Our language is the same as theirs, our origin is the same, our inheritance of knowledge is the same, and our common nature, our individual perfection, and eternal destiny are one. The means to exalt that nature, and our true national dignity, are also identical; therefore Mrs. Austin's counsel will be of the same service to Americans, as to her own countrymen. Upon this subject, she concludes thus:—
"As it is of consummate importance to every human being, to know precisely what he means to say, and how he is to say it, this sort of instruction is equally necessary to all. Of all branches of intellectual culture, this seems to me the most important, by far the most nearly connected with moral culture. For what science can so strongly affect a man's conduct, as that of thinking justly, and speaking accurately?"

Mr. Simpson, in his excellent book "On the Necessity for Popular Education," justly remarks, "two things are wanting, teachers and books." The qualifications of teachers are among the subjects which the *Common School Journal* specially describes; and the schools for education of teachers, now just beginning to operate among us, will be noticed from time to time in such a manner, as will keep the public attention alive to them, as the establishments in which the hopes of the intelligent for the improvement of our common schools are mainly placed.

Of school-books, an enlightened censorship may be expected from the editor of the *Journal*, and from other individuals, in whose judgment he can trust. This is of great importance to the authors of such books, and to the popular mind, which by means of these books must be fed with food convenient, or with husks and chaff instead of the bread of life. We have observed in the newspapers some complaints of the needless multiplication of school-books; from the same source, we have known wishes expressed that the teacher's intelligence may supersede, in large measure, the use of books. This is wishing that the teacher may toil more, and the pupil less; that the instruments of self-culture may be diminished, and that reliance upon another mind may serve to the pupil instead of study. Supposing a book to teach anything, the child who can read is enabled to learn something from it. Suppose that it teaches much, then it is "not a dead thing;" and "though no real voice nor sound" proceed from it, how may its rational and ennobling lessons inform the mind, and purify the heart, and how, everywhere, and at all times, in school, and out of school, may the child learn science and wisdom from it. Books do not exactly compensate for the deficiencies of a teacher. They must not be relied upon with any such expectation; but they are themselves teachers. We have known young persons, almost without other help, deriving the most important information from elementary books; — and the teacher himself taught by them. The laborious duty of a teacher, as the guide and governor of his school, makes all rational helps very valuable to him; we need not make his mind the depository and source of everything. Let him be a good judge of books, and let him have good books, and let him have the benefit of a just criticism upon those books to enlighten, not to overrule his judgment. A school-master in England, whom Mrs. Austin describes as "intelligent,

zealous, and efficient," told that lady, that he had for twelve years been vainly entreating the committee who superintended his school, to let him have books of general information. "Not the least bad effect of such a restriction," says Mrs. Austin, "is the disheartening all good teachers, whose desire for such aids to instruction will be precisely in proportion to their intelligence and zeal."

The critical department of the Common School Journal may be expected to be highly useful. It is desirable before a parent buys a book for his child, if he has neither leisure nor ability to examine its merits, that he may know something of its uses, from disinterested and pure authority, — from some mind not engaged to the *trade*, nor the author; but one that represents in effect, the parent and the child, and that discerns what may be worth the parent's money, and the child's study.

We earnestly desire to see bad school books exploded, and good ones adopted. We have great pleasure in the castigation of Towne's Spelling Book, and wish that before fifty thousand copies of it had been bought up, and gone forth to deprave the language of the country, the strictures of the Journal had preceded it in the seven thousand districts of the state of New York. We wish such a critic would apply his acumen to school libraries, and forewarn the people not to pay their money for that which is nothing worth.

In books for the young initiatory to a higher literature, we have great confidence. We know that we could never have loved books like dear friends, and made them companions of our most solitary hours, and mingled their suggestions with our inmost thoughts, but for the books of our childhood, by which, as by a ladder we climbed up, step by step, from the fables of Æsop to the "Tale of Troy divine;" and from the little pages of Barbauld and of Watts to the volumes of the moralist, the historian, and the philosopher. We believe that school-books may teach morality and the rudiments of all science, — that they may relate as far as they go the true history of mankind, and hold up the examples of good men to the young, and that they may infuse a taste for the beautiful, and create the love of art. By means of school books, children for the most part come to know that Shakspeare, Milton, and all that great brotherhood to which they belong, ever existed, and those books first reveal to them in their susceptible age, the oracles of the muse.

"It is no trifling good," says Mr. Southey, "to win the ear of children with verses, which foster in them the seeds of humanity, and tenderness, and piety, and awaken their fancy, and exercise pleasantly and wholesomely, their imaginative and meditative powers. . . . Poetry, in this sense, may be called the salt of the earth; we express in it, and receive in it sentiments, of which, were it not for this permitted medium, the usages of the world would neither allow utterance nor acceptance. And who can tell in our heart-chilling and heart-hardening society, how much more selfish, how much more debased, how much worse we should have been in all moral and intellectual respects, had it not been for the unnoticed and unsuspected influence of this preservative." If a school book can furnish defence against the tempter within, and the incentive to sin without, who would deny the young such protection?

There are two modes of instruction which must work together, in ordinary cases, to awaken and furnish the intellect; they may be called the intelligent, and the mechanical. The intelligent is that which presents facts and ideas through some living agent, and demands of the pupil to reflect upon them, leads him to comparisons, and guides him to inferences; and then points out the error of false conclusions, if he happens to make them. The mechanical is that which puts instruments, books, &c., into the pupil's hands, and requires him to furnish his memory with principles, and to exercise his skill upon demonstrations, insisting rigidly upon application and labor, as the condition of all success in the pursuit before him. This treatment presumes that subsequent development will be informed with a germinant principle, infused by the material of knowledge through self-pains, and operating through life in the conduct of the understanding, — furnishing and guiding it at the same time. These two forms of instruction are called the *new* and the *old* way, because the former, from time immemorial, has been too much neglected, and has but lately, — chiefly since Edgeworth's *Practical Education* was written, — been much discussed, and strongly insisted upon by *theorists*; using that word in no disparaging sense. Superficial thinkers often separate these modes of instruction, and assume that the old way is a weariness of the flesh, and little worth, and that the new way is all-sufficing. But if endeavor, and industry, and the sense of responsibility for the gift of talents, either

of two or ten, are to be cherished as rational and moral means of self-culture, then the intelligent method, *applied orally*, and indispensable to a certain extent, is of the same use to the young, as the surveyor of the coast, and the pilot are to the navigator. They merely send him forth upon adventure, leaving him to apply his own judgment and energy, in the use of powers that require science and art for their direction; which science and art he must obtain by study and practice, — for without them he could never reach the desired haven.

The fallacy of presuming to obtain much knowledge, through mere reception of oral informations, without proper appliances and intellectual labor, may be proved generally by the very persons who place confidence in such a course. Their shallow attainments commonly demonstrate the want of what they depreciate. Those persons, who are always searching for, and proposing to others, short and easy roads to learning, are usually destitute of any variety, comprehensiveness, and depth of knowledge themselves. Abridgments, compendiums, and popular lectures, are chiefly of service to those already informed of their elements. From the very nature of science, moral or physical, it cannot be acquired without method and patient thought. Principles must often be presented to the mind in the same form, before they can be imprinted upon it. A book takes, preserves, and reflects a truth in one unvariable form, and from it the student can “minister to himself.” “This is the book that teaches *without telling*,” we heard a little child say of one of Mr. Jacob Abbot’s excellent little books. Invaluable little book to the toil-worn expounder of the “nature and power of letters!”

Skill and perseverance are effects of habit, and intellectual habits of the best kind are formed alike by natural intelligence and industry. Industry, either voluntary or compelled, often enlightens intelligence, dormant without it, as efficaciously as intelligence guides industry. Application is the great means of securing the ends at which all rational instruction aims. They who educate the young, or who provide for their education, may be assured that all schemes intended to develop the mind of an individual, or a people, without regular and strenuous endeavors of those who are subjects of instruction, those endeavors being aided by suitable implements entirely at command of the learner, — all promises to insinuate learning, so that small expense of time and labor will be sufficient for every useful ac-

quisition, must end in comparative ignorance, and in actual diminution of intellectual power. It is only by early and efficacious discipline of that power, that a rational being appropriates to himself the largest measure of the wisdom and truth, which constitute the worth of all study and literature.

If it be objected that they, who resort to our common schools, have not time for much study of books, it may be answered, that they have the allotted time of childhood, and every seventh day of their whole lives, in which to take hold of instruction ; and that instruction given at the beginning of life ought to be of the best quality, and after the best method, because the time allowed is too short to be wasted ; but, blessed be God, not too short to acquire that wisdom whose ways are pleasantness, and whose paths are peace.

Persons who do not desire to see school books multiplied, may, perhaps, think better of their uses, by reading Cousin's account of those employed in Holland : " Those books, which are to be used first, have prints, calculated to be attractive to children, to give them some ideas of external objects, and to connect in their memories, the words with the ideas which they represent. Next, follow others containing short, moral stories, calculated to interest them. After these, come books which treat of natural objects, either curious in themselves, or useful to man ; processes of art, the most necessary to be acquainted with ; and, in all of them, useful reflections upon Providence, and the duties which man owes to his fellow-creatures are introduced.

" Sacred history, profane history, the history of their native country, *treated in a manner to be understood* by children, are the subjects of other books. There are some in which the principal civil and criminal laws are explained. Their hymns tell them the gratitude they owe to the author of nature ; the kindly feelings they should attach to their parents, their employers, and their country, and the happiness to be derived from such affectionate sentiments. The fruit of all this is, that without devoting one minute more to instruction, than the time employed in the common method, instructors are imprinting on their memories what children in ordinary schools, either never know, or only learn with difficulty in after life, when their occupation affords them any leisure to read, after they have left school ; and thus their minds are imbued with calm and noble sentiments, which intercourse with the world may weaken, but the impression of which, can never be obliterated."

We have deviated from our direct object, — to commend the uses of the Common School Journal, in order to combat what we esteem to be a false notion; but we trust that our opinions upon this subject are in accord with those of which the Journal is the proper organ. The great respect we have for the intelligence and moral power, employed upon that periodical, has induced this notice of it, and the cause to which it is devoted. To know what to teach, and to show what to teach, and how to teach it, is a noble vocation. To cast out of any popular practice or system all inappropriate instruction; to apply reason and religion, in place of blind custom, to the work of education, to form the rising race to just sentiments and good actions, to rescue them from low desires, vulgar habits, and the apathy of ignorance, is a truly elevated purpose. We believe that such a purpose is not romantic, but entirely attainable; that it grows out of the capabilities of man's moral nature, and our existing necessities as members of society, and that he who announces this purpose, and calls upon all other minds of kindred nature to aid it, confers a favor upon the whole community; a favor which they can best requite by encouraging and assisting his enterprise.

E. R.

ART. III. — *The Life of William Cowper*: by ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., LL. D. Poet Laureate, &c. 2 vols. 1839. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Co.

WE are glad to see an American reprint of this new *Life of Cowper*, which has been prefixed to a new edition of the poet's writings, by the distinguished editor and biographer, Dr. Southey. That sectarian jealousy, which has always been alive and active, whenever the name of Cowper has been brought before the public, since his death, has manifested itself, on the occasion of this new and improved edition of the poet's writings; and it is owing to this jealousy, as we are informed in the preface to the English edition, that this edition cannot be called complete. The volume published some fourteen or fifteen years since, under the title of "*Cowper's Private Correspondence*,"

dence," was secured by copy-right; and as soon as an offer was made to purchase the right, the old jealousy was roused, and a separate edition of Cowper's works, with a biography prefixed, was hurried before the public, under the name of Mr. Grimshaw, who is lauded as "the only living man who could do justice to the *Life of Cowper*."

In consequence of the circumstance just mentioned, the edition of Southey must be said to be not complete. Still, he informs us in his preface, that he has wrought "the whole of the information" contained in the "*Private Correspondence*," so called, into the biography, as he felt himself justified in doing, so that "the purchasers of the present edition will in this respect lose nothing." We have not examined the rival edition, by Grimshaw, and of course cannot speak with accuracy concerning its merits or demerits, — neither will the American public, any more than ourselves, be likely to be much interested in the rivalry of two London publishing houses. When, however, Mr. Grimshaw says, that it was his purpose to revise "*Hayley's life of the poet*, purifying it from the errors that detract from its acknowledged value, and adapting it to the demands and expectations of the religious public," — we are quite satisfied to remain in ignorance of his work. We do not affect these attempts to *adapt* works to a particular mode of thought and feeling prevailing in any portion of the community. We have had already too many of similar attempts to adapt Cowper's life to the wants of religious sectaries. There has been as much contention in the religious world among different sects, each of which was anxious to possess itself of Cowper's name and influence, to give vogue to their peculiar sentiments, as there was among the Grecian and Trojan heroes, over the dead body of Patroclus. We should be glad if this vain din might cease. And we welcome, for this reason, the production of an author, who has no sectarian bigotry to gratify by the accomplishment of his task, who is careful not to obtrude his own private religious convictions upon the reader; who takes up the character of his subject in its broad view and relations, who is thoroughly competent to investigate the poet's literary character and claims, and who has liberality of mind enough to consider Cowper as a man having religion, rather than as a religious sectary. How far Dr. Southey has succeeded in his attempt, can now be settled each one for himself. If his biography is not everything we could desire, it at least marks an im-

portant advance upon his predecessors. Many things, which Hayley omitted in a spirit of delicate friendship, or because they were unknown to him, are now made public. The insanity of the gifted poet, which was too painful a theme to be entirely laid open by friendship, and the facts of which, religious enthusiasm only distorted, is taken up and discussed in a calm, philosophical spirit and manner; and mysterious — and in some of its aspects confessedly inexplicable — as that insanity is, it has been at least rescued from some of the darkness superinduced by religious bigotry. Owing to the circumstance, already remarked upon, of the inability of the publishers to purchase the private correspondence, the biography has a character of *Mosaic work*, as the author, in his preface, himself observes. It is not, as it could not be, characterized by the glow and fervor with which a personal friend, like Hayley, would set forth the incidents of a life in which he had been deeply and tenderly interested. It is the correct production of a scholar, who, although he does not neglect to refresh the memory of his readers with his claims as the Laureate, and upon the strength of this, gives us a pretty long digression upon English poetry, from Chaucer to Churchill, — yet is in general more mindful of his subject than of himself.

William Cowper was born in the year 1731. His father was chaplain to George the Second, and rector of Great Berkhamstead, — and there in the rectory, the poet first saw the light. At the age of six years he lost his mother, who died young, and by whose youthful face, as copied in the portrait, sent him late in life by one of his relations, he was prompted to write one of the most beautiful of his minor poetical works, which is too well known to be here quoted. He was peculiarly sensitive, delicate, and diffident in his constitution, and seems to have very early begun to experience that unhappiness which followed him through life, and which enveloped his last years in an awful cloud.

“Wretch even then, life’s journey just begun.”

Upon the death of his mother he was sent to a boarding-school. There his modesty and delicacy exposed him to rude treatment from the older boys, and his experience there laid the foundation of that aversion to public education, which he continued to feel through life, and which he made the subject of one of his poems. He remained at this school two

years ; and having passed the two next succeeding with an oculist on account of a weakness in the eyes, was then sent to Westminster, where he continued to reside from the age of ten till he was eighteen years old. After leaving school, and spending nine months at home, he was "sent to acquire the practice of the law with an attorney," and was articled with a Mr. Chapman, for three years. In 1752, at the age of twenty-one, he left the Solicitor's office, and took chambers in the Middle Temple, and on the 14th of July, 1754, was called to the bar. In his chambers in the Temple he resided nearly ten years, depending for present support upon his little patrimony, and relying for the future upon the hopes of patronage, which the influence of his family connexions justified him in entertaining. At this period of his life, he was the gay associate of many, who became distinguished afterwards in politics, or literature, or fashionable circles ; and, although the severe and harsh sentence which he himself passed, in reviewing subsequently this portion of his life, is of course not to be taken literally, yet it is easy to conceive, that with his temperament, so diffident, shrinking, and nicely conscientious, his mode of life — lounging frequently in the drawing-rooms of ladies, "giggling and making giggle," — and his studies, which were chiefly confined to the classics and the ornamental, rather than to the substantial parts of literature, should have seemed in hours of dejection, as no better than dissipation, aimless and useless. The absence from his views of all expectation from his profession is indicated in the sportive remark which he is reported to have made at that period, to Thurlow, afterwards Lord Chancellor. "Thurlow, I am nobody, and shall be always nobody, and you will be Chancellor. You shall provide for me when you are." He smiled and replied, "I surely will." This pledge, which Cowper extorted from his companion in sport, and which, by the way, was never redeemed, sufficiently betrays the sense of his unfitness to struggle with the world, which was doubtless already preying upon his tender spirit. He had, moreover, suffered a disappointment of the affections, which must have been a sore trial to a person so susceptible and warm-hearted. He had become much attached to his cousin Theodora, second daughter of Ashley Cowper, and sister of Harriet, who is so well known to the readers of Cowper, as the Lady Hesketh, with whom he corresponded for so many years. To a marriage connexion between them,

the father of the lady objected, and they separated, never seeing each other more, — but each remaining single through a long life. It is hardly conceivable that this incident should have not made the deepest impression upon such a mind as Cowper's, although Dr. Southey gives it as his opinion that it did not materially contribute to produce that melancholy from which he suffered. However this may have been, it appears that, what with diffidence disqualifying him for the common business of life, disappointment in his affections, and the danger of poverty or dependence, which was now imminent, by reason of the reduction of his little patrimony, a gloom began to settle and deepen over his mind, — the consequences of which were dreadfully apparent in his after life. An occasion offered in the year 1763, which proved too much for his morbid diffidence and reserve of character, and which at last brought on the only crisis it could result in — insanity. The prospect he had of destitution led him to express the hope to a friend, that one of his kinsmen would confer on him a certain office, which belonged to him to bestow in case of an expected vacancy. The vacancy soon occurred, and the patronage in question was offered; and then it was that Cowper's constitutional diffidence and horror of a public exhibition of himself became apparent. He was required to prepare himself, against a certain day, for examination as to his fitness for the office. This was out of the question. He struggled for a time, — now ashamed and angry with himself, that he should think of forfeiting such a chance for honorable independence, and now agonized with the idea of a "public exhibition," — until at last, as the result of this violent discord and contention in his nature, reason gave way, self-control became impossible, insanity succeeded, and suicide was attempted.

In this state of mind he was conveyed to a private mad-house, at St. Alban's, kept by a Dr. Cotton. This was in 1763. After the recovery of his reason, Cowper remained with Dr. Cotton a year; and then, being unwilling to incur any farther obligation to that excellent man, he obtained through his brother, who was settled at Cambridge, lodgings at Huntingdon, not far from Cambridge, which he took possession of in June, of the year 1765. Here he became acquainted with the Unwin family, with whom he in November of the same year became domesticated, and whose name will forever live associated with his; Mrs. Unwin being the Mary of his poems,

on whom he depended as on a mother, for the remainder of his life, — a period of thirty years. For a time, he continued his correspondence with Lady Hesketh, in a cheerful strain; but at length, as his religious feelings became more fervent and engrossing, he could write upon nothing else, and the correspondence was closed in January, 1767, not to be renewed till October, 1785. But with Mrs. Cowper, the wife of Colonel Cowper, another of his cousins, he continued to correspond, and found in her one who was of a similar religious turn, and who could sympathize with him in all his peculiar states of mind.

In 1767, an event took place which led to important consequences, and had a material influence upon Cowper's future life. Soon after the sudden death of the elder Mr. Unwin, and when the bereaved family were yet undecided where to take up their abode, they received a call from Mr. Newton, then curate of Olney. As a spiritual friend, he met fully their existing wants and feelings, — and upon his proposing that they should reside at Olney, they assented and removed thither, in October of the same year. There they lived on the most familiar terms with Mr. Newton — Cowper attending the religious meetings held by him, and taking part personally in the services. It was at this time that he assisted Newton in composing the *Olney Hymns*. From the period of his brother's death, 1770, his spirits were affected, and his melancholy grew deeper, until in January, 1773, "it had become a case of decided insanity."

From '65 to '73 is what may be called the religious period of his life; during which time he was a zealous devotee, — the sentiment of religion having such exclusive possession of his mind, as to absorb every other affection. This attack of his malady lasted about sixteen months, when he began to recover his attention to and interest in things about him; but he was still left with the gloomy impression, that he had been deserted of God, that he was "excluded from salvation," and that as he had failed when it was in his power to offer up himself as a sacrifice by suicide, he was doomed to "a perpetual misery." As his mind gradually recovered its tone, he amused himself with gardening, and with the care of some hares, that "continued to interest him nearly twelve years, when the last survivor died quietly of mere old age." Besides the care of his hares, and of his garden, Cowper now amused himself with writing verses. "From thirty-three to sixty," says Cowper, "I

have spent my time in the country, where my reading has been only an apology for idleness; and where, when I had not either a Magazine, or a Review, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others, a bird-cage maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age, I commenced an author; it is a whim that has served me longest and best, and will probably be my last." He had written short pieces, both in prose and verse, in earlier periods of his life, and some of them had appeared in print without name, as three papers in the *Connoisseur*, which were occasioned by his friendship with Thornton and Colman, the editors of that paper. Many of his juvenile poems, the earliest of which dates back as far as 1748, are preserved by Hayley in the volumes, which contain the biography by that warm and sincere friend. There was also another collection of youthful pieces, the preservation of which is owing to a deeper sentiment, — those which the poet addressed to his Cousin Theodora, and which, having been kept by her with a religious care, were published by Mr. Croft in 1825. Before 1780, the *Olney Hymns* were published; "by which," says Dr. Southey, "Cowper may be said to have been first introduced to the public as a poet." To this work, he had contributed sixty-seven hymns, when he was interrupted by the second attack of his malady. The *Anti-Thelyphthora*, a satire, appeared without name, in 1781. About 1780, Mr. Newton removed from Olney to London; and Cowper, who since his residence in Olney, had been very much under the influence of that divine, was now acted upon by a greater variety of influences, and of a more generous and healthful kind. Mrs. Unwin encouraged Cowper to exercise his poetical talent, in the composition of a longer work than he had hitherto attempted, and gave him for a subject, "The Progress of Error." From this germ grew the first volume of poems, which was published to the world in 1782. It was about this time he became acquainted with a lady, who, brief as their acquaintance was, exercised upon his spirits, his fancy, his humor, and his genius generally, a most happy and enlivening influence. This was Lady Austen, a widow, who came to reside with her sister, in the vicinity of Cowper's residence. To this lady the world is indebted for the most delightful poem of Cowper, the *Task*, and for the humorous ballad of *John Gilpin*. "Sister Ann," as Cowper familiarly called her, seems to have been a person of great vivacity, and with conversational charms, which had the

most exhilarating effect upon the mind of the poet. She chased away the clouds that gathered upon his thoughts, and cheered him out of many a sad mood. She could "laugh and make laugh with a most hearty and innocent hilarity."

"Were I to say," remarks Dr. Southey, "that a poet finds his best advisers among his female friends, it would be speaking from my own experience; and the greatest poet of the age would confirm it by his. But never was any poet more indebted to such friends than Cowper. Had it not been for Mrs. Unwin, he would probably never have appeared in his own person, as an author; had it not been for Lady Austen, he would never have been a popular one."

From 1782 to 1791 may be regarded as the happiest portion of Cowper's life. Within this period it was that he composed his works, and achieved his fame. He added to his choice circle of friends; and, what was more to his heart, his celebrity was the occasion for a renewal of communication with his connexions, one of whom he dearly loved, and restored to their proper place the old idols of his heart, over whose removal his tender spirit had not ceased to grieve. When he turned author too, his mind was relieved from brooding over morbid fancies, and a small round of distracting thoughts. New hopes and new anxieties engaged him, and occasioned a wholesome activity to his spirits, and variety to his thoughts. Lady Austen repeated to him the story of John Gilpin, to cheer up his spirits one afternoon, — and the next morning he informed her he had turned it into a ballad; the exquisite humor of which will continue to delight thousands, as it has already done. "The Task" also grew out of a request on her part, that he would attempt blank verse, which he promised to do, if she would furnish a subject. This poem, his master-work, was begun in 1783, and finished in the autumn of 1784.

The publication of *The Task*, and popularity of John Gilpin did more, as we have already said, than fill up the measure of his fame. They brought about renewed communication with his family connexions. This was commenced by Lady Hesketh, who doubtless inferred from the character of his publications, especially from John Gilpin, that his mind had recovered a healthy tone, and that he could now derive pleasure from something besides his own peculiar religious experiences. This was in fact the case. He was now in a state to enjoy old friendships, — and the renewal of his correspondence with Lady

Hesketh, after a suspension of eighteen years, was one of the happiest occurrences of his life. "And the same volume," says his biographer, "which was the occasion of restoring to him this blessing, at once placed him at the head of the poets of his age."

In 1784, almost immediately after the completion of his second volume, he commenced his most laborious work, the Translation of Homer.

In 1786, Cowper removed with Mrs. Unwin to the (neighboring) village of Weston, where he had the Throckmortons for neighbors.

In 1787, in the early part of that year, his malady returned upon him with full force, and lasted about six months.

In 1790, he received a letter from Mrs. Bodham, (a cousin on the mother's side,) accompanying a portrait of his mother; and it was upon the occasion of receiving this present, that he wrote one of the most beautiful, and certainly the most touching and tender, of his minor poems, the lines addressed to his mother's picture.

Cowper's Homer was published in the summer of 1791; and it was soon after proposed to him to superintend a new and splendid edition of Milton. Many of his friends had, before this, felt a little impatience that he should be spending so much time in the inferior work of translation, regretting, as they naturally might, that his delightful genius should not still be exercised with original productions. One of them sent him for a subject of an original poem, "The Four Ages, infancy, youth, manhood, and old age;" "and he offered for his consideration, a brief sketch, with the hope that he might be induced to work upon it." Cowper was, it seems, pleased with the subject, and actually began to write upon it. The fragment remains, to make his admirers regret that he should not have completed it. It was, one must think, a subject well suited to the contemplative, sober vein of his muse. Perhaps, as is not unlikely, he dropped it, because the subject had not been one of his own selection. It is not probably easy for those *who deal in such articles*, to *execute orders* after a pattern; nor will inspiration come at a call for the nonce. We presume not to be familiar with the secrets of the gods; but we should suppose, if it be allowed to judge great things by little, that the *subject* is a result or conclusion, as often as it is a starting point. To sit down with the cool and determined purpose of see-

ing what can be written to a text, is not unlikely to end in frigid despair. But if for a long time the mind has been fixed in a certain direction, and has exercised intense thought, and profound feeling, — those thoughts and feelings will be brought to a point at last; and to that point, or subject, they will aim with a unity of purpose, and effect, which art seldom can attain. But, however this may be, “The Four Ages,” a subject selected for Cowper, by the Rev. Mr. Buchanan, never grew to a poem, — a fragment, and nothing more appears. His mind turned to another subject of his own, — “an oak in Yardley Chase, which was within reach of his walks, and was believed to be as old as the Norman Conquest.” Hear with what true poet-power he gives shape to the reflections awakened by the giant of the forest: —

“Thou wast a bauble once; a cup and ball
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin’d
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.
But Fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree, mellow’d the soil
Design’d thy cradle; and a skipping deer,
With pointed-hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.” —
“Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root, — and time has been
When tempests could not.” —

His spirits, however, were greatly depressed about this time, by the first paralytic attack, which Mrs. Unwin suffered. But, although the Milton enterprise was a burden to his mind at one time, which he would fain have shaken off, it was the occasion of his acquaintance with Hayley, who, himself a poet, became his true friend, — and left a monument of that friendship, in the affectionate biography he composed. Hayley paid Cowper a visit, of which he gives a most interesting account, — and before leaving, invited Cowper and Mrs. Unwin to visit him at Eartham. This visit they accomplished, — although what would have seemed to most persons a very trifling affair, was a serious undertaking, and caused great anxiety to one who had so long confined himself to so narrow a space. But after his return

from this visit, he began to relapse into melancholy. Mrs. Unwin, on whom he had depended, was now an invalid, and required his attentions. Things grew worse, and the cloud that oppressed him became darker. She who had been his guardian angel, — on whose calm, serene judgment, he had relied, as much as on her sweet motherly devotedness, was now a changed being. Helpless in body, the light within quenched, and self-control gone, she exacted rigorously all his attention. It was at this time he addressed to her the lines “To Mary.”

So deplorably helpless had become the situation now of the two sufferers, that an effort must be made to effect a change of situation; and in 1795 their removal was accomplished by Cowper's cousin, (Johnson,) into Norfolk. On this journey it was, as he and his cousin walked together in the moonlight, in St. Nest's churchyard, that cheerfulness was for the last time expressed in the countenance of Cowper. Ever after, a constant and hopeless gloom settled upon his thoughts. His cousin, whom, in his letters, he familiarly addressed as “Johnny of Norfolk,” — now devoted himself to him, walking and journeying with him, and seeking, in every possible way, to relieve his distress, and to interest him in literary pursuits. In part, he succeeded. He was induced to revise his *Homer*. In the latter part of 1796, Mrs. Unwin died. Cowper continued a victim of appalling despair, until April 25, 1800, when he gently escaped from a life, which had been to him a scene of spiritual conflict, such as is allotted to but few mortals. To him death must have been a sweet sleep after such a life. Surely, in his case, the scripture imagery, which represents the future life as a *rest*, was seen to have a truth and propriety not to be exceeded. There is something touching in the remark made by Mr. Johnson, that “from that moment (when he expired), till the coffin was closed, the expression with which his countenance had settled, was that of calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with holy surprise.”

Three distinct causes have conspired to create the deep and wide interest that is felt in Cowper: his delightful talents as a writer, the distressing malady that shrouded his mind with gloom. (and drove him a stricken deer from the herd,) and that sectarian zeal which has contended for his name, to grace the muster-roll of a religious party. Of the last mentioned source of interest we have already spoken. It remains to make a few remarks, without any special regard to strict method, on

the insanity of Cowper, and the peculiarities of his genius, as evinced in his writings.

With regard to Cowper's mental malady, Dr. Southey has brought before the public much that was before unknown, — and has arranged and presented it in a judicious manner. Had it been possible, we should have been content, that no more should have been divulged of the sad “secrets of his prison-house,” than is given in the delicate allusions of his first biographer, Hayley. We esteem the appetite a morbid one, which craves a minute knowledge of all the painful experiences of a disordered intellect. It is very much like disinterring the dead, in order to gratify a perverse curiosity, as to alleged personal deformities. A regard to the claims of truth is the plea set up frequently for such unreluctant, indiscriminate, cruel exposures; or the object is to render a book marketable, by being able to say, with truth, that it contains particulars never before published. It would be well for such as pretend to an uncommon concern for the truth, and who are exceedingly anxious that the whole truth should be told, to remember that there is more than one species of truth. There is a truth of *sentiment* as well as of *facts*. Indeed, the latter kind, however confessedly important, is yet the lowest kind. A person intrusts his most intimate, most sacred thoughts and feelings to a companion. There is, indeed, no written contract that the confidence shall not be abused. But there is a more delicate, but none the less binding obligation, recognised by the uncorrupted heart; and he would materially violate the spirit of truth, who should, under the pretence of declaring the whole truth, make public those secrets.

But in the case of the last biographer of Cowper, circumstances had materially altered. The facts of Cowper's malady were already known; they could not be kept secret; they had already gone abroad, and had obtained circulation; and the prime duty of the biographer then was, not to endeavor to put them out of sight, — but to “tell the whole story fairly,” in such a manner, that correct impressions might be gathered from the recital. This seems to have been the aim of Dr. Southey. It is clear, we think, that the insanity of the poet was not occasioned by religion, although it took the form of religious madness. He was disordered in his intellect, before he seems to have taken any special interest in the subject of religion. The morbid tendency, as his biographer thinks, was inherent in his

constitution, and discovered itself as early as at the age of eighteen. He was by nature remarkably delicate, sensitive, and diffident, and suffered from extreme depression of spirits. He dreaded any kind of public exhibition of himself, like mortal poison. He was thus rendered unfit for the business of life. If he essayed to act among men, he suffered inconceivable agony. If he retired from the world and all active pursuits, he was followed into his retreat by a voice of rebuke, such as came to the old Prophet, "What dost thou here, Elijah?" But, although the seeds of his malady were in his constitution, and we are to seek there for its original sources, it is also apparent, that outward circumstances furnished occasions for its attacks; if not disposing him to it, yet making his natural disposition active, quickening the seeds which were implanted in his nature, and aggravating more or less the complaint. In fact, every recurrence of the disease, of which Dr. Southey gives us the mournful history, if we except, perhaps, the first or second, will be found to have had an intimate connexion with special calamitous events, that were of a character to shake the nerves, and depress the spirits, of so sensitive a being. The second attack, and on some accounts the most important one, because it occurred at a turning point in his course, and determined his whole subsequent life, was in the Temple. He was in the thirty-second year of his age, and dreading that his pecuniary resources might become exhausted, he had solicited of a relation a place in his control, and had obtained the promise of it. The necessity imposed upon him of preparing for a public examination was, as we have seen, too much for his shrinking diffidence of nature. The conviction was thus forced upon him, that he was totally unfit for the common occupations and pursuits of life. He had, moreover, failed in love a few years before this time; and, although, Dr. Southey thinks too much consequence has been attached by some to this circumstance, it could not certainly have been devoid of influence. The third attack of his malady, in 1773, followed the death of his brother, to whom he was much attached, and in whom he had taken a special interest. The next attack was connected in time with the death of Mr. Unwin, one of his dearest friends, and most constant correspondents. To one like Cowper, who lived apart from the world, and whose heart was devoted to a select company of friends, the loss of one who had shared so much of his confidence, could

not but have brought lasting consequences. And the last recurrence of the malady, and which terminated but with life, was connected with the weakness and imbecility and death of Mrs. Unwin, whom he had ever regarded with the same feelings as he would a mother. The proximity of these several events and circumstances, to the several attacks of his malady, is a fact in his history deserving of notice, — whether we attach more or less influence to them in the production of the evil. They probably hastened or aggravated in some measure, what could not have been perhaps altogether avoided, with his constitutional tendencies.

The same remark may be made of Cowper's religion, and the influence of the peculiar system he adopted, and of the spiritual guide to whose direction his mind, for many important years, was surrendered. Neither Calvinism, nor Mr. Newton, may deserve to be made chargeable with Cowper's madness. He was insane before he knew aught of Calvin's system, and might have been subject to returns of the malady, had he never met with Newton. But still this will not prove that there was any peculiar harmony between his mind and the Genevan creed, or that the curate of Olney was the most judicious friend and spiritual guide, he could have had. Cowper's mind seems to have possessed great religious sensibility. This feature of his nature was early manifested. The want was early developed in his soul; but his religious education seems not to have been thorough and complete enough, to satisfy the want. The yearning was there, — the longing for light and truth; but no guide was at his side, to give a wholesome direction to these spiritual activities, and to furnish food for his deep, inward cravings of soul. Desires thus disappointed, reachings forth of the young faculties, with no objects to cling to, restless aspirings, that have no clear and practicable object, are sure to be followed by pernicious consequences. These consequences began to show themselves, when he was obliged, through excessive diffidence, to abandon any useful occupation. Disqualified by his peculiar temperament for a life of action, forced to the conclusion, that he must give up the world and its pursuits, — he was driven in upon his own thoughts. He must lead a life of contemplation, — and since he could not mix with his fellow-men, in the ordinary relations of life, he must converse with himself. Had he found within, when he thus retreated upon his own thoughts, a positive system of religious belief, which

would have given full and safe exercise to his active mind, and warm feelings, he possibly might have sustained the shock.

Cowper's *theology* seems never to have mixed with his intellect. His *religion* was genuine,—the natural welling up of his thoroughly devout spirit. But his religious *system* never harmonized with his intellectual nature. There are two great divisions, which readily present themselves, of Cowper's religious life; the first extended from the time of his recovery at St. Alban's, in 1764, to the period of his third attack, in 1773. During this period, his religion absorbed all his powers and affections. It held exclusive possession of his soul. It suspended, although it could not so far pervert the sweetness of his affections as to extinguish his old friendships. It broke off all literary occupation, except what had immediate connexion with religion, and gave expression to his pious frames. It in fact paralyzed for a time certain faculties and affections, and directed the whole force of his intellect and sensibility in one channel, tending to give preternatural life and activity to single principles of his nature.

The other period of Cowper's religious life extends from the time of his recovery from the third attack to his death. For, although during this period he had laid aside his system and ceased to derive from it comfort, settling down into the desperate conviction, that he was abandoned of God, and that his case was hopeless; yet there was more free play to his faculties and affections, than there had ever been before; and when this free action was once obtained, his religious sensibilities were sure to manifest and express themselves, although not according to the precise forms of any sectarian *experience*.

If we look at these two periods of his life, we find our remark verified that Cowper's *religious* mind never mixed, flowed into, and harmonized with his intellect. His mind did not, certainly for any great length of time in succession, preserve that repose and assurance of spirit, which is denoted by the term fellowship, or communion with God,—an idea and expression eminently Christian. According to the system he had adopted, the attributes of the Deity were too awful, and his own nature too vile to allow of the state of mind we have alluded to. When his religious sentiments had been excited, and his religious wants had been made known to himself, he met with and adopted a system, which appears wonderfully ill-suited to his nature. He adopted that idea of God, which had been

formed by other minds, minds of a coarser fabric, and of harder features than his own. A dogmatizer, like Calvin, whose lot was cast in an age of revolution, whom the corruptions of a dominant church had biassed against everything that savored of the old way, was hardly the proper person to frame a system for such a sensitive, imaginative, tender spirit as Cowper's. No where, as far as we know, can a more painfully impressive illustration be found of the principle, which is beginning in our times to be widely felt and acknowledged, that individual minds must form their own idea of God; that the affections can no more be tortured into uniformity of sentiment, than the speculative intellect into uniformity of belief; that there are diversities of operations, although one and the same spirit; that there are peculiarities of constitution, of endowment, of temperament, which require special adaptations of system. To attempt to introduce Calvin's image of God into the mind of Cowper, could only be followed by eternal war, contrariety, and confusion. This is, indeed, only our theory of his case. It would not, probably, have been allowed by himself; for he never once appears to have distrusted his system. His reproaches were all loaded on his poor, innocent self. But we have the *facts*, at least, a large number of those facts, of his singular case before us; and every reader must form for himself some theory to account for the melancholy result. And in many respects, any one is in a better condition, than himself could possibly have been, to fairly explain the condition of his mood. The difference between him and his friend Newton is striking in this respect, and may serve to illustrate his case. Newton, it seems, took up his religion late in life. He had probably never possessed much tenderness and susceptibility of heart; and what he had originally was, doubtless, not increased by his peculiar mode of life. When he obtained religious impressions, they probably came through the head rather than the feelings; and the hard logic of Calvinism suited the man, who had been toughened by the pulls and tugs of a worldly experience like his. Heaven and hell, salvation and damnation, were obstructions to be dealt with, after a certain fashion in logic-fence. So the order of the categories was preserved, and the justness of the reasoning was vindicated, no matter how many souls were involved in perdition by the ratiocination. A spirit, so constituted as Cowper's, was never designed for such rough work. Go where his intellect would, his heart was sure to follow. Not a thought

possessed his mind, nor an image rose to his fancy, that it did not awake a corresponding affection in the heart. A system, like Calvinism, seems to be suited only to a person in whom the intellectual principle prevails over the affections, who can take pleasure in dealing with abstract propositions, that involve the eternal misery of thousands of sentient beings, and who has not sensibility to suffer in corresponding horror. Not that such a person is hard-hearted ; it is not necessary to suppose that ; but he is still pleased that he has made out his case formally, according to scientific rules, and reached the conclusion ; and never realizes how horrible that conclusion may be. It is upon the same principle, that the great general watches the result of a certain movement in battle, which he has ordered. If it succeed, he smiles complacently, or exclaims triumphantly, and prides himself upon his skilful combinations ; while another person standing by, a mere spectator, would shudder at the blood so lavishly spilled, to effect the object.

Cowper was never meant for a logic-gladadiator. He was not a philosopher. His temperament and mental habits were those of a poet ; and, therefore, we say that his system never suited him. Had it been possible for him to look upon the system, as a collection merely of propositions presented to the intellect, the case might have been different. But that was not possible for him. He was forced to experience the horrible feelings, which corresponded to the ideas. And we can compare it to nothing else, than to a man's undertaking to dissect himself.

But in saying that Cowper's system did not fit him, we are far from asserting that he had no religion that did harmonize with his nature. In fact, whenever from any cause he forgot or laid aside his peculiar system, and instead of the forms of thought and expression, which other minds in other ages had elaborated, allowed his own spirit to work freely, and assume what dress was natural, there flowed from him a sweet and delightful stream of religious sentiments, which was his own, — the overflowing of his own devout spirit.

It is worthy of notice, that Cowper laments his own juvenile insensibility on the subject of religion, and complains of the entire neglect of moral and religious education in English schools. And, although we are, of course, to make great allowance for the self-rebukes of a morbid mind, yet there was probably good ground for his complaint ; that is, a mind like his, so strongly inclined to religion, ought to have received a special

training in religion, and not been left to aimless aspirings, and occasional impulses. His cravings were more than ordinarily deep, and they do not seem to have been satisfied.

The tendency is probably more or less strong in every reflective mind, looking back to the early stages of its progress, to think meanly of the judgments which then swayed it, of the aims that were then entertained, of the whims and conceits that misled the fancy, and of the objects which engaged the affections and desires. The mind even so early, perhaps, was struggling after clearer conceptions, wider views, and worthier objects of regard, — longing to put away childish things, and attain unto spiritual manhood; and disappointed or vexed that its unripened faculties, and unfledged imagination were able to support it in no higher a flight. But, in Cowper, this review was unusually severe. His mind had a morbid acuteness in detecting its own faults. And no temperament and constitution of mind can be conceived of, better suited to promote misery to the possessor, than an intellect that darts rapidly from earth to heaven; which, instead of being subject to philosophical restraints, disdains all checks; which is liable to sudden alternations of light and darkness, as the feelings are to corresponding ones of exultation and despondency; which acquires new ideas, not by gradual accretions in the safe way of persevering study, but by gushes of light poured suddenly upon it with a dazzling force; a mind too rapid in its movements, too much given to impulses, to be controlled by *habits*; or, at least, imposing the necessity of the severest labor, and the strictest self-discipline, in order that such habits may be established. A brilliant imagination reflects upon such a mind all heaven above, and all hell beneath. Crowds of thick-coming fantasies continually flit before it. At one moment, groups of pure, white-robed virtues and graces entertain the vision. At another, the fancy is a screen, upon which a devil's dance keeps up its infernal orgies; and foul impurities, and monstrous impieties hold jubilee in the spirit-chambers. And if to such an impetuous, impulse-prompted intellect, prolific of thoughts to oppression, be united a tender conscience, quick to discern, and strict to condemn, although not yet having acquired force enough to guide and control, a conscience that notes the minutest lapse, detects the slightest omission, and feels acutely every indication of sin; we have the materials for the direst suffering that can afflict humanity. Calmer and more mechanical natures may deride such suffer-

ings, as unreal, where there is no indication, in the outward circumstances, of want and pain, and where the character, as manifested to the world or as stamped by the world's opinion it passes current in the shape of reputation, affords no visible documents answering to, and justifying such strong spiritual upbraidings. But such scoffers know not what they deride; and well for them! For it cannot but be regarded as one of the darkest chapters in the history of God's providence, that he should permit, as he sometimes does, one of the gentlest and most susceptible of his creatures to overflow with a horror of sin, — one moiety of which, if experienced by a hardened sinner, might turn him from his wicked ways, and restore life to a soul morally dead, — and to scourge himself through life with burning rods, and to drive the vexed spirit prematurely into night.

Cowper's state of mind in the latter years of his life was peculiar. He seems to have settled down upon the morbid conviction, that he was lost beyond hope; and yet he was sane and cheerful upon other subjects. His judgment upon common matters appears to have been accurate and discriminating. And, perhaps, in his case, this was (strange as the remark may seem) the most favorable state of mind that could be hoped for. Nothing is so agitating and distracting to the thoughts, as uncertainty, indecision, vacillation. Such looseness, in an ardent, imaginative mind, like Cowper's, may be compared to the tossings of a vessel, that has no anchor to fasten it, and no pilot to guide its course. Fixedness of any kind is a great gain, therefore, to such a mind. Cowper gained this *fixedness* only in the absolute, undoubting conviction, that he was spiritually lost beyond hope. And dreadful as this conviction was, it was preferable to a constant flux. He bolted himself to the rock of despair; but he was moored fast. And this was far better than beating about on a dark and boisterous sea, continually alarmed, and yet never knowing the extent of the danger; always on the edge of destruction, and with the experience of all the agonies which such vicinity to death occasions, and as often drawn back and reserved for new perils. On this principle, the torments of the Inquisition were designed. It was matter of scientific calculation, to go as far as the human capacity to endure suffering would allow, and to save the victim for new applications. It is on the same principle, too, that a person exposed upon a giddy eminence, when he feels his nerves begin to shake, and his brain to reel and

spin horribly, longs to precipitate himself forward, and so end in a fatal certainty the terrible suspense. And it seems to us to have been somewhat so with Cowper's spiritual condition. He longed for assurance and fixedness of some kind. The only kind, that was open to his disordered intellect, was a calm conviction of perdition. When he gained this insane persuasion, his mind was left at liberty. He could withdraw his attention from a point that was now *settled*. And this was an immense gain to one in his state. He was, in fact, restored to the free, healthy exercise of his faculties, by the most insane idea that could possess a human being. The worst form of madness is when the attention is chained to one idea, and cannot move from that spot. Cowper purchased his liberty from the tyrant thought, that had possessed him, by allowing its claims to the full. The demon held him fast, until he assented to the dreadful assertion, that he was *lost*, — and then suffered him to depart upon his parole of honor. He was now free to exercise his inimitable humor, to indulge his love of letters, to revive his early friendships, which had slept but not died, to cultivate that vein of poetry which had been opened in his youth, and to exercise his elegant talents for the delight of generation after generation of readers.

The fact of Cowper's consulting, as we are told he did, the poor, ignorant schoolmaster of Olney, and valuing his answers as the responses of an oracle, is a melancholy evidence of weakness. And such is probably the only light in which the fact will be likely to be viewed by the majority of readers. But it has another and more interesting aspect, that deserves attention. It furnishes a striking illustration of the power of the religious principle. What a levelling principle this is! How it subdues and bows the pride of genius! The consciousness of intellectual gifts of the highest order is a poor and worthless substitute for that unquestioning faith, which may dwell, along with numerous errors and absurdities, in the uncultivated mind. Tired of its own wide and sublime excursions, which only serve to bear it farther from the true sources of peace and joy, the fervent and gifted mind is prone to despise its own efforts, and undervalue its attainments, — and to long for that simple, undoubting trust and repose, which the uneducated, unsophisticated intellect entertains.

The sad story of Cowper's life, upon which we have offered a few reflections, may probably leave on the mind the impres-

sion, that his was an experience of unrelieved, unmixed suffering and gloom. Lest this should be the case, we will quote the remarks of his biographer, — so true and so beautifully expressed : —

“ Happily there was nothing irksome in any of the business to which he was called. His correspondence — except only when, upon writing to Mr. Newton, and to him alone, the consciousness of his malady arose in his mind — was purely pleasurable. He had his own affliction, and that was of the heaviest kind ; but from the ordinary cares and sorrows of life, no man was ever more completely exempted. All his connexions were prosperous. Mr. Unwin was the only friend, whose longer life must have appeared desirable, of whom death bereaved him. From the time when, in the prime of manhood, he was rendered helpless, he was provided for by others ; that Providence, which feeds the ravens, raised up one person after another to minister unto him. Mrs. Unwin was to him as a mother ; Lady Hesketh as a sister. And when he lost in Unwin one who had been to him as a brother, young men, as has already been seen in the instance of Rose, supplied that loss with filial affection. Sad as his story is, it is not altogether mournful ; he had never to complain of injustice, nor of injuries, nor of neglect. Man had no part in bringing on his calamity ; and to that very calamity which made him ‘ leave the herd,’ like a ‘ stricken deer,’ it was owing, that the genius which has consecrated his name, which has made him the most popular poet of his age, — and secures that popularity from fading away, was developed in retirement ; it would have been blighted, had he continued in the course for which he had been trained up. He would not have found the way to fame, unless he had missed the way to fortune. He might have been happier in his generation ; but he could never have been so useful ; with that generation his memory would have passed away, and he would have slept with his fathers, instead of living with those who are the glory of their country, and the benefactors of their kind.” — Vol. II. pp. 148, 149.

It remains to offer a few remarks suggested by Cowper's genius, and the peculiar character of his writings. “ Cowper's taste,” says Sir Egerton Brydges, “ lay in a smiling, colloquial, good-natured humor.” His English is idiomatic, at least in those productions upon which his reputation as a writer rests. Some of the most racy, poignant, and nervous English is that which is current in the market, in the workshop, in the camp, and the cabin. It is not elaborated in the schools, is marked

by none of the regularity of philosophical diction, will not submit to classical canons, but has its birth amidst the necessities and dangers, the passions and the humors of active life. From this fruitful source, Scott, and Shakspeare, and Swift, derived the instruments of their power, and found their way through many ears to a multitude of hearts. But the strong sense of such writers as have been named is apt to be mingled with coarseness; their wit runs easily into vulgarity, and their humor has a strong tang, which the very delicate would not enjoy. Cowper's style has no such strong relish. It is remarkable for delicacy and refinement, — yet with all its refinement it is not spiritless, and in its beautiful polish does not lose its point. It is the perfection of the parlor-dialect, continually attracting the reader by happy turns of thought and expression, which have enough of ingenuity to excite an agreeable surprise; but without the elaborate, far-fetching wit that astonishes at its brilliancy, — having enough of humor to call up a smile without becoming quaint and grotesque.

It is noticeable that those works of our author, which were most painfully and carefully wrought, have received the least favor from the public, whilst his permanent fame is founded upon productions which cost him little or no effort, and which were rather the living children of his *nature*, than the beautiful but dead forms originated by his *art*. Of this his translation of Homer is an illustration. In this work, his mind and imagination were constrained, as every translator's must be, who scruples to take the liberty which Pope took, of using his original merely as a stock upon which to engraft fruit of his own. His diction in this translation is also constrained, not only from the cause already named, but because it would be natural for him, in rendering an ancient classical author, for whom he entertained such a veneration as he did for Homer, to endeavor to construct his sentences upon a classical model, and to force his English to conform in phrase and idiom to the ancient pattern, and the result would be what has been, a correct, faithful version of the Grecian, which well repays the scholar who is content to study it, — but has few attractions for one who is seeking for the spirit and style of Cowper. On the contrary, the Ballad of John Gilpin, the Dirge on the loss of the Royal George, the Lines addressed to his Mother's Picture, and the Boadicea flowed spontaneously from his fancy and heart, — and will be read again and again with ever new delight. We do

not intend to undervalue the importance of art, or to express a wish that literature should be reduced to the few and rare, although luxuriant products which nature bears without cultivation. But if it be true that art must furnish the instruments with which Nature is to work, it is also true that these instruments will be useless, unless the intellect possess *ideas* worthy of being expanded and combined; or the imagination be crowded with pictures; or the heart be filled with sentiments, which demand fit phrase to give them utterance. In the *Task*, Cowper's principal poem, Nature and Art are happily blended, and aid and heighten each other. For rural scenes he had ever an observing eye, and a loving heart. And as we accompany him in his favorite walks, his descriptions seem to us full of truth and reality; and the moral reflections blended with them, are either such as we remember to have entertained, and which we are glad to have revived; or if new, such as will ever henceforth be associated with the like sights and sounds.

There are three striking phenomena in the literary character of Cowper, — the healthiness of his writings, contrasted with the insanity which we know to have been for a long time the condition of his mind; the union of a playful humor with the blackest melancholy that ever oppressed human spirits; and the very late period at which his genius developed itself. Each of these circumstances might furnish matter for curious speculation to the philosopher. He commenced author, when he was fifty years of age, — a period of life to which few postpone their fame. But the aspirations natural to youth had been, in his case, checked by a painful shyness, which shrunk from all exposure; and they were afterwards purposely and on principle mortified, in obedience to the dictates of a morbid religion. That he was ambitious of true honor, we have from his own lips. "I have," he says, "(what perhaps you little suspect me of) in my nature, an infinite share of ambition. But with it I have, at the same time, as you well know, an equal share of diffidence. To this combination of opposite qualities it has been owing, that, till lately, I stole through life without undertaking anything, yet always wishing to distinguish myself. At last I ventured, ventured too in the only path, that, at so late a period, was yet open to me; and am determined, if God have not determined otherwise, to work my way through the obscurity, that has been so long my portion, into notice. Everything, therefore, that seems to threaten this my favorite purpose with

disappointment, affects me nearly. I suppose that all ambitious minds are in the same predicament. He who seeks distinction must be sensible of disapprobation, exactly in the same proportion as he desires applause. And now, my precious cousin, I have unfolded my heart to you in this particular, without a speck of dissimulation. Some people, and good people too, would blame me." Yes, and he had, doubtless, blamed himself a thousand times. It was only when his nature had succeeded in breaking through the restraints that bound it, that he became a useful and happy man.

We have mentioned as one of the striking phenomena in Cowper's literary character, that his writings should be so healthy, when the mind that produced them was so often clouded and diseased. We find in them everywhere clearness, order, precision, discrimination. He was the farthest possible from mysticism, in his habits of thought, or modes of expression. All his thoughts were distinct and sharply defined. This was indeed the great source of mischief to his mind. The false and insane notions, with which he became possessed, stood before him with a horrible distinctness. Had his mind been of a different habit, he might have escaped from his pursuers, or they would have vanished, lost in clouds. But they held their shape, and would not away.

We can hardly credit the assertion, when we are informed that the humorous ballad of John Gilpin was composed, when the mind of the author was oppressed by the deepest gloom. It would seem as if Nature, tired of a perpetual sadness, took this method to obtain relief, by playing for a time with images, as different as possible from the thoughts that swayed the mind.

It is as a letter-writer that Cowper's delightful talent is most happily exercised. He sits down, evidently without a subject, not even knowing what the next sentence is to contain; and his letters, for simplicity, elegance, vivacity, and ease, cannot be surpassed. We would willingly enter upon this topic, but the pages we have already filled warn us to forbear.

W. P. L.

ART. IV. — *Conclusion of the Liverpool Controversy.*

IN answer to Mr. McNeile's Discourse, entitled "The Proper Deity of our Lord the only ground of Consistency in the Work of Redemption," we have a Discourse by Mr. Martineau, entitled "The Scheme of Vicarious Redemption inconsistent with itself, and with the Christian idea of Salvation." Acts iv. 12. The Author brings before us a picture of the scene on Mount Calvary and its accompaniments, at the Crucifixion. The ostensible impression, which it leaves upon the mind, is that of manifesting the last degree of moral perfection in the Saviour, an expression of his character, a needful preliminary to his resurrection and ascension, and leading to a development of the spirituality and universality of the Gospel. This, however, is said to be the mere outside aspect of the crucifixion. Beneath this is the deeper meaning of a vicarious Sacrifice. This alleged deeper meaning, Mr. Martineau combats as inconsistent with itself, and inconsistent with the Christian idea of Salvation. The appeals made to nature for analogies between her operations and the vicarious scheme are inconclusive. This scheme is inconsistent likewise with the character of God, and with the work of Christ. These we know are old heads of argument against the Calvinistic Atonement; but Mr. Martineau has presented them with such novelty and depth of thought, such discriminating judgment, and such an eloquent choice of words, that we are ashamed to give our readers only this meagre outline. The scheme of vicarious Suffering is inconsistent with the Scriptures; the language, which is supposed to imply it, does not appear until the Gentile controversy. The Old Testament has not the slightest trace of it. The Jews, so far from thinking that the death of the Messiah was to be a propitiation, thought he could never die at all. Neither does the Saviour in all his Parables and Discourses make any reference to a propitiatory Sacrifice, as the ground of forgiveness. The Apostles, preaching to their countrymen, insist on the resurrection, not upon the crucifixion. When preaching to the Gentiles, they do lay stress upon the death of the Saviour, because that event extended his Messiahship, which before was confined to the Jews. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews thinks to console his countrymen for the abrogation of

their Law, by representing the death of Christ, as a commutation of it.

The next Lecture in course is by Rev. David James, "The Doctrine of the Trinity proved as a Consequence from the Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ." John xv. 26. He is entitled to assume the Deity of Christ, and consequently a Plurality of Persons in the Godhead, as proved by the preceding Lectures of his colleagues, and proceeding upon this supposition, to show that this Plurality must consist of a Trinity, because a third Person, the Holy Ghost is spoken of in Scripture, as possessing all the characteristics of Deity, in common with the first and the second. But he will not avail himself of this privilege, as he wishes his Discourse to be a complete proof of the great and cardinal Doctrine of the Trinity. He argues, I. That the Moral Character and Unity of God cannot be discovered from the Works of Creation. The frame of the Universe may teach the natural properties, but not the moral attributes of its Author. We could not judge from examining a Cathedral, whether its architect were a good or a bad man. Neither can the Universe prove that it is the work of but one author, and he of infinite goodness, for many perfect plans are the joint products of many minds, agreeing and differing, and the world likewise exhibits marks of an Evil Agency. II. Revelation is necessarily the only full and satisfactory source of information respecting the Divine Being. To this Reason must succumb. III. Revelation then teaches that God is a Spirit, and if it teaches anything about this Spirit which our reason cannot comprehend, we are still bound to receive it. IV. One Jehovah, and Three distinct Agents, possessing Divine Perfections, are presented to our notice throughout the Bible. The Hebrew plural being applied to the Deity in many instances, proves the Plurality of Persons; works of Deity being ascribed to the Father, Son, and Spirit,—and only to them, prove this Plurality to be a Trinity. Their separate agency in the redemption of man was agreed upon in a covenant before the creation of the world. The Son and the Spirit consented to become temporarily subordinate to the Father. The Saviour in his humanity often makes an explicit avowal of his voluntary subordination, and, strange to say, this avowal is regarded by the Unitarians, as a confession of inferiority to the Father. There is nothing more unreasonable in the union of God and man in Christ, than in the union between the soul and the body in man. The law of

compensation demands such an atonement as only Deity can offer. The Sanctification of men requires likewise the agency of a person. This is a sketch of Mr. James's Discourse, which seems to us remarkably ingenious and skilful, and showing the sincerity of his own faith; but it does not by any means justify its title.

The Discourse, in answer to this, by Rev. J. H. Thom, is entitled, "The Unscriptural Origin and Ecclesiastical History of the Doctrine of the Trinity." John xiv. 10. Error must be traced to its source to be removed. The strong current of the river bears down all that opposes it; when traced back to the mountain stream, it may be turned aside. If the Doctrine of the Trinity can be proved to be an Ecclesiastical fabrication, its Scriptural Origin is disproved. It may be fully proved that the Jewish Christians never did acknowledge the Deity of Christ. Mr. Thom then traces the Christian Trinity to the Gentile Philosophy, in its triflings with the Platonizing Jews of Alexandria. By slow and successive steps, the early fancy of speculation acquired its present Orthodox form, as the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. If it had been revealed, it would have been perfect at once; but it took thirteen centuries to invest the doctrine of the Trinity with its present form. A most ingenious and admirable division is furnished for the Discourse, in the three Creeds of the Church of England, which become more and more Unitarian, according to their respective ages. The first is Unitarian; the second asserts the Deity of Christ, but says nothing of the Deity of the Holy Spirit; the third is Trinitarian. Evidence is adduced that, for the first three hundred years, the Christian writers asserted the Inferiority of Jesus to God, and that it was not till after the year 140, that anything like a derived divinity was ascribed to him. The conflicting opinions, relative to the nature of the Son, called together the Nicene Council, A. D. 325, — when the Creed was drawn up which ascribes to him a *derived* Deity; but still without any mention of the Deity or personality of the Holy Spirit. This last addition was made by the Council of Constantinople, in 381. From the year 500 to the year 800, those disputes were in agitation, which related to the mystical union of the two Natures in Christ. The result was the Creed called that of Athanasius. Waddington's judgment against this Creed is quoted at length. So much for Ecclesiastical History. As to the Scriptures, it is conceded by all, that God is revealed to

be One, we ask now for one single passage, in which it is asserted that this Unity consists of a Trinity of Persons. There is no direct evidence of the dogma. Inferential reasoning is all that is pretended for it; but even the strongest passages, from which this inference is drawn, will not support it, but disprove it. On the other side, the dogma is denied by express and plain declarations of Scripture. Christ frequently makes assertions which are utterly inconsistent with the idea of his Deity. As to the device of two Natures which sets aside these last arguments, metaphysics and subtilty, not revelation and Scripture, are the authors of it. Ecclesiastical History has recorded the rise of the Doctrine of the Trinity, — it will yet record its decline and fall.

The next in course is the Lecture by Rev. R. P. Buddicom, "The Atonement indispensable to the Necessities of Fallen Man, and Shown to Stand or Fall with the Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ." Romans iii. 23 – 26. The Author first considers The Scriptural Statement of Man's Condition, and Relation to God. This is contained in a few words of gloomy import: "All have sinned, and come short of the Glory of God." Man is a public offender, and as his obligations are to God, he cannot assume for himself the liability of his guilt, but must find a substitute. Therefore he is utterly unable to make any worthy satisfaction or restitution to God, for his crimes against the Majesty of Heaven and Earth. Neither obedience nor repentance can avail, for obedience is impossible; now that man has fallen, and repentance is not enough. This brings us to the second point, The Scriptural Method of our Recovery and Salvation. Man is justified, as to himself, by the mere mercy of God, through a satisfaction made to God by the Vicarious Propitiation of Jesus Christ. Heathen Sacrifices, the Old Testament Law, the Passover, &c., are all typical and illustrative of the fact, that the sufferings and death of the human body of the Deity, were needful for the recovery and salvation of man. This Vicarious Atonement for Sin, is the great display of the Righteousness of God. Faith is the appointed mean, to communicate to the Sinner, for the removal of his attainder and condemnation, this propitiation in the blood of Jesus Christ. In the third place, The Doctrine of Man's Salvation, by Vicarious Atonement, must stand or fall with the Proper Deity, and with the Proper Humanity of Jesus Christ.

The Unitarian Discourse corresponding to this, is by the Rev.

H. Giles, "Man, the Image of God." 1 Cor. xi. 7, and Luke xv. 17-19. The Author elucidates two extreme and false opinions of human nature; first, that the image of God is wholly lost in man, and second, the unreasonable expectation of seeking either a Utopian perfection, or a Calvinistic depravity, in any individual. Then he adduces some of those essential elements in human nature, which properly entitle it to be considered still in the image of God. We may put out of controversy the intellect and the taste, for these are undeniable spiritual elements. Bishop Butler is quoted in proof of the assertion, that sin is not natural, but unnatural. Two eternal moral elements we may recognise in human nature, under all its forms; sympathy and conscience, the feeling of a common nature, and the sense of right and wrong. The first appears in family affections, in the home, whether it be scooped under the snow, or beneath a tent, in the love of country, the love even of an enemy under suffering, in the charities extended to the afflicted, the orphan, and the prisoner. Even the misanthrope and the anchorite bear witness to the same moral element. The sense of right and wrong, likewise, is an essential moral characteristic of man, which bears the impress of his divine likeness. Its conclusions are often apparently contradictory, but its obligation is unvarying. The sense of duty is universal. Even crime is its witness; the power of doing evil attests the capacity of doing right. It is this sense of duty which unites us to our species, and gives us confidence in man, — and as it declares to us a God, so it has a tendency to raise us to him. Why, in conclusion, should we degrade ourselves? Certainly this is not humility; it is a concession to an unworthy theology. Why should we exalt the capacities of human nature? It is that we may do proper homage to our Maker, God; but it teaches us to hope for and to honor man. Some valuable Notes are appended to the Discourse, illustrating its principles by extracts from distinguished authors.

Next we have a Discourse by Rev. J. E. Bates, on "The Deity, Personality, and Operations of the Holy Ghost." John xvi. 12-15. The Author contrasts the Trinitarian and the Unitarian Faith upon this point, and thus opening the subject, refers to plain declarations of Scripture, to prove the three statements involved in the Title of his Lecture. The Deity of the Holy Ghost is proved by the ascription to him of the Names, Works, Attributes, and Worship of God; and the objection,

that the names Lord and God are often applied to inferior beings, is answered. [The Author does not seem to be aware that he is fighting against a mere shadow in his whole argument. He could have found thousands of Unitarian Sermons which would have saved him all the trouble of his own reasoning.] The Personality of the Spirit is inferred from those passages, which we consider a personification of the Spiritual Attributes of the Deity ; but the same line of argument, which the Author adopts, would prove that God has hands and feet. The use of the masculine pronoun in connexion with the Holy Spirit, the Ascription of Powers, and Properties of Understanding and Will, are, by the Author, considered as good arguments in favor of his opinion, while he finds no objection to it in the passages, where the Holy Spirit is spoken of, as *given, sent, poured out, &c.* The enlightening, sanctifying, renewing, governing, and sealing influences of the Spirit, are adduced in proof of its individual, personal operations. The answer to this Discourse, which was by Rev. Mr. Thom, we noticed in our last number.

“The Sacraments practically rejected by Unitarians,” is the Title of the next Church Lecture, by Rev. H. W. M’Grath. Matth. xxviii. 19, and xxvi. 26 – 28. The subject is treated under four heads ; 1. What the Sacraments are, as collected from the Scriptures. They are visible signs and tokens of Christian profession, — Baptism, the appointed rite of admission into the visible Church ; the Supper, the public profession of our continuance in it. These are effectual signs and means of grace, — pledges from God of his favor towards us, as was circumcision under the former dispensation. The remission of Sins, and the gift of the Holy Ghost, are blessings connected with Baptism and the Supper. But the grace of the Sacraments is not in themselves, it is in the Lord ; and dependent, to the receiver, upon the *right* reception of them. II. What is the view of the Church of England upon this Subject ? This is gathered from the formularies, the Creeds, Articles, and Services, and coincides with the Scriptural view already given. The Church thus wisely discards the superstitious additions contained in, III. The view of those who attribute to the Sacraments what is due only to the Soul and the substance of them ; giving to emblems the reverence due to the realities they represent. Thus, the Church of Rome abuses the two Sacraments, and adds five other pretended Sacraments to them, alleging that the very doing or receiving of them confers grace, and that they

imprint a certain character upon the Soul. The Author here thinks that the Oxford Tracts lie in his way, and he gives them a passing censure. As the view, in which the Church of England regards the Sacraments, is thus opposed to the one extreme of Romanism, so is it opposed to, IV. The extreme, which practically denies the import and value of the Sacraments altogether. He endeavors to show the inconsistency of administering Sacraments, to which, upon Unitarian principles, little or no meaning can reasonably be attached. For Unitarians reject the Trinitarian form in which Baptism is to be administered; they deny the doctrines of original sin, of regeneration, of forgiveness, and of the receiving of the Holy Ghost, which are involved in it. So, too, Unitarians practically reject the Sacrament of the Supper, by denying that the Lord's death, of which it is commemorative, was a Sacrifice for Sin, by denying the Grace conveyed in this Sacrament, and by not believing that he, whose death is thus celebrated, will again come as God, to judge the world. In closing this Discourse, we cannot but express our approbation of the Christian mildness and charity, and the absence of all asperity in the treatment of his opponents, which the author manifests. The delivery of the answer to this Discourse, by Mr. Martineau, was postponed to the conclusion of the course, on account of his indisposition.

"The Nicene and Athanasian Creeds explained and defended," is the next Lecture on the part of the Church, by Rev. R. Davies. 2 Tim. i. 13. The Author begins at the beginning of his subject, by attempting to defend Creeds in general. A Creed is a concise sketch, or representation of a larger system; they define the most important points, and bring them together; and they diffuse a fellow-feeling among believers. There are objections to them, but of no weight *if* the Creeds are Scriptural. Very simple formularies sufficed in the Apostles' time, and the Creed called by their name, though not composed by them, expressed their faith. The rise of Heresies made other more minute and explicit declarations necessary. This leads to, II. An Explanation of the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds. The Nicene Creed was completed about A. D. 447. It is not to be supposed that its Authors, in adding the Deity of the Son to the Apostles' Creed, believed more than they did before, — but that some heretics had begun to believe less. But even this was found inadequate to keeping heretical teachers and tenets out of the Church, so the Athanasian creed

was drawn up, thus named, not from him as its author, but to recommend and adorn it, as it is an excellent system of his doctrines. This last formulary was designed to teach explicitly the Doctrines of the Trinity, and the Incarnation of Jesus Christ. III. A Defence of the Creeds in answer to objections. The first two objections to them allege, that the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation, being unscriptural, the Creeds must be unscriptural likewise. The answers to these objections lead us, of course, over the beaten track. A third objection is founded upon the uncharitable condemnation, denounced upon those who do not believe the explications, in the Athanasian Creed. These, however, the author understands to apply only to *those who* obstinately deny the substance of the Christian faith. - IV. The Spirit in which our religious profession should be maintained; not as a matter of mere curiosity, amusement, or idle speculation, but in faith and love, as saving truth.

In our last notice, we mentioned the answer to this Discourse by Rev. Mr. Giles, as also the next Discourse in order, On the Personality and Agency of Satan, by Rev. Mr. Stowell. Mr. Martineau's reply to this, is entitled "The Christian View of Moral Evil." Isaiah v. 18-20. Is evil the antagonist, or the agent, of the Divine Will? This is the problem which has perplexed all men. We may look for a solution, to philosophical schemes, to biblical doctrine, and to practical Christianity. I. Philosophy offers only two views of the problem; first, by denying that God is the author of evil, or, second, by pronouncing it his mere tool, for the production of greater good. The first supposes a benevolent Creator, trammelled by the obstinacy of matter, — and this opposing power being personified leads to the Manichean theory of two conflicting Gods. It cannot give us relief, for it makes us the sport of an awful conflict. The fundamental idea of the second system is, that evil is a result of God's will, his temporary instrument for everlasting ends; a necessary agent in the production of greater good than could exist without its instrumentality. The personification of the evil principle into a Satan does not affect the theory. But this will not give us relief. It serves the benevolence of God at the expense of his Omnipotence. Philosophy, then, cannot aid us. II. The Scriptures are supposed by some to teach the existence of Satan, as a doctrine of revelation. The passages which imply the existence and agency of such a being, cannot be frittered away; they express the real belief of some of the

sacred authors, — but the question is, whether their belief came from revelation, or their own speculation? A great outrage is done to the Book of Genesis, by the common representation of the Fall. There is no trace in it of an evil spirit, nor is there in the whole Pentateuch, which records more trials and temptations than all the rest of the Scriptures, one word of allusion to such a being as Satan. Nor is there one hint of any moral corruption entailed upon men by the Fall. The Hebrew Satan and the Greek Devil must not be identified. The former represents rather a function or an office, than an individual, a recognised agent of the divine will, rather than a fiend. We may clearly trace the development of this conception in the Old Testament, and its modification, by the Persian mythology, into the shape which it bears in the New Testament. It is easy now to conceive of the origin of the belief in demoniacal possessions, and in ghosts and fiends, which cannot be shown to have come from inspiration, but is clearly detected as arising and extending in the prevailing sentiments of the age. The temptation of the Saviour was a real event, a deep struggle in his soul. There is no assertion of the literal presence of a tempting agent. Thus we do not resolve all Scripture language about an evil agent into personifications and allegories. We allow and assert that the Jews believed in the existence of evil spirits. The New Testament writers shared this belief, nor is it in any way inconsistent with their inspiration. Revelation is silent, and Philosophy is perplexed, on the question of Moral Evil; we must therefore look for final decision to, III. The practical Spirit of Christianity, and see what view of the subject is stamped with its authority. Is it well for our consciences and characters to consider God as the primary source of moral evil? On the contrary, is it not better to regard it as in no sense whatever willed by him, but as absolutely inimical to him? Individual responsibility is the profound sentiment which pervades Christianity. It knows nothing of a transfer of holiness or guilt; nor of an hereditary taint of the conscience or the heart. By attempting to trace our sin to a progenitor, or to an evil spirit, we confuse all our moral perceptions, and destroy the solemn consciousness of individual obligation, and divide our criminality. But an objector endeavors to set aside these arguments, by asserting that men do not trouble themselves about the *origin* of their guilt; enough of responsibility remains when we consider only its *consequences*. This state-

ment assumes that motives of self-regard are the most powerful in operating on the character. But practical Christianity makes little, if any appeal to *prudential feelings*. The conscience instinctively regards evil as the *enemy* of God, — so does practical Christianity ; and here we have a double suffrage against the scheme which makes moral evil the *instrument* of God.

The last lecture in course on the part of the Church, was by Rev. W. Dalton, "The Eternity of Future Rewards and Punishments." Matth. xxv. 46. The Author adduces, I. Some Scriptural Quotations, in which the misery of the wicked is declared to be of equal duration with the joy of the righteous. The words *everlasting*, *eternal*, and *forever*, are applied alike to the happiness of the good, and the sufferings of the bad. The experiences of heaven and of hell are spoken of as of equal duration. II. The Unitarian mode of reply to these quotations. As to Scripture Texts, the Unitarians limit the meaning of the common Hebrew and Greek words for expressing *everlasting*, and they allege that *Hades* means the unseen state, not a place of punishment. Then they advance some general objections to the eternity of future punishments ; the merciful and paternal character of God ; the corrective, not the destructive, intent of suffering ; and assert that the doctrine of eternal misery is deficient in moral power over the sinner's conscience, because exaggerated and unreasonable. III. The connexion of the Doctrine with some important truths of Christianity. It is connected with the Scriptural view of Sin, with the redemption work of Jesus, and with the sanctions by which God enforces the reception of the Gospel message. IV. A few Practical Reflections on the whole Controversy with the Unitarians, with especial reference to this subject. We should learn to respect each others' motives, and not to misrepresent each others' sentiments, believing reciprocally in each others' sincerity, and looking for mutual candor. We expect that this controversy will lead us to a stronger attachment to truth, and make the Unitarians more *anxious* in their study of the Scriptures. We believe in their *sincerity*, but we doubt their anxiety. Finally, we should all aim to realize the prospects of the eternal world. There is a heaven and there is a hell, — the experiences of both are everlasting.

In reply to this, Rev. H. Giles, preached upon "The Christian View of Retribution hereafter." Jonah iv. 9-11. It states the general essential views of Unitarians on the subject,

and examines the arguments adduced in support of the doctrine of endless torture. We are accused of making light of sin. Far from it; we insist that sin is a dark and foul stain upon the soul, — but it is individually acquired, not inherited. Sin is an evil, it is punishable, it leaves injurious consequences which may be eternal. It cannot be washed out by any sacrifice or expiation, — only by individual sorrow, resistance, and amendment, can its subject be redeemed. Thus far, we agree with the Calvinist in the evil and ruin of sin. The tenet of eternal torture has been gradually softening down since it reached its perfection in a barbarous age. The words supposed to express unlimited duration will not support the tenet; they are confessedly variable in their signification. But there are many Scriptures at utter variance with the tenet. God is good, not malignant, — a restorer, not a destroyer; he prefers mercy to sacrifice. The end and glory of the redemption by Jesus, is the ultimate happiness and virtue of mankind. Future punishment will, like present pain, have a tendency to correct. But eternal pain is a figment; it would either wear out itself, or its subject. The doctrine, too, has no moral effect, or but a bad one. It is idle, likewise, to assert that sin is an infinite offence. On the principles of Calvinism, this assertion becomes doubly absurd; for Calvinism describes man as a powerless and contemptible creature. Man is not an infinite, nor an incorrigible offender. Happy experience is our proof. Then the doctrine of eternal perdition is inconsistent with the moral omnipotence of God. God must be either infinitely malignant, or infinitely benevolent. If he be the latter, he has the motive, as well as the power to redeem his children. Yet Calvinism would vindicate the Glory of God by Hell Torments, as if necessary to attest his justice. The doctrine of eternal torment is manifestly opposed to God's justice. So is it to his wisdom; for it is unwise to create, merely to destroy. And how shall we show forth the bliss of the few that are saved, while they are witnesses to the agony of those with whom they walked in friendship on earth. God wills not that any should perish. What unmeasured bliss is borne by this sweet promise to desolate, sinning, and struggling men. There is pure philosophy and glowing eloquence in this Discourse, to which our meagre sketch does great injustice.

“Christianity without Priest and without Ritual,” by Rev. James Martineau. 1 Peter, ii. 4, 5. The Author takes a

bold grasp of his subject, by presenting the origin and characteristics of two opposite views of religion ; the one being expressed by a Priest with his Ritual, who takes up, and appropriates the mediatory relation of man to God, barring all other means of approach and sanctification ; the other being expressed by the Prophet with his Faith, who leaps the gap of Separation either by time or space, appealing to a light within, and bringing the future near. He then proceeds to show that the Church of England in its doctrine of Sacraments coincides with the former, while Christianity adopts the latter. The Church of England attributes to the Sacraments a charmed efficacy on the human soul. This position is most irrefutably sustained by quotations from the articles and offices of the Church relating to Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and from the mediatory authority assigned to the priesthood. With this is contrasted the anti-sacerdotal character of primitive Christianity. Jesus was a Prophet, not a Priest ; he denied and superseded all forms and rites, — he placed no dividing or intervening processes between man and God. Baptism is an initiatory form, the Supper is an act of commemoration. The familiar associations, which Judaism had gathered around Baptism by using it as the sign of washing away a foul idolatry from its proselytes, led to its adoption by the Saviour. The Lord's Supper is a simple commemoration of the Saviour's dying love, and of that event which enlarged his office from that of a Hebrew Prophet to that of the Prophet and Saviour of the whole world. The Lecture closes with a judicious retrospect of the controversy, a gathering up of fragments, and a clear expression of great principles.

“ And now, friends and brethren, let us say a glad farewell to the fretfulness of controversy, and retreat again, with thanksgiving, into the interior of our own venerated truth. Having come forth, at the severer call of duty, to do battle for it, with such force as God vouchsafes to the sincere, let us go in to live and worship beneath its shelter. They tell you, it is not the true faith. Perhaps not : but then, you think it so ; and that is enough to make your duty clear, and to draw from it, as from nothing else, the very peace of God. May be, we are on our way to something better, unexistent and unseen as yet ; which may penetrate our souls with nobler affection, and give a fresh spontaneity of love to God and all immortal things. Perhaps there cannot be the truest life of faith, except in scattered individuals,

till this age of conflicting doubt and dogmatism shall have passed away. Dark and leaden clouds of materialism hide the heaven from us ; red gleams of fanaticism pierce through, vainly striving to reveal it ; and not till the weight is heaved from off the air, and the thunders roll down the horizon, will the serene light of God-flow upon us, and the blue infinite embrace us again. Meanwhile, we must reverentially love the faith we have : to quit it for one that we have not, were to lose the breath of life, and die." — p. 53.

We have thus traced this controversy from its commencement to its conclusion. Another series of valuable, we may say indispensable, aids is now furnished to those who are inquiring into the great questions of Trinitarian Theology. We expected to find that the arduous part, which the three Unitarian Ministers have sustained in the Controversy, would be acknowledged by the members of their congregations ; and we record with pleasure the following resolutions passed at a meeting of the "three Congregations." — That, in the opinion of this Meeting, the zeal and ability with which the late Unitarian Controversy, in Liverpool, has been conducted by the *Rev. James Martineau*, the *Rev. John Hamilton Thom*, and the *Rev. Henry Giles*, through the medium of a Public Correspondence, and of Evening Lectures at Paradise Street Chapel, (in answer to the thirteen Lectures in Christ Church, by as many Trinitarian Clergymen,) have been, at once, creditable to the Ministers engaged in it, and advantageous to the cause of religious truth. That the varied learning and talent displayed, the great labor of critical research undergone, and the admirable temper and discretion maintained throughout the Controversy, under circumstances of singular provocation and excitement, call for the expression of our high admiration, as well as of our heartfelt and grateful acknowledgments.

G. E. E.

ART. IV. — *Memoir of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Hemans.* By her SISTER. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 12mo. pp. 317. 1839.

THIS is precisely such a biography as we should desire of such a woman as Mrs. Hemans; a sister only, and very few sisters, could have written it. It is a graceful and feminine portraiture of a most graceful and feminine mind, which we cannot doubt, after making all due allowances for the partiality of a sister's pencil, gives us a faithful likeness. It is an exquisite painting in enamel, which flatters by its very delicacy. It is in this character of a true picture, that the volume before us has delighted us; as a mere narrative, it possesses no extraordinary interest; the few events that make up the life of a retired woman, derive their interest from her character; and it is the charm of her character that alone makes us eager to follow the fortunes of Mrs. Hemans.

From her earliest childhood she appears to have been marked by singular personal attractions, and extraordinary tokens of genius. Her memory was almost miraculous, and her imagination and sensibility made her life a perpetual dream of excitement. Verse seems to have been in a manner the spontaneous expression of her mind; her first volume was printed when she was only fourteen years of age. Music and drawing were natural and favorite accomplishments. She grew up the admiration and delight of all around her. She married early, and unhappily; lived a life of keen trial, intermixed with the highest enjoyment; and died at last, it may be said, of exhaustion, at the age of forty-one;—having won the purest, most affectionate, and most enduring fame on earth, and showing herself exalted by the influences of religion, amid her severe discipline, to a peculiar ripeness for heaven.

Mrs. Hughes has already been favorably known, as one who can herself weave sweet verses, and clothe verse in the sweet harmonies of music. It was she who composed the noble strains of that anthem, "The Pilgrim Fathers," to which the patriotic hearts of New England thrill, as to some native and familiar air, some "Ranz-de-vaches" of American mountains. She has now done what she ought to do, in giving this bright sketch to the world. She has told us much that we like to know of the haunts and habits of that youth passed in roman-

tic Wales; of the wonderful memory, the immense reading, the graceful accomplishments, the filial and maternal tenderness, the real sufferings of her gifted and idolized sister: — and she has told it all in such a manner as to rivet the reader to her pages. Even when the volume is closed, we can hardly break the spell, and perceive that a bright haze still hangs between us and the subject. We hardly dare own that, on reflection, we miss certain prosaic details, which might seem important to the practical-minded American reader. For instance, we dare not wonder what Mrs. Hemans was among the duties of the ménage, to which her circumstances, at some period of her life, (especially when she was left motherless,) must have required her attention. We content ourselves with saying, How could she be everything? And we are satisfied to look upon her as posterity will, as Mrs. Hemans, the Poetess; a graceful, powerful, lovely development of female mind, which, with its melancholy elegance, dwells in our fancy, an image by itself; such as to her was the sad, fair statue of the Grecian Sappho.

It is a great satisfaction to find the life and character of a distinguished author harmonize with his works. This gratification may be particularly enjoyed in the case of Mrs. Hemans. It is delightful to lay down the poems, and, while still glowing under their tender and exalting influences, to look at the woman. We take them up with redoubled interest, after having satisfied ourselves, that they were the genuine outpourings of her mind; that they embodied, as well as words could do, her true soul; that she was in real life, and in plain prose, a high-minded, refined, affectionate, and virtuous woman. To have found her otherwise would have been a severe shock; yet sometimes in perusing the volume before us, we have been almost startled at finding how completely she *was* all that our imaginations had painted her.

Sad, however, very sad, are some of the convictions which these pages have deepened within us. Unconsciously, we believe, the writer has disclosed to us some of the deeper recesses of a highly poetical nature, and a solemn voice speaks to us thence, like the voice of a caverned prophetess, full of unearthly wo. Believing the character of Mrs. Hemans to be one of the most complete manifestations of that nature, which was ever unfolded under earthly influences, we rise from its study with a confirmed impression, that such is not the constitution of mind most replete with the elements of happiness. It appears essen-

tial to the poet, that Imagination should take the lead of all the other faculties; they must not be destroyed nor impaired, or the sanity of the mind is affected; but they must be subservient to this power, and, as it were, work under it. Memory, the reasoning power, in the operations of a poet's brain are subjected to the imagination; and toil for it. The visible world and all events act more forcibly on his imagination than on any other of his mental powers; it is that which instantly takes up and deals with every new idea that enters through the senses; the more rapidly and ably this is done, the stronger, probably, are the poetical conceptions formed. But the fine poet is seldom a judicious man; especially if he separate himself from the every-day world, and become an author by profession. Things do not appear to such a mind, as they do to one whose powers are more equally balanced; they do not appear as they really are. So supremely wise and good are the Divine arrangements, that no coloring, no transposition of the relative importance of things by the most gifted fancy, can improve them. He, therefore, has the best chance of happiness, who most clearly sees all things as they really are. It is the partial, exaggerated, or distorted perception of what is, that constitutes the chief mental suffering of man. And the highly imaginative are most constantly doomed to struggle with such false perceptions.

It is vain to say, that their glowing fancies supply them with felicities, which real life cannot furnish; no *sane* mind can derive permanent happiness from illusion; and when a bright illusion fades, the darkness seems intense by the contrast. The pleasant, sober, every-day light suffices not for him, who has imbibed a morbid taste for watching the meteoric flashes which light up with dazzling, but evanescent glory, the shadowy world of Imagination.

With this mental temperament is usually connected a peculiar delicacy of physical organization; almost invariably in woman, very frequently in the robust frame of man. The great Scottish bard has been quoted as a complete exception; but what finally prostrated him in his fresh old age? His highly imaginative genius indeed appeared upon earth, in a robust frame; the constitution he inherited from a hardy ancestry, and the habits of his early life might be thanked for this; and to it, we may undoubtedly attribute much of that healthy and happy tone of disposition, to which he modestly alludes, in

drawing some comparison between himself and Lord Byron. But look, as years roll on, how the sad law works ! Certain objects attained an undue importance in his mind ; to his excited imagination it became worthy of a life's labor to recall the spirit of past ages, and revive, in his own person, the Scottish baron of old, with his stately halls and broad domains, all to be proudly transmitted to an elder son. And in the carrying out of this poetical idea, he saw not things as they really were, and marked not the machinery of modern society, as it moved on about him, till his own worldly fortunes were drawn in and crushed in some temporary derangement of its wheels and springs. Then, with views and efforts of which no ordinary prosaic mind would have dreamed, he attempted intellectual labors, by which even his iron nerves were shattered. We believe that his health yielded, not to external, but to internal, to mental causes, as completely as Mrs. Hemans's ; and that his premature decay, for such it was, may be first indirectly traced to the undue action of the Imagination, which involved him in difficulties that made such fatal efforts needful ; and then more directly to the effects of mental labor on the bodily frame.

In Mrs. Hemans, however, the peculiar physical constitution, of which we speak, seems to have been marked from early life. We should call it *nervous*, if it were not that the misapprehension of its real meaning has created a prejudice against the word. In persons of the temperament to which we allude, we should say that their Maker had interwoven the soul more closely with the physical fibre ; that the clay seemed more completely informed with the spirit, so that every nerve more quickly and keenly conveyed the impression made on it to the invisible perceptive power. Of such it is that we say in common parlance, they are "all soul." Such may enjoy greatly ; but they also must suffer greatly. They usually suffer much from that indescribable state of existence, called being — not sick, — but in *feeble health*. Jar but the mind with a rude touch of anxiety or grief, and some part of the frail machinery of the body is sure to give way, as if *it* had been struck or blighted. Truly and beautifully has a living poet said ; — "In general, Nature appears to have a prodigal delight in inclosing her costliest essences in the most frail and perishable vessels." Who cannot recall from the annals of poets innumerable instances of the temperament we have described ? It is true, thousands have been so afflicted, who never wrote a line of verse ; but of all

those who have been endowed with poetic genius, there are few who have not suffered from it. The cause is to us, of course, inscrutable ; but we have been struck with the fresh and strong illustration of the fact afforded us, in the book we have just read with such profound interest.

We said that the convictions it has deepened in us are sad, because it is sad to find that the exquisite delight afforded by such poetry must be so dearly bought ; it is sad to find, that, in the nature of things, a being, gifted with power to confer pleasure of so exalted a nature, could enjoy only an interrupted happiness in this world. Her power sprang from those sensibilities which are connected with a delicate physical constitution, — thereby insuring the depressing reaction of feeble health on the mind ; those sensibilities, which feel acutely every earthly ill, and are perpetually craving a peace and purity not to be found on earth. Throughout all Mrs. Hemans's writings, her poems, and her letters too, we catch glimpses of this source, whence flowed such bitter waters. In the depths of her soul were longings and aspirations unknown to common minds ; and at which the world is apt to sneer, because it can neither feel nor comprehend them. But to minds of a kindred nature, though humbler order, much of her power is found in these same intense longings, under whose influence she sketched imaginary virtue, peace, and beauty, such as she yearned to behold in reality. We gaze, we melt in tender admiration, under the spells of her genius ; but not being able to look beyond what she has the skill to show us, and not being visited with such unearthly aspirations as hers, — we admire in peace ; we are spared all that she suffers from her distinct but tantalizing glimpses of the desirable and unattainable.

And, — strange as it may seem in those who claim the capacity of appreciating and enjoying Mrs. Hemans's wonderful poetry, — we are content to be so spared. We think few individuals of well-disciplined minds and right views would not pause, should it be permitted them to decide whether or not a soul precisely like that of Mrs. Hemans, — with all its gifts and accompanying susceptibilities, — should tenant the earthly frame of an infant daughter. Parental pride, ambition, might dictate one prayer ; but would not the pure, thoughtful, disinterested love, which seeks only the real happiness of its object, prompt quite another ? We are very far from meaning to derogate from the estimate formed of Mrs. Hemans's character, even by an

idolizing sister. Admirably endowed as she was, — the first poet of her sex, no matter into what age or country we look for her equal, from the days of Sappho down to this, — a model of female purity and sweetness, both in her writings and life, — it would be absurd and almost wicked, not to regard such a being with feelings little short of veneration, — an emotion made up of deep love, mingled with deep respect. We look on her as an incarnation of many of the most delightful, distinctive attributes of the feminine character; her genius was that of Woman in its noblest development, — sweet, tender, and, above all things, pure. And yet, we cannot but repeat, that we should stand weeping and trembling by the cradle of the daughter, whom we knew to be constituted in all respects as she was; for her soul had in it the elements of intense suffering. We again appeal to the testimony of the pages before us, as well as to the single, prolonged, thrilling, sweet, but exquisitely mournful minor-key, on which almost all her poetry, her heart-music, is set.

It is vain to refer us to the one event of her life, which could have befallen no woman of right feelings, without casting a shadow over her whole existence. The veil has never been lifted from the causes and circumstances of her husband's estrangement; and far be it from the stranger to demand that it should be so lifted, even though it should disclose that which might silence calumny forever. Though a woman do come before the public as an author, if it be in such a spirit of genuine modesty, as did Mrs. Hemans, and in aid of intellectual progress and refinement, and above all, if she be urged by so justifiable an impulse, as that alluded to in the 300th page,* — she steps not beyond the sacredness of private life. She is only fulfilling the task allotted her with her gifts. And, therefore, finding everything to admire in the moral character of Mrs. Hemans, as a writer, and nothing to censure in her moral conduct, we have no right to insist on knowing the details of her private afflictions, or errors of judgment, — if such there were, — any more than those of any other woman upon earth. We may, indeed, feel a deeper interest about them, from feelings

* "It has ever been one of my regrets, that the constant necessity of providing sums of money to meet the exigencies of the boys' education, has compelled me to waste my mind in what I consider mere desultory effusions."

better than idle curiosity ; but it is an interest which we can and must discreetly rule. It is enough to ascertain that whatever fault may have lain on the side of the helpless one, — if there were any, — it was no fault of principle, moral conduct, or temper ; and this, we think, we *have* ascertained from such evidence as is afforded by her poems and letters, the character of her intimacies, and the testimony of various sketches of her, from such as knew her well. Never, apparently, was woman more devotedly loved by mother, brothers and sisters, children, and “troops of friends ;” the ties of blood and frequent intercourse will not bind hearts after this fashion. Under these impressions, we are led to a conviction, that the reserve maintained by Mrs. Hughes, as well as other writers, on so important a part of Mrs. Hemans’s biography, proceeds absolutely from delicacy towards a man, who won the youthful affections of the enthusiastic and guileless poetess, and proved unworthy of them. In what respect, and in what degree, he was unworthy, we know not, and have no need to know. It might have been only from a lower order of tastes.

But, although we allow that she had a living sorrow, which should have sobered the gayest spirit, we still believe that she felt the thorn so ruthlessly planted in her heart, with an acuteness of sensation proportionate to her high gifts. Such is the perfect system of compensation pervading the moral world, that the enjoyment she derived from the exercise of those gifts, must have been balanced somehow ; and, in her case, the weight thrown into the opposite scale was a mental distress, arising partly from the incessant, wearing, often agonizing, idea of her own loneliness, amid devoted friends ; her own unprotectedness, when the wise and good were anxious to serve her. The peculiarity of her situation was never forgotten by her ; duller minds might have become accustomed to it, and colder hearts might have sometimes ceased to burn and throb so painfully under it ; but such relief was not for her. A woman who can become insensible to the misery of having married unfortunately, has something wrong in her ; — some deficiency in principle, in lovingness, or in refinement. But she, who has all these qualities in the highest degree, must suffer in the highest degree.

In whatever form, however, the earthly trials of Mrs. Hemans had come, they would have found in her a peculiar susceptibility to anguish, not arising from want of fortitude, or strength

of mind ; but from the delicacy of her mental constitution, and the power of her imagination, and her affections. So faithful and fond was she in the maternal relation, that the depravity of a child, — probably the severest of trials to a virtuous mother, — might have brought her to a still earlier grave. But the blessing of God seems to have rested on the instructions which the solitary wife poured into the hearts of her five boys, and the bruised reed was not so cruelly broken. So engaging is the appearance of this little groupe in Mrs. Hughes's book, that the heart of the reader cannot but follow them abroad into the world, with a romantic interest in their characters and fortunes. The sons of Mrs. Hemans ! a title which they may bear as an honor to their graves, unless, forgetting the deep responsibilities it imposes, they themselves stain the pure and beautiful legacy.

We cannot help thinking, that, to the strong and early development of the Imagination, much of Mrs. Hemans's after-sorrows may be directly traced, when we reflect that her unfortunate attachment did not meet with the approbation of her friends ; and yet, that such was the strength of her sentiments, neither the knowledge of this fact, nor a three years' separation from her lover, at what is usually the season of thoughtlessness and fickleness, could subdue them. Absence, which has cooled so many idle girlish fancies, and mercifully broken off so many unsuitable connexions, had no power to save her from her fate. She was impelled on by those highly-wrought feelings, which afterwards gave such intensity of tenderness, beauty, and pathos to her poetry. She was a child in years, she was but fifteen, when the fascinating young soldier became the hero of her bright dreams ; but in the strength of her excited imagination, in depth of feeling, in constancy of purpose, she was already a woman, — though not, alas ! in maturity of judgment. Thence sprang the fatal union, and the bitterness of disappointment. Who does not see that thence also sprang much of that power which bloomed into fame, but not into happiness ? And who that reads the extracts from her correspondence can envy her the fame so dearly bought ? We will give but one brief passage ; it was written after her health was broken, — but it forcibly expresses sickness both of body and mind : —

“ I have been in a state of great nervous suffering, ever since I last wrote to you ; it is as if I felt and more particularly heard everything with *unsheathed nerves*.” — p. 265.

We have dwelt longer on this part of the subject, than we should have done, because it has seemed to us, that, while her sex have reason to be proud both of the genius and virtue of this admirable woman, the young, the imaginative, among them, may be tempted into too zealous a cultivation of those parts of their nature, which bear the nearest affinity to hers ; and commit the dreadful error of unfitting themselves for their own proper sphere, while unable to attain the ethereal height in which her orbit lay. A genius like hers cannot be made ; it was a gift ; and of so rare and exquisite an order, that it is not likely to reappear often in the lapse of ages. In vainly seeking to nurse a poetical turn of mind into the genius of a Hemans, a life may be wasted, usefulness sacrificed, health injured, and a susceptibility to mental suffering be, after all, the only power quickened into more active vitality.

We do not forget, when we regret that Mrs. Hemans's mind was far from being a well-regulated one, that she is not to be altogether judged by the rules applied to ordinary individuals. She was an extraordinary woman ; she was one of the very few who have their mission distinctly marked out, not in the usual track, perhaps, of feminine duties. But, believing as we do, that books absolutely influence the characters of their readers more or less, and that this volume is calculated to fly far and wide, fascinating thousands of hearts, we would pray that it might never be forgotten, — especially by readers of her own sex, — how singularly Mrs. Hemans was gifted, and thereby exempted ; how few, like her, can walk in the clouds, without need of firmer footing ; how impossible it is for any, except a being precisely like her, to be respected in spite of the indulgence of undisciplined impulses. If she was self-willed to her own misery, if she was sometimes too gay, sometimes too sad, ever the creature of excessive emotions, and ever yielding to the emotion of the instant, — we remember the influences of her constitution, and her education, (for she was evidently the greenhouse plant of a too tender nurture) ; we remember our obligations to her genius, — and we pardon. Whom else could we so pardon ? Who could plead so much against unkind judgment ? But eccentricities are never noble, never lovely, in any common being, though many have fallen into the strange error of believing them interesting. Rare are those who have been noble and lovely in spite of them.

We now turn to a part of the volume which can be studied

with unmingled pleasure, and breathes from every line a lesson most delightful to the heart of the Christian reader.

Where found the wandering dove her ark at last? What filled the void of an aching heart with substantial comfort? What was it that at last met the spiritual longings which the exquisite beauty of her own conceptions, the fullness of friendship and filial affection, the justly valued fame accorded by the wise and good, could not satisfy? When all these had done their utmost, when she had become weary of the fragrance exhaled from the ever-renewed flowers of her garland, when she had become acquainted with bereavement by death, as well as by alienation, had been drawn near the *realities* of this life and the next by the departing spirit of a mother, and subdued into calm reflection by severe sickness, — then the Gospel seems to have come to her in its true character of a Comforter, offering to lift the burden from her fainting spirit, and to bind up the heart that had been bleeding for years. Then, when she yielded her spirit to its tranquillizing regulation, she found a joy more still and deep than any which had been vouchsafed in her freest moments of poetic inspiration. Never was anything more beautiful and touching, than the manner in which this sober yet glorious change came over her character, with a sort of bright autumnal calm.

We are far from meaning to intimate that she was not a religious woman, during the spring-time and summer of life. But we think her dearest friends would willingly allow, what we have gathered from the Memoir before us, — that her religious impressions assumed a relative importance, a seriousness, a distinctness, and a practical influence upon her mind, in her latter days, which they had previously wanted. From poetical, though holy *impressions*, they deepened into steady and governing *principles*. What an immense difference there is in the *effect* of impressions and principles!

The moral to be drawn from the last part of Mrs. Hemans's biography is so delightful, that, although it must strike the most careless reader, we cannot pass it over without comment. With this change came — Peace. We see that, at last, although she was still deserted by the husband of her youth, though still struggling with maternal cares, far from the romantic and beloved home of her childhood, sick amid strangers, — (and what forlornness is expressed by those few words!) her spirits became less variable, and in the words of her sister, —

“She no longer sought to forget her trials ; (‘ wild wish and longing vain,’ as such attempts must ever have proved,) but rather to contemplate them through the only true and reconciling medium ; and that relief from sorrow and suffering, for which she had once been apt to turn to the fictitious world of imagination, was now afforded her by calm and constant meditation on what can alone be called the things that are.” — p. 262.

We are tempted to exclaim, would that her feelings had been earlier thus disciplined ! Then, perhaps, her hand might have still swept its earthly lyre, with less perhaps of melting pathos, but with enough of a seraph’s power. Had her life been spared, the devout purposes of her soul would have been carried into effect ; and the God of the Christian would have been adored in such strains as have not mounted to the skies, since the royal harper sang the praises of the Holy One of Israel. “I have now,” are her memorable words, “passed through the feverish and somewhat visionary state of mind, often connected with the passionate study of Art in early life ; deep affections and deep sorrows seem to have solemnized my whole being ; and I now feel as if bound to higher and holier tasks, which, though I may occasionally lay [them] aside, I could not long wander from, without some sense of dereliction. I hope it is no self-delusion ; but I cannot help sometimes feeling as if it were my true task to enlarge the sphere of sacred poetry, and extend its influence.” — p. 273.

The heart melts with vain regrets over the untimely grave in which these blessed purposes were buried ; and could almost murmur, did not the ear of Faith recognise some faint, sweet strains from the Spirit-land, telling us that the remainder of her appointed task lay where “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” Thinking, as we do, that it is no uncommon thing to mistake the love of Nature, or of abstract beauty and purity, for the love of God, — to denominate exalted but vague emotions religion, — we are anxious to summon the attention of our readers to the difference, as exemplified in the earlier and latter part of Mrs. Hemans’s brilliant yet melancholy career. Which was best and happiest, — the successful poet, absorbed in following out the impulses of her genius, and swayed by the tyranny of an excited or depressed imagination, or the retired and dying Christian, studying the Scriptures, filled with their holy and soothing inspiration, hourly manifesting their influence in gentle patience, thoughtfulness for

others, serene confidence in her Maker and her Saviour, and expressing the state of her soul in occasional strains of religious aspiration ; — like the following, which was her last composition a few days before her death.

SABBATH SONNET.

“ How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England’s primrose meadow-paths, their way
Toward spire and tower, ’midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day !
The halls, from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth ; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways — to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound ; yet, O my God ! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.”

L. J. P

ART. V. — *Fourteenth Annual Report of the Board of Managers of the Prison Discipline Society.* May, 1839.
Published at the Society’s Rooms.

THIS valuable document, presented at the annual meeting of the Society in May last, has just been published ; and, like all that have preceded it, presents a mass of important information, well deserving the attention of every intelligent and philanthropic citizen. The community, we might rather say the nation, are indebted to the labors of its devoted and indefatigable secretary. The statistics he has gathered by personal observation and correspondence are of unquestionable authority ; and on the various topics, of which the Report treats, — the condition of “ Penitentiaries, of County Prisons, and Houses of Correction ;” on “ Houses of Refuge for Juvenile Delinquents ;” on “ Imprisonment for Debt ;” and especially on “ Asylums for Poor Lunatics,” the public may see what has been done and what still remains to be done for these great objects.

Few of our philanthropic institutions have accomplished so much, in modes so unexceptionable, or with evidence so satisfactory, as the "Prison Discipline Society." During the fourteen years of its existence it has awakened the public attention to interests, vitally connected with the safety and well-being of the community, and with the physical and spiritual condition of thousands of individuals. It has mercifully visited the prisoner in his cell; and it has generously pleaded the cause of the "poor debtor." It has fearlessly exposed abuses, where abuses were undeniable; and at one time, by suggesting improvements, and at another, by commending what was already excellent, it has, we believe, exerted a most salutary influence.

There is one subject, however, to which, as we collect from the Reports, its special attention has been directed, namely, the condition of the Insane, and Asylums for Poor Lunatics. It would well nigh break the heart of the compassionate, to think what horrors were formerly endured by this most unfortunate class of our fellow-creatures. The abuses of power committed in private and public asylums for these sufferers, both in our own country and in Great Britain, boasting as we do of civilization and charity, would be absolutely incredible, were they not attested beyond the possibility of denial. "If a faithful picture of the pitiable condition of the insane pauper could be drawn, confined in his lonely cell, deprived of the sweet air and light of heaven, cast off from all the tender charities of life, forced into returnless banishment, the recital, like the lyre of Orpheus, would move the very stones to pity."*

In nothing have the labors of humanity, in times distinguished as are these by philanthropic effort, been more judiciously exerted, or more signally blest, than in efforts for the relief of the insane. They have prevailed to expose the utter uselessness and absurdity, not less than the cruelty of the system common in Great Britain and in this country, till within a few years past. When the Archbishop of York, (Dr. Venables Vernon,) with the help of the municipality of that city, actually

* See an eloquent speech of Dr. Collins, of Baltimore, before the Legislature of Maryland, urging an appropriation for the completion of the Insane Hospital in that State. But for the fullest exhibition of the cruelties, and dreadful abuses of power in institutions of this class, public and private, see the Examinations and Reports, by the Committee of the House of Commons, 1816-20.

forced open the cells and dungeons of a large establishment for lunatics, in that neighborhood, (entrance to which, though it was demanded by authority of Parliament, had been previously refused,) spectacles of misery were exhibited too appalling for recital, and almost surpassing imagination. The wonder was, and it was expressed by that committee in terms of eloquent indignation, that they had not surpassed human endurance; or that life could have been sustained amidst cold and damp, nakedness and filth, confinement without relief and barbarous inflictions, such as were there in multiplied examples exposed. The secrets of those prison-houses would —

“A tale unfold,
Whose lightest word would harrow up the soul.”

It is truly delightful to contrast a condition of things, at the very thought of which humanity sickens, with the wise, humane, considerate, and we might almost say, affectionate system, now so generally adopted and successful. Take, for examples, our State Asylum at Worcester, under the superintendence of Dr. Woodward, or the excellent establishment for the insane, at Charlestown, under Dr. Bell, and let a stranger visit them on a Sabbath-day, or any day, in their chapel, at the hours of prayer; let him observe this congregation of patients, not only clothed, and apparently in their right minds, but listening with attention and satisfaction to the service, maintaining a decorum, such as we should be happy to see in some of our *sane* assemblies, and he would wonder at the power of medical skill, and the blessed efficacy, which God gives to kindness, to calm the tempests, and heal the diseases of the mind.

Just as we were penning these few remarks, it happened to us to glance at an extract from a letter recently published in one of our daily journals,* written by a young lady, one of the patients of the Worcester Asylum, describing the manner in which the late annual Thanksgiving was observed in that institution. The letter itself is valuable, were it only to show the method in which “the intelligent superintendent of that Institution continues to acquire an ascendancy over the minds of his patients.” But as exhibiting also the quiet, rational, grateful, and even devout frame of an individual, whom it was still deemed needful to continue there, — it must be read with

* See Daily Advertiser, for Dec. 4, 1839.

the highest satisfaction by all who have been, by any circumstances in their own families or others, led to witness or contemplate the ravages of the most awful malady, to which a human being can be subjected.

Now, of the needless sufferings and abuses, to which the insane were formerly exposed, the "Prison Discipline Society" has done much for the alleviation. As will abundantly appear by reference to its Reports of former years and of the present, it has called the attention of the humane in general, but particularly of the state legislatures to the subject. By the exposures and statements it has made, it has proved the necessity, and in many instances actually effected the establishment, of public, liberally founded, and what is quite as indispensable, vigilantly superintended hospitals. This it has accomplished, partly, by the good influence of the respectable names which have always been connected with the government of the corporation, inspiring a general confidence; but chiefly by the personal labors, the intelligent and unwearied zeal of Mr. Dwight, its secretary. And it is grateful to us to reflect, that a society, unaided by any permanent funds, absolutely dependent for its resources on annual subscriptions and donations, and these gathered for the most part by the personal application of the individual who conducts its general interests, should have accomplished so much in a cause so deeply interesting and important. We earnestly trust that it may find encouragement to do still more. There are not many objects more worthy the attention or the patronage of the enlightened and humane.

Under the last head of this Report are several valuable communications from correspondents, in reply to inquiries proposed by the Secretary, touching some difficult points of Prison Discipline. Among these is a letter of Rev. J. Curtis, the faithful and assiduous chaplain of the Massachusetts State Prison. His remarks on the question, "Whether stripes or the infliction of corporal chastisement can with propriety ever be resorted to, in the government of a well regulated prison," are creditable alike to his judgment and humanity. The result, to which he cautiously but without hesitation arrives, is that which we might easily anticipate, and which the experience of teachers in public schools and others, called to exercise authority over mixed and numerous assemblages of old and young, abundantly confirms, namely, that there are cases of peculiar obstinacy, which will yield to nothing else than corporal chas-

tisement : that rare and temperate as should be the infliction of such discipline, it may be found indispensable ; and when the necessity occurs, may be resorted to with a more ready effect, and a far happier result both to the individual punished and to the institution, than can be secured in any other way. " I feel confident," says Mr. Curtis, " that this mode of punishment in the case of certain individuals, will in a very short time effect that, which days and weeks of solitude and starvation, and even chains, cannot accomplish ; and this, too, without endangering the health of the sufferer, as is often done by solitude with its usual privations."

In confirmation of this opinion, he adduces an example of a prisoner, who for six years was under his official observation, and who for full half of that period feigned madness, in hope of obtaining a pardon from the government. Suspicions were early excited as to the reality of his insanity, and various methods, some of no small severity, were employed to ascertain the truth, — but all to no purpose. He continued to persevere in the same course, notwithstanding all the experiments tried upon him and the sufferings he endured, part of which were self-inflicted, to keep up the deception. At length, (we take the liberty of abridging the narrative,) such unequivocal marks of deception were detected as satisfied the warden that he was an impostor, and he then resolved to try the efficacy of corporal punishment. The convict was told, that if he made any more noise or disturbance during the day, he should receive at night ten stripes : and in case he did not then submit, but continued to give trouble, he should receive the same punishment the next morning ; and, as he was now known to be an impostor, the same course would be pursued with him night and morning, till he should return to duty. But he was also told, that if he would confess the imposition, he should be forgiven notwithstanding all that had passed.

As he continued refractory during the day, " he was taken from his cell at night, and the ten stripes were inflicted ; and he was reminded of the punishment he was daily to expect, if he did not alter his conduct. The next morning came, and brought with it a report, that the night had been as the preceding day. He was again brought out, and preparation made for his punishment, when he was again exhorted to return to duty, and again assured, that if he did this, the past should be forgiven. At first there were no visible signs of relenting ; and

the person who was to inflict the stripes was about to proceed, when this wilful impostor could hold out no longer, and declared his willingness to submit and to return to duty. He was accordingly spared, and shortly after sent to the workshop to labor with others; and for a term of about three years continued to labor faithfully and industriously until his discharge from prison."

All the suspicions that had been awakened of his conduct were fully confirmed by the voluntary confession which he afterwards made. And with such an example of mingled obstinacy and cunning, and such a result as is here described, we cordially concur with Mr. Curtis in the wisdom of the course pursued. It was indispensable and it was kind. We are only left to wish, that the infliction of such discipline and the care of all prisons were in hands as skilful and humane as is the State Prison of this Commonwealth. From Mr. Dwight's reports, and from other sources, we find too much reason to fear, that, within some of the penitentiaries of this land, there exist abuses, cases of negligence and of cruelty, which call loudly for investigation, and which justice and humanity demand, should without delay be rectified or exemplarily punished.

F. P.

ART. VI. — *The School Library*. Published under the sanction of the Board of Education of the State of Massachusetts. Boston, 1839. Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb.

1. *Life of Columbus*: by WASHINGTON IRVING. 12mo.
2. *Paley's Natural Theology*: newly arranged and edited by ELISHA BARTLETT, M. D. 2 vols. 12mo.
3. *Lives of Eminent Individuals, celebrated in American History*. 3 vols. 12mo.
4. *Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons*: by REV. H. DUNCAN, D. D. Adapted to American Readers, by F. W. P. GREENWOOD, D. D. 4 vols. 12mo.

THE publishers of the School Library, of whose plan and promise we gave some account in a former notice, have just

issued the works named above, as the beginning of the larger series. Here are ten volumes ; and so far as their faces are indexes of character, few that have come forth from the American press have better claims to acquaintance. In external and internal appearance they are verily a treat to the eye, and we shall be greatly surprised if they do not prove a treat to the mind. The plan is large and noble, and the execution thus far is worthy of the plan. It is to be sure but a beginning. The design, it will be remembered, is to send out these works in sets of five or ten volumes each, at intervals of several months, for the greater accommodation of those school districts whose funds are limited. The first set being now fairly before the public, there is an opportunity to judge of the whole scheme. We have looked through the volumes with great satisfaction ; and though we cannot attempt anything like a formal review of each, — which from the nature of the works is quite unnecessary, — we wish to make known their general character, and to recognise the obligation of the community, particularly of the friends of education, to those who have embarked in this great enterprise.

The first volume contains the *Life and Voyages of Columbus*, by Irving, abridged by the author from his original work, and adapted to this series. Of its character we need say nothing. We are glad that the younger class of readers will have so easy an opportunity, and so pleasant an inducement, to become acquainted with the man and the events, which gave birth to this western world. It is more than time, that our young men, and our elder children, learned with some thoroughness and correctness the history of their own country. Heretofore, in our schools at least, they have learned every other history first and better. In fact, in our common schools, it would be hazardous to speak of their learning any history. With some opportunity of knowing the general character of these schools, we have seen almost nothing, in pupils or teachers even, that indicated a familiar acquaintance with American History. And one reason, no doubt, has been the want of interesting and suitable books for this study. The book before us is not, we know, designed to be used in schools. It is to be kept in mind, that this series, which the Board of Education are furnishing, is for use out of school, and not at all in the place of manuals. "The LIBRARY is to consist of *reading*, and not *school*, *class*, or *text* books ; the design being to furnish youth with suitable

works for perusal during their leisure hours ; works that will interest, as well as instruct them, and of such a character that they will turn to them with pleasure. when it is desirable to unbend from the studies of the school-room." But every one will see, that so far as the books are read, the effect will be the same or better than if they were used in school. It is precisely one of our great wants, to supply material for the profitable reading of the older children out of school. Text books abound, and super-abound. But proper books for leisure hours, having a bearing upon the studies of childhood and youth, or a permanent and wholesome influence upon the mind of the reader, have been extremely few. Some of the libraries that have been formed, where any have been, by school districts, or by scholars themselves out of their poor pittance, thrown into the teacher's hand, as we have seen in some instances, or, still worse, libraries gathered from the refuse matter which parents and friends chose to send in — have been enough to call for the turning of rivers from their bed to sweep off the offence. How much more agreeable, if it can be swept away by the deep and pure streams flowing from our noblest fountains of intellect, refreshing the scene, fertilizing the soil, bringing forth fruit an hundred fold. There is no aspect or token of the age, in which we more rejoice, than in the devotion of our greatest scholars and noblest men, to the work of common education, and the reform of the District School. It is a consistent part of this devotion, to bring in such writers as Irving, and such characters and lives as that of Columbus to aid it. With all the glow and attractiveness of fiction, this work has the sobriety of fact, and the truth of history, — fact and history, with which every American youth should feel himself specially concerned.

A small portion of this volume of Columbus is original, appearing for the first time in this edition. We refer to the "Author's Visit to Palos," the port in Andalusia where Columbus fitted out his ships, and whence he sailed on his great voyage of discovery. His account of his visit Irving first wrote from Seville, 1828, in a letter to a friend. It swelled under his ready hand, and in the power of the strong local interest, into a long and particular account, which was first published in some ephemeral form abroad, and is now given in this durable form to the American public. Though not of great value for anything new or striking which it contains, it is a pleasant reminiscence, and gives additional interest to the volume. The whole is con-

cluded with a Glossary of hard words and uncommon phrases, and a copious Index. These are to accompany all the volumes of the School Library, to such extent as the nature of each may require; and we ask attention to them, as enhancing not a little the value of the works, though regarded only as new editions.

The first forty-eight pages of this first volume consist of an Introductory Essay, prepared by one of the Board of Education, as a preface to the whole series. It is written with ability, though we should have preferred more of original matter, and not so remarkable a proportion of borrowed pages accessible in other places. The views here drawn, however, from those who are engaged in similar schemes of education in other states, are very valuable, as exhibiting not only sound thoughts, but new and noble efforts in the cause. The following passage we offer from the Essay, showing the character of the proposed publications: —

“The SCHOOL LIBRARY will be rich in the departments of History, especially the history of our own country; in Biography, particularly of distinguished Americans; in Voyages and Travels; in those branches of Natural Philosophy and Natural History, which are most useful to the whole community, and which may most easily be moulded into a popular form; and in the theory and practice of Agricultural and Mechanical pursuits, to which last branches of knowledge too little attention has been paid, both by writers for the public, and readers generally.”

The second and third volumes of the Library consist of “Paley’s *Natural Theology*, with selections from the illustrative Note, and the Supplementary Dissertations of Sir Charles Bell and Lord Brougham; the whole newly arranged and edited by Elisha Bartlett, M. D.” It is seen at once that we have not here a mere republication of a book in every one’s possession or knowledge. It is essentially a new work. It is a decided improvement, we should say, upon the recent English Edition, which is used as the foundation. In that edition, the Notes and Dissertations were published as an Appendix to the entire work; and an appendix is not very attractive at best, and seldom thoroughly read. Dr. Bartlett has incorporated such of the Dissertations, as he thought best to retain, into the body of the work, bringing them into immediate connexion with those chapters of Paley, which they were designed to illustrate. This is far better as an arrangement, and its value is increased by the omission of all unnecessary explanation, as well as of

that which is too abstruse for the general reader. Those who know Dr. Bartlett will be willing to trust him for the selection and adaptation. He has also added a few notes of his own, and some additional cuts. In the first volume, and in their proper place, we have several extended illustrations from Bell; and in the second volume, a long discourse of Brougham, on the Origin of Evil, &c.; with nearly two hundred pages, in conclusion of the two volumes, of Brougham's views of Cuvier's Researches on Fossil Osteology, and their application to Natural Theology, together with the "Dialogues" of the same remarkable man on "Instinct and Animal Intelligence." These dissertations and dialogues are valuable, not so much for original thought, that we perceive, or novel illustration, as for vigor, discrimination, and the fresh interest which such a mind gives to every subject. We express probably more than an individual opinion, when we declare our disappointment as to the success of Lord Brougham's literary, and much more, theological disquisitions generally. We cannot, however, pretend to the most intimate acquaintance with them, and for the very reason, that they have failed to engage and tempt us to such acquaintance. Still there is interest and instruction to be found in them; and we are disposed to think that it is the previous expectation, rather than the reality, that causes any disappointment. We are glad to see the best of his speculations, and much of his clear and nervous reasoning in defence of the noblest truths, incorporated with a work which must live so long as any concern for Natural Theology lives, or any interest indeed in religion itself.

And here we cannot but express, though it be by a word only, our admiration of Paley's great work. It is, indeed, a great work; great for him, great in its subject, and itself. We never open it but with a wish to keep it open. Well do we remember the glow and passion with which we first read it, and the hearty outbreak of youthful enthusiasm, which we could not and would not suppress, when we came to that simple, earnest declaration, — for which all before it had so well prepared us, — "This is a happy world, after all!" Yes, our whole heart responded, — and many times since, in many views of nature and life, have the same thrilling words passed or lingered upon the lips. It does the soul good to read such books. And we thank the Board of Education for giving this so prominent a place, and so beautiful a dress, where it must be seen and known by a class

of readers of both sexes, to whom it has been for the most part, we fear, but a stranger.

It is important to be observed, that the text of Paley in this edition is left untouched. And it is pleasing to see how few important errors have been detected in a work of this kind, even with the discoveries and progress of science during half a century. It is still more gratifying, to find that the American Editor, in referring to the modifications which some of Paley's statements would bear, and seem to require, says, — "They consist, for the most part, rather in an understating, than in either an over-stating or a mis-stating of the doctrine, or the argument, whatever it may be," and he cites, in illustration, the main proposition of the chapter, on the Goodness of the Deity ; namely, "that in a *vast plurality* of instances in which contrivance is perceived, the design of the contrivance is *beneficial*." Dr. Bartlett thinks the true doctrine authorizes us to read *all* in the place of "a vast plurality." This he suggests only in the preface, giving with it one or two other similar instances. And it serves to show the perfect fairness with which Paley argues, so remarkable in one so fervent, and helping, more than all other qualities, to inspire confidence, and gain conviction.

We have but one doubt about the arrangement and form of these two volumes. We apprehend sufficient distinction has not been made between the text and the commentary, or borrowed illustration. The discourses of Bell and Brougham are published in the same type and style as the work of Paley. And though enclosed always in brackets, and followed by the name of the author in full, so that an intelligent and careful reader may always distinguish, a common reader would not, in every case at least, until he came to the end of the long extracts. The insertion of the name of the author at the beginning, instead of the end of the extract, or some more definite mark there, would prevent a doubt or mistake, which may sometimes be important. Prefixed to these volumes, there is a new life of Paley, or "Memoirs of the Author," by Rev. Robert Lyman. At least, it is new to us, as well as the name of the Biographer, — and we believe this to be its first appearance in an American edition. It adds to the value of the work.

The next three volumes of the School Library are made up of Lives of Eminent Individuals, selected from Sparks's American Biography. The first volume contains a portrait of Robert

Fulton, and his Life, with that of John Stark, David Brainerd, and John Smith. The second volume, with a portrait of Sebastian Cabot, containing his Life, and that of Ethan Allen, Henry Hudson, Joseph Warren, Israel Putnam, and David Rittenhouse. In the third volume, are the Lives of Sir Henry Vane, William Pinkney, Anthony Wayne, William Ellery, and Richard Montgomery, with a portrait of the first. These fifteen Lives go far toward fulfilling the promise, that the Library shall be rich in the department of Biography. Of their character it were quite superfluous to say anything. The community have passed approving judgment upon them, and they will stand. It is well that they are here presented to families, schools, and communities, in a form more accessible and more likely to be procured and read, than in the entire series of ten volumes as originally published. Of the selection there may be different opinions; but it would be found not easy, we think, to make a better. It will be remembered that the Editor of the *American Biography* is a member of the Board of Education; and this selection is therefore to be considered as having his sanction. Among the many services that Mr. Sparks has rendered the community and posterity, this is not least, that he has lent his own pen, and enlisted so many of the best in the country, in the preparation of these Biographies. What treasures have thus been gathered and secured, — materials for the historian, examples for young and generous ambition, and some of the most durable portions of our country's glory. And when, more than all, we compare such reading with most that our teachers and pupils of common schools have had, where they have had any, even the best of the libraries of our villages and districts, we have a growing conviction of obligation to all who have helped to furnish these volumes.

The Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons makes the next four volumes, and the last of the set we are noticing. In some respects they are the most important of the set. They are the only part of it that appear for the first time in this country, and their character is peculiar. The author is Rev. Henry Duncan, D. D., of Ruthwell, Scotland. He first published this work about three years ago, proposing as its chief object, "to illustrate the Perfections of God in the Phenomena of the Year." The plan of the work seems to have been suggested in part by "Sturm's Reflections," each volume being devoted to one Season, and a chapter to every day in the Season. But this is

the only resemblance to Sturm, of which the reader will be reminded probably. And this we can hardly consider an advantage. Artificial divisions of this kind, so minute and so fixed, allowing no variation for the nature of the topic treated, are generally of doubtful wisdom. We suppose, however, indeed all know, that there is a large class of readers to whom such divisions are a decided convenience, if not a solid advantage. And they are precisely the readers, for whom these books as now published are designed. To be read by families as such, or by teachers to their schools in the way of moral and religious exercises, a chapter or marked portion each day of the week, and thus a volume in a season, and the entire work in the year, — the arrangement is admirable. Every one, who knows the habits of those families who read but little, and wish that little to be of a moral and instructive character, will see what a temptation is offered, and what a security gained, by just such a plan as this.

But the matter of these volumes we value more than the form. We have read them with great pleasure, and greater profit than we usually expect from such compilations. The attempt to blend science with religion has so often led, though by no means necessarily, to the misrepresentation of the one or the other, and the effort to give to the whole a popular and yet thoroughly scientific character has so many times utterly failed, that we look upon such plans with distrust. The success, if such it be, of the most voluminous and seemingly one of the most popular writers of the day, Thomas Dick, has not been such as to lessen this distrust. We have a strong conviction that this work of Duncan, with the additions and modifications of Dr. Greenwood, will be found more trustworthy and valuable, than any of the kind that has yet appeared. It is not original, but professedly a compilation in great part. The extent and variety of subjects are immense, and at the first glance almost terrific. There is not only something on almost every topic belonging strictly to Natural History, but portions of Astronomy, Geology, Agriculture, Architecture, Food, and Clothing, — beside the treatment of very many religious subjects for the Sunday reading. This immensity of field prevents, of course, thoroughness of investigation, or completeness. Completeness is not the characteristic of the work. It is not the design. But the want of it is not felt as an evil. Where there is not full instruction, there is useful suggestion, which is often better. And

to many minds, to the common reader and the young generally a vast deal of information will be conveyed ; information of the best kind too, both as connected with exalted and delightful themes, and yet more, as being remarkably accurate.

For this last trait, accuracy, of which alone we can further speak, the credit is due, in no small degree, to the American Editor. Dr. Greenwood is known to be not only a lover, but a practical observer and student in several departments of Natural History. He was therefore every way qualified to prepare this edition, and adapt it to its place. One of the entire and best papers for Sunday, on "Spiritual Transformation," is from his pen. His careful hand appears in important alterations, and his good taste and discrimination in the occasional insertion of fine passages from some of our own writers, and the substitution of a few unexceptionable religious papers, in place of those that might offend some particular faith or feeling. This last change, however, has been very infrequent, for there were but few calls for it ; yet it was sometimes necessary, in compliance with the promise of the Board of Education, that nothing should be admitted offensive to the sentiments of any religious denomination. In his regard for this promise, the present Editor, to use his own words, "has carefully and conscientiously abstained from introducing any of the peculiar opinions of the denomination to which he himself belongs." Indeed, the whole religious character of the work is high and pure. It must do good. The need of such reading, in our community and country particularly, is well set forth in the following passage from the American Preface, of which we would gladly insert much more.

"Its influence is to lead the mind to the religious contemplation and study of the exquisite and marvellous fabric on which we stand, and with which we are placed in mysterious contact. A happy and needed influence. We have, in this country, enterprise enough, and men of enterprise ; politics and politicians enough ; new ideas and theories in plenty ; sufficient agitation and sectarianism. What we especially want, is more calmness, and contentment, and refinement, and more of that knowledge which tends to inspire them. We want more quiet students of God's works, earnest though quiet, who may diffuse abroad a portion of that peace with which their own hearts are imbued, and of that information which will insensibly but surely operate to correct the crudities, and soften down the rudeness, and put to silence

the quackeries of the times. Such a work as the present is well adapted to infuse the necessary tastes ; to give an impulse and direction to the dormant love of Nature which exists in almost every bosom ; to show the reader, by glimpses here and there, how full of interest, even in what had seemed before the most uninteresting quarters, is the world in which he lives ; and to cause his soul to harmonize with the order and music, which have been breathed into that wondrous world by its invisible Creator."

These four volumes on the Seasons are now furnished by the publishers, separately from the series, to those who do not wish or are not able to purchase the whole. This is an advantage ; and we understand the other works, which make part of the series, will also be published and sold separately. They cannot be afforded, however, at the same price as the entire series, or in as durable binding. For it must be allowed that the price of the School Library, as such, is exceedingly moderate. We may not be competent to judge, but we should pronounce it, as did the prospectus, "cheaper than any other series of works that can be procured at home or abroad," — when we consider the character of the original works, the labor and learning bestowed upon the improvement of these editions, the beauty and durability of the mechanical execution, and not least, the unanimous sanction of such a board of examiners, with Edward Everett at their head. We must express our earnest hope, that the patronage, absolutely needed to sustain so great an enterprise, will not be withheld.

We have been the more exact in noticing these books, and this scheme, because they are to be viewed, not by themselves, but in connexion with the whole cause of popular education, and the generous efforts now made for its furtherance and elevation. Some of the States have made appropriations of various sums to their several school districts, expressly for the purchase of school libraries. It is a yet nobler charity, to create for them, or select and put within their reach, the best books for such libraries. In fact, the plan was first suggested, as we believe, by the repeated applications made to the Board of Education, or their secretary, to recommend and furnish a list of books for this purpose. Here we see at once the call, and the obvious utility. Yet we have heard that it was formally objected, at some public meeting, that these books, or any like them, were not needed ! that the common village and school libraries were good enough ! and, most amusing of all, that no

man, or body of men, has the right to dictate what shall be read! Having been unable to learn of any more sensible or formidable objections than these, we enter into no defence. The single doubt, under which we have labored ourselves, has arisen from the high intellectual character of the works so far issued — too high, we have feared, for the object. But it is said, in reply, that this larger series is designed for teachers and parents, more than for children; and that the *Juvenile Series* will meet the other want, and obviate the objection. But two or three of the *Juvenile Series* are yet prepared; too few to speak or judge confidently of the result, but of a character to encourage the best hopes not only for our schools, but for our common *Juvenile Libraries*, now so numerous, and for the most part so indifferent. The whole plan, if completed, will give us fifty uniform volumes of each series. And as to amount of matter, these first ten books contain over four thousand pages, making an extra volume above the promised average. In every way, therefore, we think the public are well served, thus far. As to the future, if the Board and the publishers will bear the suggestion, we hope they will keep to known and approved works, rather than take the risk of original productions. To this suggestion, we should give the form of a stout objection to original works, if there were any necessity imposed upon school districts or committees to take these books, be they what they may. Such an opinion has prevailed, and we wonder not at the fears it awakened. Happily it has no foundation. Neither the State nor the Board of Education assume any authority in this respect. The legislature has authorized a certain expenditure by each school district, by law or tax, for the purchase of libraries, but left the selection wholly optional. This should be known. And we give it in the words of the Board, in their second annual report. "It will remain entirely optional, with the school districts, in availing themselves of the authority conferred by the act of 12th of April, 1837, whether they will purchase the books recommended by the Board. It is by law left with the discretion of the districts, what rules and regulations may be adopted for establishing and maintaining the libraries authorized to be formed; and the Board have as little inclination as right to encroach on the exercise of this discretion."

E. B. H.

ART. VII. — *Undine*, from the German of Baron de la Motte Fouque. New York. 1839.

THE whole character of this production is peculiar, and, for the most part, singularly beautiful. It has long been considered a master-piece in this department of German literature, and has gained the admiration abroad of such men as Coleridge, and in our own country of many eminent scholars. Indeed it has an originality, which renders it wholly unique; and, with all its strangeness, there is a remarkable simplicity and a genuine pathos which touches the heart. It is a fiction, yet it contains truth. It is both natural and supernatural. It may seem to contain no particular moral, yet it has spiritual power, and is well calculated to purify and elevate a thoughtful mind.

A work of so much genius has naturally attracted attention, and several sketches and abstracts, bearing the same name, have been published both in France and England. We believe, however, that this is the first thorough translation; but whether it be so or not, it is, on many accounts, a work of rare merit. It bears the mark of ripe scholarship; and while it is avowedly a close translation, it is written throughout with classic purity, and enters so entirely into the peculiar spirit of the work, as to render it not so much a translation as a reproduction.

We feel at liberty to state, that it is the work of the Rev. Thomas Tracy, an American scholar, who apart from the bustle and excitement which characterize New England, is able to commune in retirement with the gifted minds of the old world, and unlock the inestimable treasures of thought which are hid in foreign tongues. He has shown a delicacy of taste, a soundness of judgment, and a power of language, which in every way qualify him greatly to enrich the literature of his country.

The literature of Germany seems at the present time to be awakening the wonder of the world. The depth of erudition, thoroughness of research, boldness of speculation, and profoundness of thought which it discloses, have called forth the amazement of some, and the veneration of others. In that country, minds of gigantic strength have been at work, searching to the depth all the kingdoms of Nature, Imagination, and Thought; piercing through the outward forms of things, overthrowing conventionalisms, and boldly pressing forward, even through Chaos and Night, for the everlasting principles of Truth. The

result seems to have been that, while some daring minds have been bewildered in the shades of doubt, others have passed triumphantly through all difficulties, and have had their faith in God and divine revelation fixed upon more than adamantine foundations. They have ascended the holy Mount of Contemplation, and beheld glorious visions of Beauty and Truth. From this diversity of mind come various voices, some in the sharp accents of skepticism, and others in the melodious tones of a pure Christian trust; while among the listening nations, some exclaim, "it thunders!" and others that, "an angel speaks." Thus there are those who associate with the German mind all that is pure and lofty, and others, all that is to be dreaded in infidelity and mystical atheism; while those, who have not personally investigated, have had their curiosity awakened, and earnestly desire that, by translations or otherwise, they may judge for themselves.

Thus scholars among us have commenced the work, and are interpreting to the multitude, on this side of the water, the labors of those who have made greatest advancement in knowledge and wisdom. For our own part, we rejoice that it is so. We believe that the translations which have been lately laid before the public, from Tholuck, and Rückert, and Tennemann, and Ullmann, and Goethe, and Schiller, must be the means of strengthening virtue, and diffusing truth, of exciting the mind to a love of progress and kindling it to holy aspirations.

It may be said by some, that this introduction of foreign thought is injurious to national literature, and that our scholars should be thinking for themselves, and not leaning upon the thoughts of others; and there is some weight in this. But still let it be remembered that Truth belongs to no country, and that a great mind writes not for a nation, but the world. It is only important that, while we seek for good wherever we may find it, we preserve our true individuality, and are never led from our convictions of right by any undue admiration of others.

In what has been said, we have referred to the more profound productions of Germany; the labors of her Theologians and Philosophers; and we can hardly refrain from suggesting to the translator of this beautiful creation by Fouque, that he should unlock some of the treasures of those master minds, and give to us what might be of permanent value, as a work of investigation and thought.

Not that we would imply that in the story before us there is no permanent value, for a value of a certain kind there undoubtedly is, and that of no low order. Truth may be conveyed in other ways than by sermons, or ethical essays, or scientific tracts, and the mind may be elevated and put in harmony with truth, even where no definite truth is conveyed. The beautiful creations of Genius, the exquisite productions of Poetry, may spiritualize and ennoble. They may be so adapted to the higher wants of the soul, as to breathe into it a new life, and strengthen it for the better performance of its most common duties.

The story of Undine is not without its significant truths ; which truths often lie like pearls at the bottom of the stream ; yet there are also many scattered even along the shore. Such a fiction, however untrue in itself, may be true to the imagination, and true to nature. There may be, and if it is a real work of Genius there must be, a harmony in it, with the great creation around, and the laws of the spiritual nature within.

It is a false idea that nothing is true and practical, but what can be weighed and measured. There are high wants in our nature, and so mysterious is the spirit of man, that it constantly seeks to overleap the senses. It has an inward eye, an inward ear, and a living soul which loves to impart life, and gaze upon the beings of its own creation.

“The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watry depths : *all these have vanished !*”

But still the soul, which at first peopled nature with these beautiful spirits, is true to itself. The imagination that at first beheld them beholds them still. There is a soul in nature, the will of God giving to all life and beauty ; and the mind when it wonders amid the leafy halls of nature, when it hears the sweet murmur of the stream, and gazes down into its crystal depths, when it stands under the boughs of the forest surrounded by shadowy twilight, naturally catches faint glimpses of the universal and indwelling life, and hence is tempted to people space with separate existences. This, together with the overflow of its own inward life, is the source of the mind's belief

in the supernatural, and of its peculiar interest in fictions which are connected with the supernatural ; and it is a remarkable fact, that even the sensualist cannot so deaden his soul as to prevent its being moved by such narratives.

Let us not say then, that no good can come from such fictions, for good may come from the sweet notes of the mildest music, if the spirit is thereby better attuned to the harmony of nature ; and how much more from works of Genius, when a creative mind has given being to what indeed the organ of vision may not behold, but to that in which the mind may at least have an innocent poetic faith.

And let it not be thought, that there is anything in a right culture of the imagination, which is inconsistent with the most practical effort, the most laborious activity. There is an idea, that a strong imagination unfits one for the homely duties of this working-day world, but this can be true only of an unhealthy imagination. The imagination may indeed, like any other faculty, become morbid ; but in a well-balanced mind, the imagination, so far from being at war with the practical, adds strength to the sinews, and life to the soul.

There is an imagination which magnifies and distorts, but this does not belong to the poet or the spiritualist, so much as to the worldly and time-serving. A true imagination gives us nature in her freshness ; it brings before us the distant and unseen, it calls up ideal forms which are true to the wants of the soul. The outward eye is not satisfied with seeing, or the ear filled with hearing, and the imaginative power has been imparted by the Almighty to supply this want.

We may have the most exquisite taste, the most delicate perception of beauty, the most refined sentiments, and yet be indefatigable in labors which to a common mind would seem repulsive ; and the reason is, that a truly refined taste, particularly if accompanied by a Christian spirit, will not dwell on the surface. It will see the defect, and strive the more to bring Order out of Chaos. A keen perception of beauty will look for moral beauty, and, if it has been baptized into the religion of Jesus, it will yearn to awaken all to the Beauty of Holiness.

Imagination is the handmaid of Faith. One reason, why the Preacher produces so little effect, is, no doubt, partly because there is so little vividness in his own conceptions, and partly because his hearers' conceptions are so dull. The spiritual world has little reality, — all is vapory and dream-like. So

with the idea of Christ, there may be an indistinct, hazy splendor, golden perhaps and overpowering, yet still all is not clear, all is "seen as through a glass, — darkly." Christ, the divine Teacher, was not satisfied with abstractions. He embodied all his truths in pictures and allegories, and parables for the imagination, and so should all Teachers who would arouse the soul.

One reason, why men are so insensible to the sufferings of the destitute, is because they have in their minds no living picture. They do not realize the distress which is around them. Nothing can give greater energy to the Philanthropist than the power of entering, in thought, into the situations of others. In his lonely hours, in his evening meditations, in his noon-day walks, he sees the forms of the sorrowing, the woe of the oppressed, the moral desolation of the sinful. It is this which touches the deepest springs of his soul, and awakens the noblest sentiments, and leads to the most untiring exertion.

The true culture of the imagination does not lead to sentimentalism, but elevates the mind above that which is selfish and sensual, and quickens it into spiritual life, till it glows with charity, and delights to exercise itself in self-denial, and in martyr-like zeal for the good of others.

It is true, there should be caution in the culture of the imagination, as in every thing else. A man may have an unsound imagination, as well as an unsound faith. It should be the aim of all, who are interested in spiritual culture, to unfold all the faculties of the mind, and let the soul have ample breadth and elevation in which to exert its powers.

Why should the marvellous be shunned? Rather let our eyes be opened wisely to behold it. Then shall we find it everywhere, in the daily walk, in the works of nature, in the ways of providence, in the word of God, in the depths of our own being. Let us consider well the problem of life, reflect upon time and eternity, joy and sorrow, the flowers and stars, measure the varied powers of the soul, and hold communion with the Infinite; then shall we see that *all* is marvellous, and our hearts will rejoice in the beauty and glory of creation, and repose upon the bosom of God, as upon the bosom of a loving parent. Then in our minds will perceptions of ideal beauty and the love of practical usefulness be harmoniously combined. The dews of heaven will sparkle along our path-way, while the needy will be delivered from trouble, and the widow's heart will sing for joy.

ART. VIII. — *The Life and Times of Martin Luther.* By the Author of "Three Experiments of Living," "Sketches of the Old Painters," &c. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, and Company. 1839. 12mo. pp. 324.

If the value of a book is to be determined by the wholesome pleasure it gives, this will stand with the first of the day. In this view there can be but one opinion, expressed by that single exclamation which we hear so often in regard to it — "O, it is a charming book!" And we take up the pen more with the intent of reiterating this single sentiment, than of attempting a criticism of the book, or a discussion of the subject. We fear to be extravagant, and yet we care not much if we are extravagant, in uttering our honest thanks to the writer, and a hearty commendation to all readers, — it is so delightful to get a pure, warm, life-like picture of events and characters, commonly frigid with the stiffness of pomp and circumstance, or unintelligible with the jargon of scholastic theology. Here are Luther and his faithful Catharine, Melancthon and his sensible Margaret, sitting down in their parlor, talking like human beings as well as Reformers, laughing and loving like men, and not monks. Here is the Emperor, and the Pope, and the friar, and the nun, the stubborn old Catholic, and the sweet little heretic, all arrayed in flesh and blood, about as pretty and as ugly, as wise and foolish, good and bad as other folks, — instead of being prodigies and monsters, saints or satans. And here is the round world rolling on just as it always did, and not stopping because of Martin's apostacy or Leo's bull.

But stay a minute. Do you know that this is all *true*? Go to, ye cold questioners! Do you know that Gibbon is all true, or Mosheim? Is any biography of Luther all true, or likely to be? We know it is substantially true; and why not throw around it the gentle fascinations and probabilities of life, as well as garnish everything with the splendors of virtue or the horrors of vice, alike exaggerated, yet set down and sent out as sober history. We mean not, of course, that this is the character of the histories just referred to, but that it is the tendency of half the historians of the world. And it were wiser to direct to them and their works the searching spirit of criticism, than to apply the rules rigidly to a pleasant biography like this.

Still we are not admitting that it would not bear the rules, nor will we evade the inquiry. It is a very natural and fair inquiry, if we must speak soberly about it. It came to our own lips many times in reading the pages, and we longed to step over and ask the author, how much imagination and fiction had contributed to this beautiful sketch. But we sat still and read on, — hardly willing to spare the time even for such an errand. And when we came to the close, and found that the whole, as a whole, agreed essentially with all that we have heard of Luther and his *Times*, it really did seem a subordinate question quite, — whether all these conversations passed in these very words, or every event occurred in this precise order.

On this point of authenticity, then, we have no information to give, beyond the general fact already implied, that there is an essential agreement with the histories of the Reformation and its agents. We have some reason to think that the old story of Luther's being born at a Fair, which his mother was attending, is not correct; and that there was nothing peculiar in the circumstances of his birth. But beyond that, we have not the knowledge which has enabled us to detect, nor do we see cause for suspecting, any material error or hurtful fiction. It would have added to the value of the book, in the judgment and enjoyment of many, if the lines of exact truth had been more visibly defined, or at least the reader had been informed as to the sources of information, in regard to private character and domestic life. All the information that is given is contained in the following brief preface.

“Those, who are conversant with the events of Luther's life, will perceive there is no deviation from truth in the following narrative. Where biographers vary in the motives ascribed to him, the author has felt at liberty to select those most consistent with his character. The anecdotes relating to the Reformer, his conversations, &c., will often be recognised, as they have been gleaned from his own writings, and from various authors. The characters and incidents in the narrative are placed in their historical and relative positions, and whatever the author has interwoven is intended only to connect the whole, and make the sketch of ‘Luther and his *Times*,’ more graphic.”

Never was there a better subject for a graphic sketch. Never were there more diverse and prominent characters brought upon the same stage, and made to act important parts, than in

the great drama of the Reformation, — the “Lutheran Tragedy,” as Erasmus called it somewhat sneeringly. If we go back to the actual opening of the momentary struggle, and bring in Waldus, Wickliffe, and Huss; or if we begin with Luther, and see him at the side of Melancthon, Zuingle, and Erasmus, having to deal with Tetzel and Leo, Charles V., Frederic the Elector, Francis I., and Henry VIII., not forgetting that part of the tragedy which Calvin and Servetus enacted, with all the minor characters, — we have as great a variety of elements as have ever been brought within the same field of vision, and made in all their diversity and mutual repugnance to harmonize and coöperate for the same grand results. New interest is given to the drama, in the present delineation, by the introduction of the female characters. It were strange, indeed, and the only instance known, if woman did not play her part in those stirring times. Talk as you please of her “appropriate sphere,” you can never exclude her from the sphere of religion. Her influence there has always been felt, and must have been powerfully felt at the period of which we are speaking. Yet we do not remember to have seen it directly introduced and made important in that connexion, but by one writer before the present. In Miss Martineau’s beautiful tale of “Liese, or the Progress of Worship,” — a tale that should be published separately, and better known, — there are scenes of nature and moving interest, of which many will be reminded in reading “Luther and his Times.” But in the latter, from its greater extent, as well as its different cast, these scenes are more frequent and more thrilling. They have all the freshness of originality, combined with the charm of naturalness and probability. There is an air of truth and life which to us is as good as staid history, vastly more interesting, and more likely to arrest the mind and touch the heart.

The lady, to whom the volume before us is ascribed, and who has laid us under previous obligations, must not let this be the last. In such hands, though not in all, we welcome this mode of causing the men and women of former days to pass before us. We do love to see them in a home dress. It is the only dress in which a great portion of readers will ever become familiar with them. We presume to say, that hundreds have here been introduced to Luther, in any proper sense, for the first time. We have heard some express as much, and we doubt not the impression and the knowledge they thus derive will last

longer than that usually gained from history, and lead to the more faithful study of history besides. The most serious question entertained of the accuracy of this picture will turn probably on the temper of the Reformer. It is made to appear more gentle and pleasant than is usual in the portraits given of him. No doubt it is the fairest side of the man. With equal truth, he might be drawn more severe, morose, and violent. We see it sometimes in this sketch. We still think it substantially a true sketch. The picture has commonly been too dark. Luther was not the sour, rash, hard, and vindictive man, that some make him. Saving a sad morbid tendency from nature and education, an imagined call to mingle and fight with all the Devils, — against whom he did contend most manfully, — we suppose there have been few lighter spirits or happier men. A very child of nature and song, a devotee to the arts, and a keen relisher of all humor, — when we remember the superstitions of his childhood, the bigotry of his age, and the burdens and provocations of his peculiar mission, we honor and admire him. We love him, when we read his letters to “Catharine the Queen,” and to “my dear little boy.” So too when we see his love of fables, his translation of *Æsop* going in company with that of the *Psalms*, and his boyish delight in writing as well as reading the fabulous.

Often, indeed, perhaps as the prevailing nature, Luther was pensive, suffering at times a dreadful melancholy. “Because my manner is sometimes gay and joyous, many think that I am always treading on roses. God knows what is in my heart. There is nothing in this life which gives me pleasure; I am tired of it. May the Lord come quickly and take me hence.” Yet strongly and beautifully does he commend cheerfulness. “Gayety and a light heart, in all virtue and decorum, are the best medicine for the young, or rather for all. — Ride, hunt with your friends, amuse yourself in their company. Solitude and melancholy are poison. They are deadly to all, but above all to the young.” This from a Monk! Did he not know that of which he speaks, by all he had felt and seen? It is said that his Catharine tried him. Some give her a different face and tongue from those she wears in this book. There are writers who liken her to *Petruchio’s* lady, of the same name. We choose not to believe it. We have not the proof, nor, unless it comes to us, will we seek it or accept it. If it is drawn from such passages as the following, we will draw the opposite.

“I must have patience with the Pope, with my boarders; my servants, with *Catharine de Bora*, and with everybody else. In short, I live a life of patience.” — “If I were going to make love again, I would carve an obedient woman out of marble, in despair of finding one in any other way.”

In the temper of his controversies, Luther unquestionably sinned sometimes, if not often. He would have been a saint, beyond all common saints, if he had not. To think of all that he had to encounter, of the enormous heap of corruption which he was called to remove, with little thought at first of its immensity, or of the thorough work he must make of it, — to think of his tools and allies, the insane and pernicious folly of Carlostadt, the far more formidable, and as he viewed it, treacherous opposition of Erasmus, his early friend, and the scholar of the age, — to consider the character and power of his opposers, and the whole complexion of the sixteenth century, — does it not incline you to forgive all that you see of impetuosity and virulence? We desire never to veil or extenuate the sin of wrath and bitterness, least of all in the Christian teacher and reformer. So far as Luther was guilty of these, let him bear it. But we do suppose he set the matter in very nearly its true light, when he said, if Middleton reports aright, “I am accused of rudeness and immodesty, particularly by adversaries, who have not a grain of candor or good manners. If, as they say, I am saucy and impudent, I am, however, simple, open, and sincere, without any of their guile, dissimulation, or treachery.” And when he vents his most cutting sarcasm, with all its coarseness, there is such a mingling of good-natured raillery and honest truth-telling, that we must enjoy it, if it be naughty; as in disposing thus summarily of the stupid Briefs of Pope Adrian:

“It is mortifying to be obliged to give such good German in answer to such wretched Latin. But it is the pleasure of God to confound Antichrist in everything, — to leave him neither literature nor language. They say that he has gone mad and fallen into dotage. It is a shame to address us Germans in such Latin as this, and to send to sensible people such a clumsy and absurd interpretation of Scripture.”

The Bulls of Pope Clement he tosses up in similar sport.

“The Pope tells us in his answer that he is willing to throw open the golden doors. It is long since we opened all doors in Germany. But these Italian scaramouches have never re-

stored a farthing of the gain they have made by their indulgences, dispensations, and other diabolical inventions. Good Pope Clement, all your clemency and gentleness won't pass here. We'll buy no more indulgences. Golden doors and bulls get ye home again. Look to the Italians for payment. They who know ye will buy you no more. Thanks be to God, we know that they who possess and believe the Gospel, enjoy an uninterrupted jubilee. Excellent Pope, what care we for your bulls? You may save your seals and your parchment. They are in bad odor now-a-days."

And here is a characteristic scrap from the *Memorabilia*.

"God made the Priest. The Devil set about an imitation; but he made the tonsure too large, and produced a Monk."

Once more, we offer a brief extract, in a far different strain, from a letter written, we believe, to Erasmus, and showing a consciousness of possible error on his own part, and a nobleness of mind for which Luther has not always had credit.

"I daily perceive how difficult it is to overcome long-cherished scruples. Oh, what pain has it cost me, though the Scripture is on my side, to defend myself to my own heart for having dared singly to resist the Pope, and to denounce him as Antichrist! What have been the afflictions of my bosom! How often, in the bitterness of my soul, have I pressed myself with the Papist's argument, — Art thou alone wise? are all others in error? have they been mistaken for so long a time? What if you are yourself mistaken, and are dragging with you so many souls into eternal condemnation? Thus did I reason with myself, till Jesus Christ, by his own infallible word, tranquillized my heart, and sustained it against this argument, as a reef of rocks thrown up against the waves laughs at all their fury."

We part from honest Martin Luther, as he has been set before us in this most agreeable volume, with the pleasant hope of meeting him again soon, and seeing him longer, in the great work on the Reformation, which D'Aubigné is sending us from Geneva, of which delightful tidings have reached our ears, and from a Review of which, in a late number of the *Edinburgh*, we have taken our last quotations.

NOTICES AND INTELLIGENCE.

The Poets of America : illustrated by one of her Painters. Edited by John Keese. New York: S. Colman. 12mo. pp. 284. — This is a volume of specimens of American Poets, remarkable for the great beauty of type, paper, and illustrations, and intended, we suppose, as a sort of annual. We do not mean to imply in this that the literary part of the undertaking is not sufficiently well executed. The editor appears to have been competent to his task. The selections are not, indeed, in every instance to our liking. But when the choice ranges through so wide a field, no single selection could be made, perhaps, that should suit every taste. Still, as we judge, Mr. Keese has shown himself too “wide a liker.” If the work is to be continued, as is partly promised, we should say that a little more exclusiveness in his principles of choice, a little less good-natured indulgence to the claims of “new men” — there are more than twenty names in the table of contents we never before heard of in our Parnassus — would present volumes of a more permanent value, well worthy a place in any library, and moreover, offering subjects more worthy the great talent of the artist who illustrates them. As it is, the present volume cannot fail to meet with a favorable reception on the part of the public. It is altogether one of the most attractive publications of the American Press. We are particularly pleased with it as another instance of the introduction of the fashion of pictorial illustration into our ornamental printing. This, we believe, is but the second example of it. There is a freedom, a grace, a wild beauty about it, which to us have charms beyond the formal print. The artist, too, rises nearer to a level with the poet upon whom he waits. His illustrations take the rank of a running commentary on the author, and, as happens elsewhere, the commentary sometimes surpasses in value and beauty the text, — the artist rises above the poet and novelist. This is quite true, we think, of the little volume which led the way in this kind of printing, entitled “A Christmas Gift from Fairy Land,” published about a year since. “The Painter” there showed himself a man of a most graceful and fertile genius, — which, perhaps, the author did not, — and gave us a book of designs more creditable to American Art than any we remember to have seen. The illustrations of the volume of American Poets are from the same pencil, and though not equal to those of the Fairy Gift, the principal fault we have to find with them is, that they are too few. It is a sad disappointment to turn over so many leaves and not see their beauty

upon the broad margin. We hope that in another volume the publishers will be encouraged by the success of their first attempt to invite the artist to a more free and unrestrained indulgence of his fancy. A more acceptable offering could not be made to the lovers of beautiful books. We would suggest that in another volume the type should not be changed in the text. The effect is bad. Let the illustrations wander between the verses and around them, as the margin will allow, — the verses, as the artist may desire, being occasionally thrown farther apart. We object, too, on the score of taste, to party-colored prints; except in the case of works for children. Black and white alone are classical.

Anatomical, Pathological, and Therapeutic Researches on the Yellow Fever of Gibraltar of 1828; by P. CH. A. LOUIS, Physician to the Hotel Dieu, &c. &c. Translated from the manuscript by G. C. SHATTUCK, jr. M. D. — The Memoirs of James Jackson, jr. first familiarized to us the name of M. Louis. Since the publication of that beautiful biography, translations of his principal works have been published in this country, and regarded by those best qualified to judge, as important accessions to medical science. We have read the treatise on Yellow Fever with much interest. Of its professional merits it falls not within our province, nor are we competent, to speak; but as a specimen of clear statement, sound reasoning, and the application of rigidly philosophical principles, to the department of science which has been most loose and doubtful, it deserves to be carefully studied. The translator's introduction is on this point full of good sense. If medicine ever attain to the certainty which belongs to other branches of inquiry, it must be through the same exact and carefully recorded observations, which have been applied by astronomers to the planets, and by geologists to the earth. In this way only can each generation profit by the labors of those who have gone before. This is what M. Louis has been laboring to accomplish in his profession; and whatever may be the value of the particular results to which he may arrive, we cannot but regard this and his other works as laying the only true foundation for a series of observations, which, if carried out as they are begun, must eventually lead to a knowledge of disease, its causes, laws, preventives, and remedies, which will prove to be of the utmost importance to mankind. For this reason we rejoice in the circulation of his works; and it is particularly a matter of congratulation, that the young men of the profession are entering with zeal into his mode of investigation, and

are willing to spend the time and labor necessary to carry out such researches. There is in the community, whether with or without reason, a growing dissatisfaction with medical practice; and it is only from seeing those, on whom we are so dependent in our weakness, earnestly engaged in the advancement of their science, that we can have the confidence so essential at once to our comfort and theirs.

The Lecturess; A Tale; by the author of "My Cousin Mary." Boston. 1839. — We hold ourselves indebted, — and the community with us, — to any good writer, who in these days of theories and visions invites us back to the sober realities of life; who reminds us, when we are tempted to forget it, of the place in which Providence has set us, and helps us contentedly and faithfully to fulfil its duties. This is skilfully done by the writer of this little Tale, which she calls "The Lecturess," because her heroine prefers the hearing, still more the uttering, of lectures, and fulfilling her fancied destinies abroad, to conjugal affection and the blessings of home. The story is a sad one, but excellently well told; and should any of our fair readers find themselves tempted, by any misguided preferences of their own, to turn a mournful fiction into a more mournful fact, and forsake their own mercies by forsaking their own sphere, we affectionately commend it to their perusal.

A Letter to W. E. Channing, D. D., on the Subject of the Abuse of the Flag of the United States, in the Island of Cuba, and the Advantage taken of its Protection in Promoting the Slave Trade; by R. R. MADDEN. Boston: Ticknor. 1839. — The name of Mr. Trist has been frequently in the newspapers of late, with many disgraceful additions; but until we read this pamphlet of Dr. Madden we knew no sure ground of belief as to the justness of their application. This at least seems to be such. He brings against the Consul serious charges of misconduct, and substantiated by documentary evidence of apparently unquestionable authority. If it be true, as Dr. Madden states, — that American vessels have been suffered to proceed with stores for Africa, and even to return to the Island of Cuba with slaves under the Portuguese flag, with the full knowledge of the Consul of the United States, — that fraudulent transfers of papers have constantly been made of vessels employed or destined for this trade, — that slaves under fictitious titles described in fraudulent declaration, as *free indented laborers*, and duly attested by the Consul of the United States, have been exported from Havana to

Texas, — that the slave trade from Cuba for the last two years has been carried on under the protection of the Portuguese and American flags, — that the use and abuse of these flags was of necessity known to Mr. Trist, and connived at by him, — if these things be true, then is all that has been said of this man more than justified, — then is it true that he has violated the laws of his country, in aiding and abetting what those laws declare to be piracy, and that justice demands his recal and an arraignment at her bar to answer for his misdeeds. Beside these things, he seems, from the statements of Dr. Madden, to be a person, from the violence of his passions, wholly unfitted for the office which he fills. His usage of the British Commissioners, in his correspondence with them, is more like that of a madman or a vulgar braggadocio, than a man representing a great country in so important a place. So is his language touching slavery, where he says, “that he entertains a deliberate and oft revolved doubt, whether, considered merely in itself, the slave trade be not a positive benefit to its supposed victims. Were the trade open and regulated in the way that emigrant vessels are, I should entertain no doubt on the subject;” and “then he enters,” says Dr. Madden, “into a long and labored defence of slavery and the slave trade.” We have no room to do more than call attention by these few remarks to a pamphlet written by a philanthropist on a subject, in which the honor of our country and the cause of humanity are deeply concerned.

Buckminster's Works. Two volumes. 12mo. J. Munroe & Co. — The publishers of these volumes have conferred a great favor upon the public in the very neat edition they have lately issued of the writings of Mr. Buckminster. It has been prepared for the press under the editorial management of Prof. H. Ware, jr. Being of the duodecimo form, it is better adapted to Church and other libraries than the octavo editions which have preceded it, — and no library, — no religious library at least, — no library for the young should be without it. In another number we hope to take a more extended notice of one of the most valuable reprints of the day.

Dewey's Discourses. — A new volume of discourses by Mr. Dewey has lately been published, “in explanation and defence of Unitarianism.” We greet its appearance with great satisfaction, and from the preface offer the following extract stating the precise object of the work. “The author's purpose in this volume has been, in the first place, to offer a brief summary of the Unitarian belief;

in the next place, to lay down the essential principles of all religious faith ; thirdly, to state and defend our construction, as it is generally held among us, of the Christian Doctrine ; Fourthly, to illustrate by analogy our views of practical religion ; and finally, in the two closing discourses, to discuss the true proportion and harmony of the Christian character." The following are the subjects of the separate discourses. Unitarian Belief ; Nature of Religious Belief ; On the Trinity ; On the Atonement ; On the five Points of Calvinism ; On Future Punishment ; Four discourses on the Analogy of Religion with other Subjects ; a discourse on Liberality and Strictness ; a discourse on Moderation.

Pictures of early Life ; or Sketches of Youth ; by Mrs. EMMA C. EMBURY. Boston : Marsh, Capen, Lyon, and Webb. 1839. — This is one of the juvenile series of works put out by the Board of Education. It contains eighteen stories. Some of them are simple, affecting, natural ; as that of " Moss Roses ; or Brother and Sister ;" while others, such as " Cecilia," and " School Friendship," are too much like little novels. There is, indeed, always a moral tone, and a moral aim ; but with all that, frequently too much of the Romantic. Is there nothing to be apprehended from this boundless flood of romance, in the shape of children's stories, which is pouring into our libraries and parlors ? Do none experience a difficulty in persuading children now-a-days to read history and biography, accustomed as they are to this surfeit of so much more exciting nutriment ? And if that be the case, is it not a sign of evil ? Yet perhaps the objection lies rather against the character of the fiction than the fiction itself. There can no evil or danger result from the perusal of those little fictions, the Prodigal Son, or the Good Samaritan. If history be justly styled philosophy teaching by example, why may not some kinds of fiction be as justly styled religion teaching by example ? But if so, it is only some kinds.

Rollo's Travels, and Rollo's Correspondence, are the titles of two more of this series of books for the young. We notice them not to commend, but to find fault, — not with the matter of the volumes, for we have not read them, — but with the prints, if prints they can be called. They are rather but the tracks of some poor tool upon some soft lead or softer wood. In the former volumes of the series the pictures have been tolerable ; these are intolerable.

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